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THE PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY HOWARD STAUNTON.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN GILBERT.

ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE & ROUTLEDGE, FARRINGDON STREET.
NEW YORK: 56, WALKER STREET.
1860.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY,
BREAD STREET HILL.

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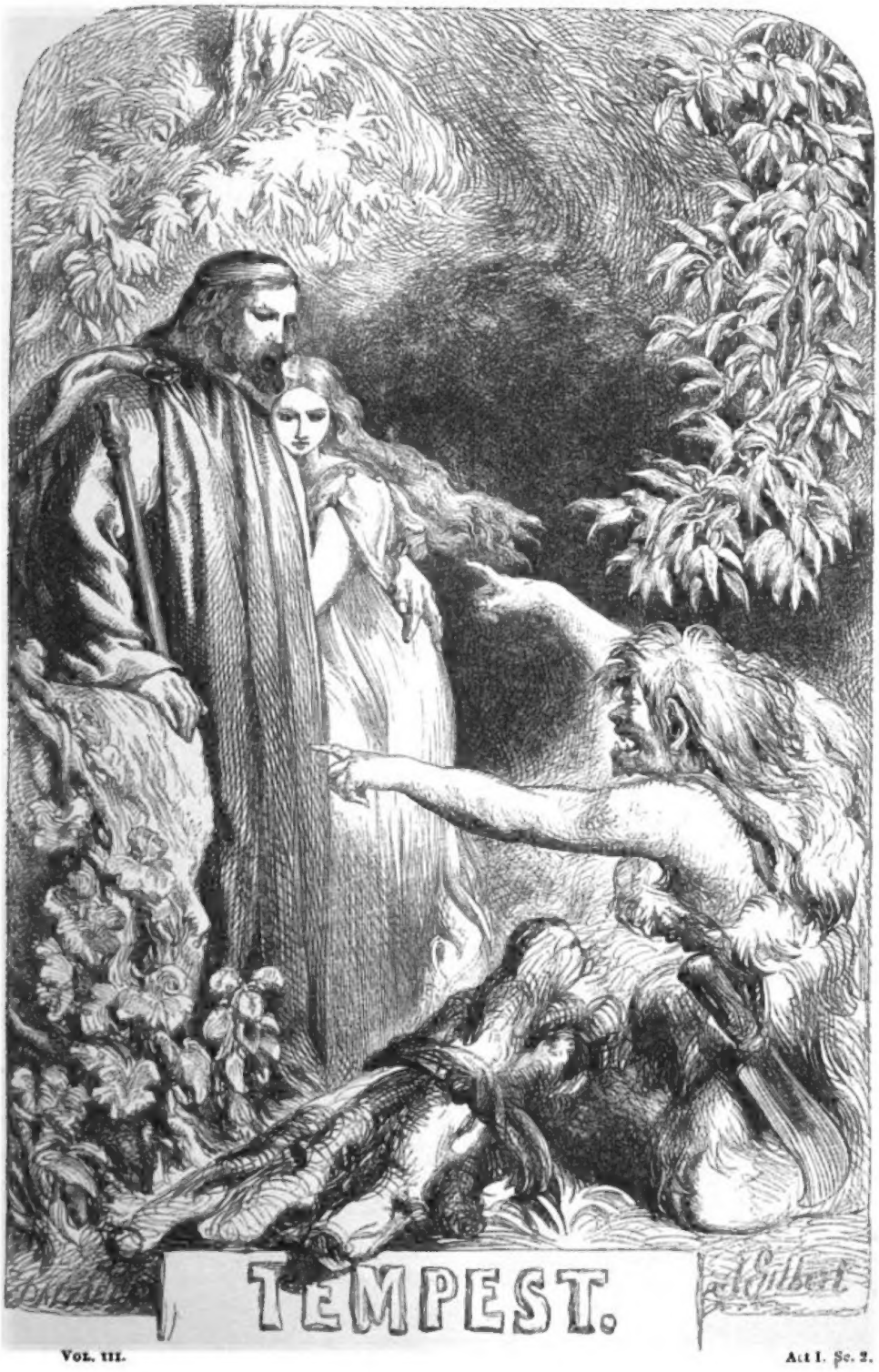
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THE TEMPEST.

THE earliest copy of "The Tempest" known is that in the folio of 1623. To the precise date of its production we have no clue, but the following memorandum from the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," is almost positive testimony that it was written before 1611:—

By the King's Players.	Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kinges Matie. a play called the Tempest.

And the speech of Gonzalo, Act II. Sc. 1,—

"I' the commonwealth I would by contraries," &c.—

which is obviously taken from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essayes, first printed in 1603, is equally decisive as to its having been written after that year. The story upon which "The Tempest" is founded, was most probably derived, according to Shakespeare's usual practice, from an existing play or from some popular chronicle or romance. Collins the poet, indeed, informed T. Warton, that he had met with a novel called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588, which he conceived to have formed the basis of "The Tempest." When he spoke of the circumstance, however, Collins was labouring under mental debility, and so far as the particular novel he mentioned was concerned his memory deceived him, for the fable of Aurelio and Isabella bears no resemblance to that of the play; yet it is remarkable that a friend of James Boswell declared that he had once perused an Italian novel which answered to Collins's description. In an article on the early English and German dramas published in the New Monthly Magazine for January, 1841, Mr. Thoms pointed out a dramatic piece by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nürnberg, contemporary with Shakespeare, entitled *Die schöne Sidea*, (The Beautiful Sidea,) which bears some resemblance to "The Tempest," and which Tieck conjectured was a translation of some old English drama from which Shakespeare borrowed his idea. How far this is probable the reader must judge from the following outline of the German play: Ludolph having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter Sidea driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune, and then summons his spirit Runcifal to learn from him his future destiny and prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who is, like Ariel, somewhat "moody," announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when Engelbrecht and his companion Famulus, having separated from the associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. On his commanding them to yield themselves prisoners, they refuse; but on attempting to draw their swords, Ludolph renders them powerless by the touch of his magical wand, and gives the prince over to Sidea to carry logs of wood for her, and to obey her commands in all respects. The resemblance between the German and English plays is continued in a later part of the former production, when Sidea, moved by pity for the labours of Engelbrecht in carrying logs, exclaims, she would "feel great joy, if he would prove faithful to me, and take me in wedlock;" an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes.

The title of "The Tempest" is supposed by some commentators to have been determined by the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers and Sir Thomas Gates on the coast of the Bermudas in 1609;

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of which an account was published by Silvester Jourdan, one of the crew, in the following year:—*A Discovery of the Barmudas; otherwise called the Isle of Divels; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somners, and Captayne Newport, with divers others.* It is highly probable, too, that Jourdan's and other accounts of the Bermudas, by some of which they are said to be enchanted and inhabited by witches and devils, suggested the expression "still-vexed Bermoothes," and induced the poet to possess his hero with necromantic influence and supernatural agency. Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c. of Shakspeare's Tempest," has laboured with great ingenuity to prove that the actual scene of the play was Lampedusa, "an island of the Mediterranean lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples," and which is uninhabited, and supposed by sailors to be enchanted. The same idea was suggested, or occurred to Douce, who thus speaks of it:—"The Island of Lampedusa is near the coast of Tunis; and from its description, in Dapper, and the real tract of the King of Naples' voyage in Shakespeare's Tempest, will turn out to be the veritable island where he was shipwrecked, and to which Prospero had been banished, whenever the Italian novel on which the play founded shall be discovered." We fervently hope not; being contented to believe it rose, like a new Atlantis, at the summons of the poet, and when his magic work on it was done:—

"From that day forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene:
Some say 't is buried deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is known to sleepe."

Persons Represented.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.

FERDINAND, *his Son.*

SEBASTIAN, *Brother to the King.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the Usurping Duke of* Milan.

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

Master *of a Ship,* Boatswain, *and* Mariners.

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to* Prospero.

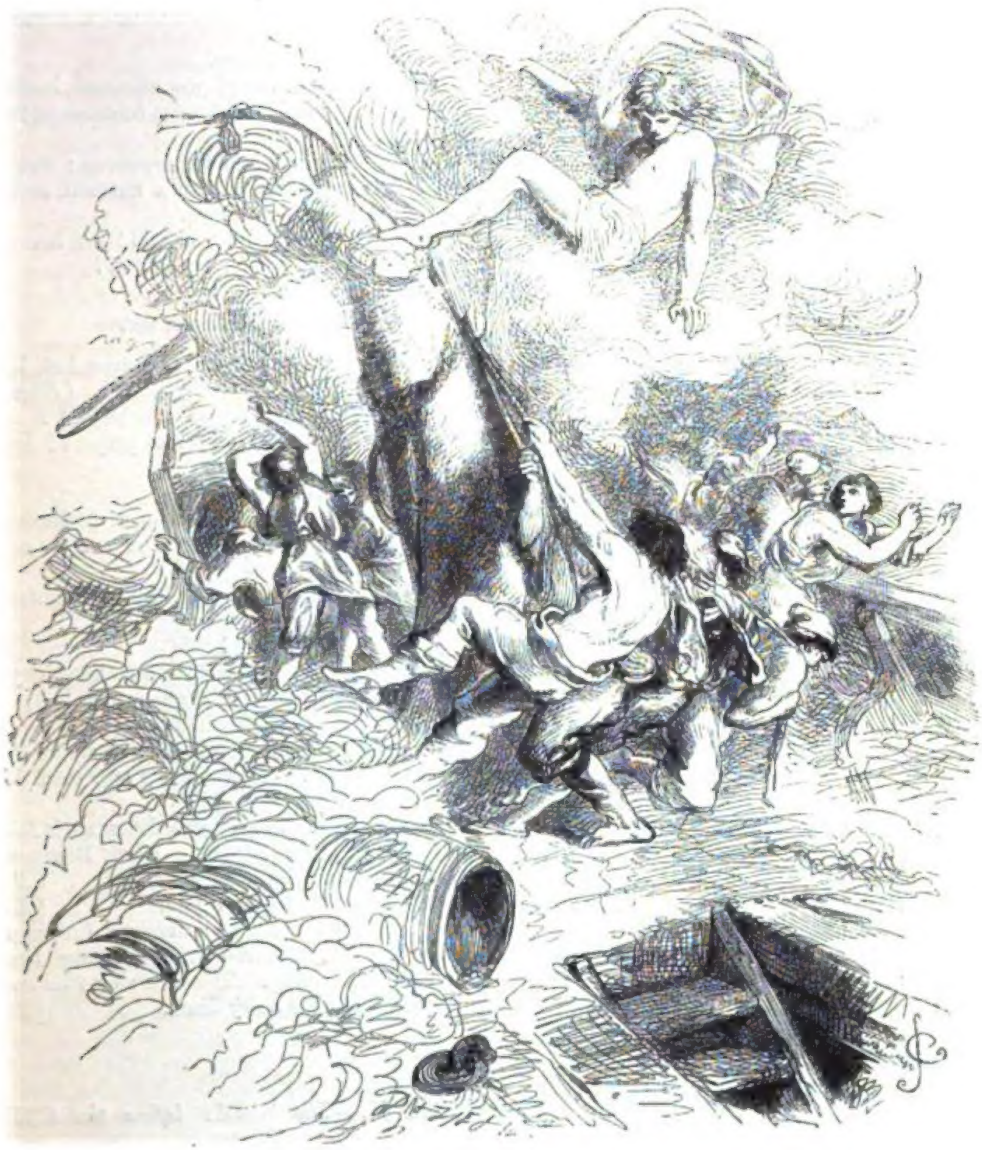
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

JUNO, CERES, IRIS, Nymphs, Reapers, } *Spirits.*

Other Spirits *attending on* Prospero.

SCENE,—*On board a* SHIP *at* SEA; *afterwards on an* ISLAND.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-master *and a* Boatswain *severally.*

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATS. Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[a] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

[a] Yarely,—] *Briskly, nimbly, actively.*

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Enter Mariners.

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt* Mariners.] Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, FERDINAND, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, *and others.*

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boson?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! what care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

BOATS. Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course![a] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? shall we give o'er and drown? have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners, *wet.*

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[*A confused noise within.*]—*Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!*
Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—(1)

[*Exit* Boatswain.

ANT. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

SEB. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The* Island: *before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

MIRA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.[b]
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

[a] Bring her to try with main-course!] It has been proposed to read, "Bring her to; try with the main-course;" but see a passage from Hakluyt's Voyages, 1598, quoted by Malone:—"and when the barke had way, we cut the hawser and so gate the sea to our friend, and *fryed out* al that day with *our maine corse.*"

[b] If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.]
These lines are not metrical, and sound but gratingly on the ear. It would be an improvement perhaps if we read them thus,—
"If by your art, my dearest father, you
Have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them."

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But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,*
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures* in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

PRO. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRA. O, woe the day!

PRO. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—

(*) Old text, *creature*.

* —— *mounting to the welkin's* cheek,—] Although we have, in "Richard II." Act III. Sc. 2,—"the cloudy *cheeks* of heaven," and elsewhere, "welkin's face," and "heaven's face," it may well be questioned whether "cheek," in this place, is not a misprint. Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *knit*, a change characterised by Mr. Dyce as "equally tasteless and absurd." A more appropriate and expressive word, one, too, sanctioned in some measure by its occurrence in Ariel's description of the same elemental conflict, is probably, *crack*, or *cracks*,—

"—— the fire, and *cracks*
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege," &c.

In Miranda's picture of the tempest, the sea is seen to storm and overwhelm the tremendous artillery of heaven; in that of Ariel, the sky's ordnance, "the fire and cracks," assault the "mighty Neptune." *Crack*, in the emphatic sense it formerly bore of *crash*, *discharge*, or *explosion*, is very common in our old writers thus, in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," Part I. Act IV Sc. 2,—

"As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, makes the *welkin cracke*."

Again, in some verses prefixed to Coryat's "Crudities,"—

"A skewed engine mathematicall
To draw up words that make the *welkin cracke*."

And in Taylor's *Superbiæ Flagellum*, 1630,—

"Yet every Reall heav'nly *Thundercracke*,
This Caitife in such feare and terror strake," &c.

Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter,—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
MIRA. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
PRO. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—[a]
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
MIRA. You have often[b]
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
PRO. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[c]
MIRA. Certainly, sir, I can.
PRO. By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
MIRA. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
PRO. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
MIRA. But that I do not.
PRO. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
MIRA. Sir, are not you my father?
PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess,[d] no worse issued.
MIRA. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
PRO. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
MIRA. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[e] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,—
And Prospero the prime duke;—being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
MIRA. Sir, most heedfully.
PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash[f] for over-topping,—new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
MIRA. O good sir, I do.
PRO. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,

[a] —— *that there is no* soul—] Rowe prints,—

"—— that there is no soul *lost*;"

Theobald, "that there is no *foyle*;" and Johnson, "that there is no *soil*" We believe, notwithstanding Steevens' remark that "such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare," that "soul" is a typographical error, and that the author wrote, as Capell reads,—

"—— that there is no *loss*,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature," &c.

[b] *You have* often, &c.] Query, "You have *oft*," &c.

[c] Out *three years old.*] That is, *past*, or *more than*, three years old.

[d] A *princess*,—] In the old text, "*And* Princesse." The correction is due to Pope.

[e] Teen—] *Sorrow, vexation.*

[f] *To* trash *for over-topping*,—] To clog or impede, lest they should run too fast. The expression *to trash* is a hunting technical. In the present day sportsmen check the speed of very fleet hounds by tying a rope, called a *dog-trash*, round their necks, and letting them trail it after them: formerly they effected the object by attaching to them a weight, sometimes called in jest a *clogdogdo*.

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Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[a]—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

MIRA. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PRO. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the* king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRA. O the heavens!

PRO. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

MIRA. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PRO. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu[b] o' the premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose,[c] did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

MIRA. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings my eyes to't.

PRO. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

MIRA. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PRO. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[d] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat,* not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRA. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

PRO. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd* the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRA. How came we ashore?

PRO. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA. Would I might
But ever see that man!

(*) Old text omits, *the*.

a —— *like one*
Who having unto *truth, by telling of it,*
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—]

The folios have, "*into* truth," which Warburton amended: but this we suspect is not the only correction needed, the passage as it stands, though intelligible, being very hazily expressed. Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—

"—— like one
Who having *to untruth*, by telling of it," &c.

(*) Old text, *Butt*.

and this emendation is entitled to more respect than it has received.

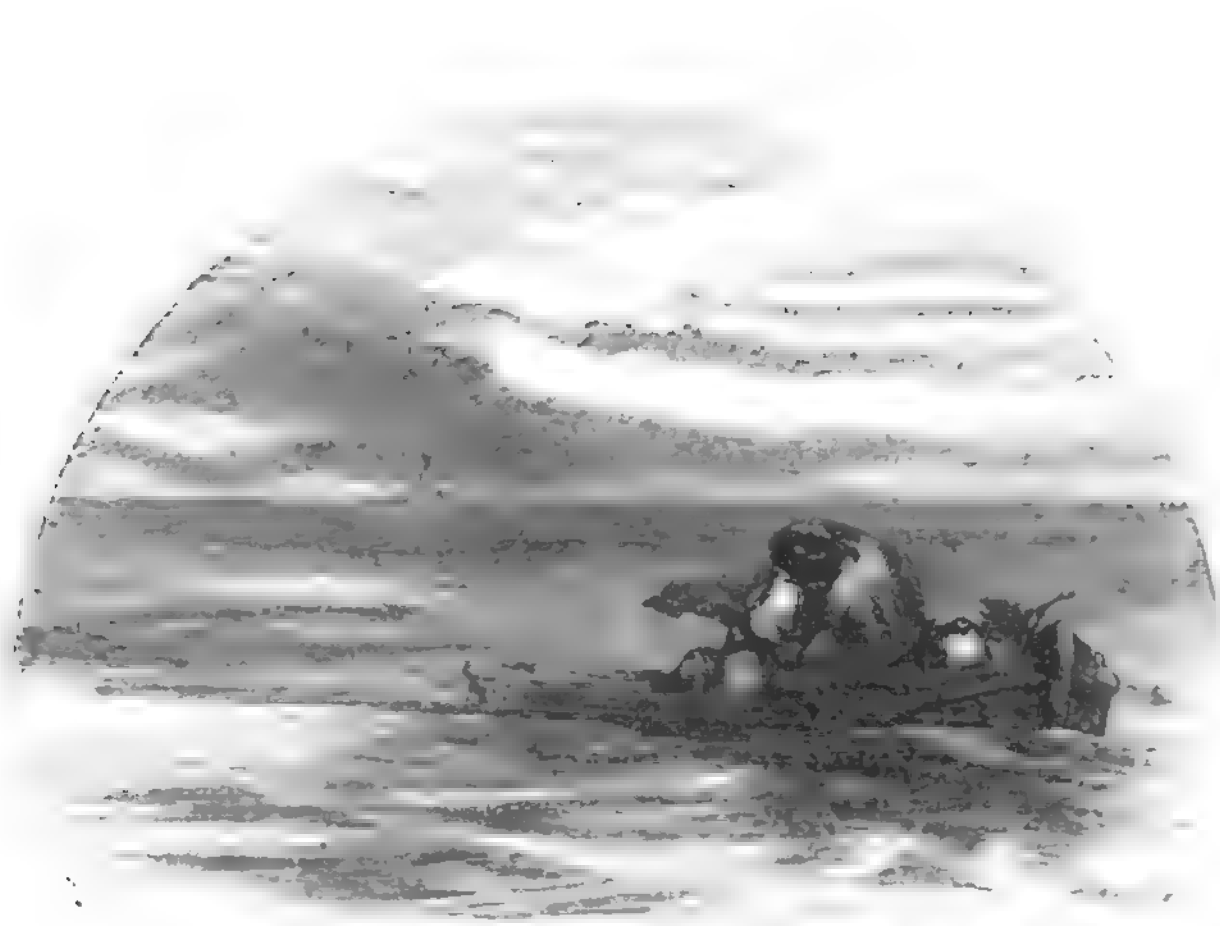
b In lieu—] *In lieu* means here, in *guerdon*, or *consideration*; not as it usually signifies, *instead*, or *in place*.

c *Fated to the* purpose,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"Fated to the practice;" and as "purpose" is repeated two lines below, the substitution is an improvement.

d In *few*,—] *To be brief; in a few words.*

e Deck'd—] *Decked*, if not a corruption for *dogged*, an old provincialism, probably meant the same, that is, *sprinkled*.

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PRO. [*Aside to* ARIEL, *above.*] Now I arise :—[a]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRA. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PRO. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.(2)

ARI. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

PRO. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit,[*] would I flame distinctly,[b]
Then meet, and join.(3) Jove's lightnings,[†] the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

a Now I arise:—] The purport of these words has never been satisfactorily explained, because they have been always understood as addressed to Miranda. If we suppose them directed not to her, but aside to Ariel, who has entered, invisible except to Prospero, after having

"Perform'd to point the tempest,"

and whose arrival occasions Prospero to operate his sleepy charm upon Miranda, they are perfectly intelligible. That they were so intended becomes almost certain from Prospero's language presently, when the charm has taken effect,—

"Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!"

b Distinctly,—] That is, *separately.*

(*) Old text, *Bore-spritt.* (†) Old text, *Lightening.*

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PRO. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
ARI. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.
PRO. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
ARI. Close by, my master.
PRO. But are they, Ariel, safe?
ARI. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
PRO. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,(4) there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,*
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
PRO. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
ARI. Past the mid season.

* *And are upon the Mediterranean flote,*—] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "And *all* upon," &c.; but what is gained by the alteration we cannot discern. *Flote* is here used substantively for *flood* or *wave*, as in the following from Middleton and Rowley's play of "The Spanish Gipsie," Act I. Sc. 5,—

" —— it did not
More check my rash attempt, than draw to ebb
The *float* of those desires."

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Pro. At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six
and now—
Must by us both be spent most preciously.[a]
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee[b] no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread
the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak;
tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.[c]
Pro. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch
Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,[d]
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;

[a] At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—
Must by us both be spent most preciously]
By the customary punctuation of this passage, Prospero is made to ask a question and answer it. The pointing we adopt obviates this inconsistency, and renders any change in the distribution of the speeches needless.

[b] *Told thee no lies, made* thee *no mistakings, serv'd*—] The second *thee*, which overloads the line, was probably repeated by the compositor through inadvertence.

[c] Argier.] The old English name for Algiers.

[d] *This* blue-ey'd *hag*—] *Blue ey'd* has been ably defended; but it must be confessed that *bleer-ey'd*, a common epithet in our old plays, seems more applicable to the "damn'd witch Sycorax." Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Chances," Act IV. Sc. 2, where old Antonio bids his servant—

"Get me a conjuror,
One that can raise a water devil:
* * * * * * * *
—— any *bleer-ey'd people*
With red heads, and flat noses, can perform it."

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And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans [island—
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.

PRO. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

PRO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

PRO. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PRO. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine: invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

MIRA. [*Waking.*][a] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PRO. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[b] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CAL. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

PRO. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?[c]

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

[*Aside to* ARIEL.] Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

PRO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.(5)

CAL. As wicked[d] dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!(6)

PRO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[e]
Shall, for that vast[f] of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CAL. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile:—
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,

[a] MIRA. (*Waking.*)] Mr. Collier claims for his annotator the merit of having first added this not very important stage direction.

[b] *We cannot* miss *him:*] We cannot do without him.

[c] When?] See note (f), p. 449, Vol. I.

[d] *As* wicked *dew*—] *Wicked* here implies *baneful, pernicious;* as in opposition we hear of the *virtuous* properties of "herbs, plants, stones," &c.

[e] Urchins—] Hedgehogs were formerly so called. It is doubtful, however, whether *urchins* in this place does not signify some fairy beings; as in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"—— we'll dress
Like *urchins*, ouphes, and fairies," &c.

[f] Vast *of night*—] By "*vast* of night" the poet may have meant the *chasm* or *vacuity* of night, as in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"In the dead *vast* and middle of the night."

But some critics have conjectured we should read,—

"—— urchins
Shall for that, *fast* of night."

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Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
PRO. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
CAL. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
PRO.[a] Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable[b] of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,[c]
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
CAL. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid[d] you,
For learning me your language!
PRO. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches,[e] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

[a] PRO.] This speech, in the folios, has the prefix "*Mira*," but it plainly belongs to Prospero, to whom Theobald assigned it, and who has retained it ever since.

[b] *Which any print of goodness will not take,*
Being capable *of all ill!*]
Here, as in many other places, *capable* signifies *impressible, susceptible.*

[c] Race,—] That is, *Nature, essence.*

[d] *The red plague* rid *you,*—] See note (a), p. 447, Vol. II.

[e] *Fill all thy bones with aches,*—] Mr. Collier remarks that "this word, of old, was used either as a monosyllable or as a dissyllable, as the case might require." This may be questioned. "*Ake*," says Baret in his "Alvearie," "is the Verbe of the substantive *Ach*, ch being turned into k." As a *substantive*, then, the word was written *aches*; and pronounced as a dissyllable: when a *verb*, it was written *akes*, and its pronunciation was monosyllable. This distinction is invariably marked in the old text; thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 5, where it is a verb,—

"Lord, how my head *akes*, what a head have I."

In "Coriolanus," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"—— and my soule *akes*
To know," &c.

And in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"That the sense *akes* at thee."

While in every instance where it occurs as a substantive, it is spelt as in the passage above, *aches*, and should be so pronounced.

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CAL. No, pray thee—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,(7)
And make a vassal of him.
PRO. So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CAL.

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *Song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
*Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—**
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
*And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.**
Hark, hark!

BURDEN. *Bough, wough.* [*Dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
BURDEN. *Bough, wough.* [*Dispersedly.*
ARI. *Hark, hark! I hear*
The strain of strutting chanticleer
*Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.**

FER. Where should this music be? i' the air,
or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

(*) Old text, *beare the burthen.*

* Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly," &c.]

It was customary, in the "good old times," for the partners in some dances to curtsy and salute before beginning; and if an allusion to these ceremonies is intended, the line,—

"The wild waves whist,"—

should be read parenthetically, in the sense of, the wild waves being hushed. The original punctuation, however,—

"Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist:"

(when you have curtsied, and kissed the waves to peace) affords an intelligible and poetic meaning.

(*) Old text, *cock-a-diddle-dowe.*

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ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
BURDEN. *Ding-dong.*
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
MIRA. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.
PRO. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
MIRA. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
PRO. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
FER. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?
MIRA. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
FER. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
PRO. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
MIRA. Alack, for mercy!
FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan
And his brave son, being twain.
PRO. [*Aside.*] The duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter, could control[a] thee,
If now 't were fit to do't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
MIRA. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
FER. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
PRO. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
FER. No, as I am a man.
MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
PRO. Follow me.—[*To* FER.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
FER. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
MIRA. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[b]
PRO. What! I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[c]

[a] —— *could* control *thee,*—] *Control* in its ordinary acceptation, and Shakespeare uses it in no other, seems incongruous here. Is it a misprint for *console?*

[b] He's gentle, and not fearful.] This may mean, he's mild and not terrible: but from the context,—"Make not too rash a trial of him," &c.—we believe that Smollett's interpretation is the true one,—he's of a *lofty spirit* and not to be intimidated.

[c] —— *thy ward;*] Thy posture of defence.

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For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
MIRA. Beseech you, father!—
PRO. Hence; hang not on my garments.
MIRA. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
PRO. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
MIRA. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
PRO. Come on: obey: [*To* FER.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
FER. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
PRO. [*Aside.*] It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FER.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.
MIRA. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
PRO. [*To* ARIEL.] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
ARI. To the syllable.
PRO. Come, follow. Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the* Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GON. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters[a] of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; By and by it will strike.

GON. Sir,—

SEB. One:—tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour[b] comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEB. You have ta'en it wiselier than I meant you should.

[a] *The* masters *of some merchant,*—] Capell reads, perhaps rightly, "The *master*," &c.; and Steevens conjectures we should print—

"The mistress of some merchant,"

Mistress being anciently spelt, *maistresse* or *maistres*.

[b] SEB. A dollar.
GON. Dolour—]
The same quibble is found in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 4, and in "Measure for Measure," Act I. Sc. 2.

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GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALON. I pr'ythee spare.

GON. Well, I have done: but yet—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which, of he[a] or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done: the wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match!

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEB. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.[b]

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

SEB. Yet,—

ADR. Yet,—

ANT. He could not miss it.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[c]

ANT. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

SEB. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANT. True; save means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

GON. How lush[d] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

SEB. With an eye of green in 't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is—which is indeed almost beyond credit—

SEB. As many vouched rarities are.

GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

SEB. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

ADR. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[e]

SEB. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

ALON. Ay![f]

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That sort was well fish'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

[a] *Which*, of he *or Adrian*,—] So the old text, and rightly; compare the following from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2 —

"Now follow, if thou dar'st to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

The usual reading is that adopted by Capell, "Which of *them*, he or Adrian," &c., but Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"Which, *or* he or Adrian," &c.

[b] Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.] In the old copies, "So, you're paid," is given to Antonio, wrongly.

[c] Temperance.] That is, *temperature*.

[d] Lush—] *Succulent, juicy.*

[e] —— the miraculous harp.] The harp of Amphion.

[f] Ay!] This sigh or exclamation, which the two next speeches show indisputably to have been uttered by the king, upon awaking from his trance of grief, has hitherto, in both old and modern editions, been assigned to Gonzalo.

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To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.
ALON. No, no, he's gone.
SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.
SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd[a] bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
ALON. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
GON. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
SEB. Very well.
ANT. And most chirurgeonly.
GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
SEB. *Foul weather!*
ANT. Very foul.
GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
ANT. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
SEB. Or docks, or mallows.
GON. —And were the king on't, what would I do?
SEB. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none: contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too,—but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty:—
SEB. Yet he would be king on't.
ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
GON. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foizon,[b] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.(1)
SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
ANT. None, man; all idle,—whores and knaves.
GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
SEB. Save his majesty!
ANT. Long live Gonzalo!
GON. And, do you mark me, sir?—
ALON. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
GON. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.
GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
ANT. What a blow was there given!
SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.
GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, solemn Music playing.*

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.(2)
ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep but* ALON., SEB., *and* ANT.
ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
SEB. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
ALON. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[ALON. *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.
SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

[a] *Which end o' the beam* she'd *bow.*] So Malone. The old text has,—
"Which end o' th' beame *should* bow."
For which Capell substituted,—
"Which end the beam should bow."
And Mr. Collier's annotator changes the "at" of the previous line to *as*,—
"—— as
Which end," &c.

[b] Poison,—] *Abundance, plenty.*

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ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.
SEB. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
ANT. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
SEB. What, art thou waking?
ANT. Do you not hear me speak?
SEB. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
ANT. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
ANT. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
SEB. Well, I am standing water.
ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.
SEB. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
ANT. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.
SEB. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
ANT. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[a] this,—
Who shall be of as little memory [sunded,—
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost per-
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,[b]—the king his son 's alive,—

'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
SEB. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
ANT. O, out of that *no hope*,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts* discovery there. Will you grant with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
SEB. He 's gone.
ANT. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
SEB. Claribel.
ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells [Naples
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she,[c] from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny,[d] to perform an act,
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
SEB. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
ANT. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse [Naples
Than now they are. There be that can rule
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
SEB. Methinks I do.
ANT. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
SEB. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
ANT. True:

a Of weak remembrance,—] Of feeble memory.

b Professes to persuade,—] The entanglement in this speech may have arisen from the retention of the poet's first, as well as of his reconsidered thought. By reading the passage without the words, "Professes to persuade," as Steevens justly remarks, "nothing is wanting to its sense or metre;"

"—— hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion only,—
The king, his son's alive," &c.

(*) Old text, *doubt*.

c —— she, from whom—] That is, *coming* from whom. The old text has,—

"—— she *that* from whom."

Rowe made the correction.

d And, by that destiny,—] We should possibly read,—

"—— though some cast again,—
And *that by* destiny,—to perform," &c.

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And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
SEB. But, for your conscience,—
ANT. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,—
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead,—
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion[a] as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
SEB. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
ANT. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
SEB. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

ARI. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them[b] living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware.
Awake! awake!

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.
GON. [*Waking.*] Now, good angels, preserve the king!
Why, how now?[c] ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

ALON. [*Waking.*] What 's the matter?
SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
ALON. I heard nothing.
ANT. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
GON. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verity.[d] 'T is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
ALON. Lead off this ground; and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
ALON. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*
ARI. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the* Island.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse: but they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount

[a] Suggestion—] Has before been explained to mean, *temptation*.
[b] *To keep* them *living.*] Mr. Dyce reads, "—— to keep *thee* living," which is preferable to any alteration of the passage yet suggested; but we are not convinced that change is required.
[c] Why, how now? ho, awake! &c.] In the old copy, and in every subsequent edition, this speech is given to the king and the next to Gonzalo, but erroneously, as we think is evident from the language, the business of the scene, and from what Gonzalo presently says:—

"—— I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, *which did awake me:*
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn."

[d] *That 's* verity.] So Pope; the old text having, "That 's *verily*."

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Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound[a] with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.



Enter TRINCULO.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that

[a] All wound with—] *All encircled by.*

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would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.(3) Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[a] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die ashore;—

[a] Gaberdine;] A loose over-garment, worn by the lower classes. See note (6), p. 438, Vol. I.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Inde, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will

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give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee! I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come;—Amen![a] I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him: I have no long spoon.[b]

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.—Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—but art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou

[a] Amen!] Perhaps a warning to the monster to stint his draught.

[b] I have no long spoon.] An allusion which we have had before, in "The Comedy of Errors," Act IV. Sc. 3, to the ancient proverb, "He who eats with the devil hath need of a *long spoon*."

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hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. [*Aside.*] I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents:—swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—*The man i' the moon!*—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when 's god 's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink, an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where crabs grow,

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And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I 'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I 'll get thee Young scamels[a] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STE. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

CAL. *Farewell, master: farewell, farewell!*
[*Sings drunkenly.*

TRIN. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CAL. *No more dams I 'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher,[b] *nor wash dish:*
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day,[c] *Freedom!*
Freedom, hey-day, Freedom!

STE. O brave monster! lead the way.
[*Exeunt.*

a *Young* scamels—] So the old text, but perhaps corruptly, since the word has not been found in any other author. Theobald changed it to *chamois*, and suggested *stanels*, that is, young hawks, and *sea-mells*, or *sea-mells*.

b *Nor scrape* trencher,—] The old text has, "Nor scrape *trenchering*," but, as Mr. Dyce observes, "That 'trenchering' is an error of the printer (or transcriber), occasioned by the preceding words, '*firing*' and '*requiring*,' is beyond a doubt."

c Hey-day! hey-day!] This appears to have been a familiar burden. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"Come follow me, my wags, and say, as I say.
There's no riches but in rags. *hey day, hey-day:*
You that profess this art, come away, come away,
And help to bear a part. *Hey-day, hey-day!*"



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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,—
And he 's compos'd of harshness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness

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Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;*
Most busy felt, when I do it.[a]

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *following.*

MIRA. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.
FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
MIRA. If you 'll sit down
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.
FER. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
MIRA. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
PRO. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
MIRA. You look wearily.
FER. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
MIRA. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your 'hest to say so!
FER. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
MIRA. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
—The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer [speak:—
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
MIRA. Do you love me?
FER. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
MIRA. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
PRO. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
FER. Wherefore weep you?
MIRA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow[b]
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
FER. My mistress, dearest!
And I thus humble ever.

(*) Old text, *labours.*

[a] —— I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busy felt, *when I do it.*]

This is the great crux of the play. No passage in Shakespeare has occasioned more speculation, and on none has speculation proved less happy. The first folio reads, "Most busie *lest*, when I doe it;" the second, "Most busie *least* when I doe it;" Pope prints, "*Least busy* when I do it;" Theobald, "Most *busyless* when I do it;" Mr. Holt White suggests, "Most *busiest* when I do it;" and Mr. Collier's annotator, "Most busy,—*blest* when I do it." Whatever may have been the word for which "lest" was misprinted, "Most busy" and that word bore reference, unquestionably, not to Ferdinand's task, but to the sweet thoughts by which it was relieved. We have substituted *felt* as a likely word to have been mis-set "lest;" but are in doubt whether *still*, in its old sense of *ever, always*, is not preferable,—

"Most busy still, when I do it."

[b] Fellow—] That is, *companion, pheer.*

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MIRA. My husband, then?
FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
MIRA. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now, farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
FER. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *severally.*
PRO. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the* Island.

Enter CALIBAN *with a bottle;* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO *following.*

STE. Tell not me:—when the butt is out we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. *Servant-monster?* the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STE. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on. By this light thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STE. We 'll not run, monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. *Lord*, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

CAL. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STE. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.]
Proceed.

CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,—

STE. That 's most certain.

CAL. —Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord; I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied[a] ninny 's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—[b]
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this

[a] —— *a* pied *ninny's this!*] An allusion to the *pied*, or party coloured dress which Trinculo, as a jester, wore.

[b] Patch!] See notes (b), p. 127, Vol. I., and (d), p. 372, Vol. I.

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hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I 'll go further off.

STE. Didst thou not say he lied?

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take thou that.

[*Strikes* TRINCULO.

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie:—out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STE. Now, forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee stand further off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time, I 'll beat him too.

STE. Stand further.—Come, proceed. [him

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with

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I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books;
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half-hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason:—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout (*) *'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;*
Thought is free.

CAL. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

STE. What is this same?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.(1)

STE. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STE. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

STE. That shall be by and by:[a] I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! (2) he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the* Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GON. By'r lakin,[b] I can go no further, sir:
My old bones ache;[c] here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights[d] and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANT. [*Aside to* SEB.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

SEB. [*Aside to* ANT.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

(*) Old text, *cout.*

a By and by.] *By and by*, as well as *presently*, now implies some brief delay; but in old language they usually meant *immediately*.

b *By'r lakin,*—] A contraction of *By our ladykin*, or, little lady. It occurs in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." See note (b), p. 357, Vol. I.

c Ache;] This word is now invariably spelt thus; but formerly, when used as a verb, it took the form of "*ake*," and, as a substantive, of "*ache*." See note (c), p. 14.

d Through forth-rights and meanders!] "Mazes were of two kinds, rectangular and curvilinear; Mr. Knight gives a figure of one of the former."—SINGER.

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ANT. [*Aside to* SEB.] Let it be to-night;
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
SEB. [*Aside to* ANT.] I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange* Shapes, *bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the* KING, *&c., to eat, they depart.*

ALON. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
GON. Marvellous sweet music!
ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
SEB. A living drollery.[a] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
ANT. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
GON. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—[a]
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
PRO. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
ALON. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—
Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
PRO. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[b]
FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.
SEB. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
ALON. Not I.
GON. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one[c] will bring us
Good warrant of.
ALON. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [ALONSO, SEBAST., *&c. draw their swords.*] You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[d] that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

(a) First folio, *Islands.*

a A living drollery.] A puppet-show in Shakespeare's time was called a *drollery*. This, Sebastian says, is one played by living characters.

b Praise in departing.] A proverbial saying, equivalent to "Await the end before you commend your entertainment." So in "The Paradise of Dainty Devises," 1596,—

"A *good* beginning oft we see, but seldome standing at one stay,
For few do like the meane degree, then *praise at parting* some men say."

c Each putter-out of five for one—] It was the custom of travellers, when about to make a long voyage, to put out, or invest, a sum of money, upon a guarantee that they should receive at the rate of five for one if they returned. This species of gambling became so much in vogue at one period that adventurers were in the practice of undertaking dangerous journeys solely upon the speculation of what their *puttings out* would yield if they got back safe. Of course when the journey ended fatally, the money they had invested went to the party who had engaged to pay the enormous interest on it. So, in Barnaby Riche's "Faults and Nothing but Faults," 1607: "Those whipsters, that, having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocke *to be paid* two or *three for one* upon their return from Rome." See also Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary," Part I., p. 198, and Taylor, the water poet's pamphlet, called "The Scourge of Baseness: or The Old Lerry, with a new Kickey, and a new-cum *twang*, with the old Winsey." The ancient reading is usually altered in modern editions to "Each putter-out *of one for five*," or "Each putter-out *on* five for one," but no change is called for; Shakespeare and his contemporaries commonly used *of* for *on*,—

"I'd put out moneys *of* being Mayor."
"*The Ordinary*" Act I. Sc. 1.

d Dowle—] Feather; or particle of down.

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Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Ling'ring perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes *again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

PRO. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,*
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit from above.*
GON. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
ALON. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and,
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er!
ANT. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.
GON. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
ADR. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

* *So, with* good life,—] The expression "good life" occurs with equal ambiguity in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 3, "Would you have a love-song, or a song of *good life?*"



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

PRO. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread[a] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O, Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her!

FER. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

PRO. Then, as my gift,* and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away

(*) Old text, *guest.*

a —*a* thread *of mine own life,*—] The folios have "*third,*" a mis-spelling, perhaps, of *thred* = *thread*, which is oftentimes found in old writers.

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The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
PRO. Fairly spoke:
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. What would my potent master? here I am.
PRO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,[a]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
ARI. Presently?
PRO. Ay, with a twink.
ARI. Before you can say, *Come*, and *Go*,
And breathe twice, and cry, *So, so*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
PRO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
ARI. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*
PRO. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!
FER. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
PRO. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[b]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent! [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,[c]
Which spongy April at thy heat betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,[d]
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
IRIS. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain,
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
CER. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes! I know her by her gait.

[a] The rabble,—] The inferior spirits.
[b] A corollary.—] An overplus.
[c] Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,—] According to Henley, "*pioned* and *twilled* brims meant brims *dug* and *begrimed*." Hanmer and Steevens contend that the poet had in view the margin of a stream adorned with flowers; while Mr. Collier's annotator would read, "pioned and *tilled*," that is, cultivated "brims." We much prefer the interpretation of Hanmer and Steevens to either of the others; but have not thought it desirable to alter the old text.
[d] —broom groves,—] Hanmer changes this to "*brown* groves," as does Mr. Collier's annotator; and a more unhappy alteration can hardly be conceived, since it at once destroys the point of the allusion: *yellow*, the colour of the broom, being supposed especially congenial to the *lass-lorn* and *dismissed* bachelor. Thus Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," Part III. Sec. 2,—"So long as we are wooers, and may kiss and coll at our pleasure, nothing is so sweet; we are in heaven, as we think: but when we are once tied, and have lost our liberty, marriage is an hell: give me my *yellow hose* again."

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Enter JUNO.

JUN. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

JUN. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER.[a] *Earth's increase, foison plenty,*
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring[b] *come to you, at the farthest,*
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly:[c] may I be bold
To think these spirits?
PRO. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder, and a father wise,[d]
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

PRO. Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.
IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering* brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen of August, weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited; they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

PRO. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the* Spirits.] Well done;—avoid!—no more!
FER. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
MIRA. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
PRO. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.(1) We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

(*) Old text, *windring.*

[a] CER. Earth's increase, &c.] The prefix "*Cer.*" to this part of the song is omitted by mistake in the old copies, and was first inserted by Theobald.

[b] Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!]

Mr. Collier's annotator would alter this, strangely enough, to, "*Rain* come to you," &c. See the "Faery Queen," B. III. C. 6, St. 42,—

"There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time."

See also Amos, c. ix. v. 13:—"Behold, the days come, saith the *Lord*, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed."

[c] Harmonious charmingly:] *Charmingly* here imports *magically*, not delightfully.

[d] So rare a wonder, and a father wise,
Makes this place Paradise.]

In the ancient copies this reads,—

"So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise;"

and it is usually altered to,—

"So rare a wonder'd father and a *wife*,
Make this place Paradise."

It is pretty evident that Ferdinand expresses a compliment to father and daughter; and equally so that the lines were intended to rhyme; with the very slight change we have ventured, the passage fulfils both conditions. It is noteworthy that the same rhyme occurs in the opening stanza of our author's "Passionate Pilgrim,"—

"—— what fool is not so wise,
To break an oath, to win a paradise?"

a stanza quoted in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3.

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Fer., Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—[a] Ariel, come!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—

Re-enter Ariel, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on[*] this line.(2)

Prospero *and* Ariel *remain invisible. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

[a] *I thank* thee.] Steevens, rightly, we believe, considered these words to be in reply to the mutual wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, but wrongly, perhaps, altered them to, "I thank you." *Thee*, however ungrammatical, appears to have been sometimes used in a plural sense: thus, in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2; the prince, addressing the players, says,—"I am glad to see *thee* well."

(*) Old text, *on them.*

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Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O, king Stephano! O, peer! O, worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

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TRIN. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery:[a]—O, king Stephano!

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,[b]
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,[c] and prove a bald jerkin.

TRIN. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, [3] or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters *heard. Enter divers* Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

PRO. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

ARI. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

PRO. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps: and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar!

PRO. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

[a] A frippery:—] A *frippery* was the name of a shop for the sale of second-hand apparel; the proprietor of which was called a *fripper*. The chief mart of the frippers, Strype tells us, was Birchin Lane and Cornhill.

[b] Let's alone,—] Theobald reads, "Let's *along*;" which, if *alone* was not sometimes used in the same sense, is undoubtedly the right word but see note (b), p. 81, Vol. I.

[c] —now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,—] A quibble on the loss of hair sometimes suffered by those who visit hot climates, and the hair clothes line on which the "glistering apparel" is suspended.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
ARI. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
PRO. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
ARI. Confin'd together,
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove[a] which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit?
ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.
PRO. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion[b] as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury

[a] Line-grove—] Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest," has clearly proved that the linden, or lime, was formerly called the "*line*-tree."

[b] Passion as they,—] We should probably read, "Passion'd as they."

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Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

PRO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art.(1) But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd* within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show* of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O, good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

ARI. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.(2)

PRO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,

(*) Old text, *boile.*

a Holy *Gonzalo, honourable man,*
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show *of thine,*—]

On this passage Mr. Collier has the following observations in his last edition:—"'Noble' and 'flow' are from the corrected folio, 1632, and, we may be confident, are restorations of the poet's language. Why has Prospero to call Gonzalo *holy*, as the epithet stands in the folios?—he was 'noble' and 'honourable,' but in no respect *holy*; the error of *show* for 'flow' is also transparent, and must have been occasioned chiefly by the mistake of the long *s* for *f*." In his anxiety to sustain the changes proposed by his annotator, Mr. Collier appears to have forgotten two or three facts which militate very strongly against them. In the first place, the word "*holy*," in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly, sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure, just, righteous*, &c.: in this sense, Leontes, in "The Winter's Tale," Act V. Sc. 1, speaks of Polixenes as "holy,"—

"You have a *holy* father,
A graceful gentleman."

In the next place, the old text has "*shew*," not *show*; and, thirdly, the misprint, if there were one, could not have been occasioned chiefly by the mistake of the long *s* for *f*, seeing the *sh* of "show" in old typography formed a single character, *fh*, which was far less likely to be confounded with the type which represented "fl"—*fl*, than the single long *s* with *f*.

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Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
PRO. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
ALON. Whêr thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle[a] to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
PRO. [*To* GON.] First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
GON. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
PRO. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
SEB. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
PRO. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
ALON. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
PRO. I am woe for 't, sir.
ALON. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says it is past her cure.
PRO. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.
ALON. You the like loss?
PRO. As great to me, as late,—and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you,—for I
Have lost my daughter.
ALON. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter? [lords
PRO. In this last tempest.—I perceive these
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely [landed,
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me false.
FER. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
MIRA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
ALON. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEB. A most high miracle!
FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[*Kneels to* ALONSO.
ALON. Now all the blessings

[a] *Or some enchanted* trifle—] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *devil* for "trifle;" a change as wanton as it is foolish. *Trifle* meant *phantom;* thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca," Act V. Sc. 2,—
"In love too with a *trifle* to abuse me."

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Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou can'st here.
MIRA. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
PRO. 'T is new to thee.
ALON. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
FER. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she 's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
ALON. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
PRO. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.
GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars,—in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own!
ALON. [*To* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
GON. Be 't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir! here are more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
BOATS. The best news is that we have safely found

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Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
ARI. [*Aside to* PRO.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
PRO. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] My tricksy spirit!
ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how, we know not—all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her* trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
ARI. [*Aside to* PRO.] Was't well done?
PRO. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
PRO. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to* ARIEL.] Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune!—*Coragio*, bully-monster, *Coragio!*

TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.
CAL. O, Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.
SEB. Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them?
ANT. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
PRO. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,— His mother was a witch, and one so strong That could control the moon,[a] make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without[b] her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.
CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.
ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
SEB. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?— How cam'st thou in this pickle?
TRIN. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
SEB. Why, how now, Stephano?
STE. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
PRO. You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?
STE. I should have been a sore one, then.
ALON. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
PRO. He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
CAL. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool!
PRO. Go to; away!
ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
SEB. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

(*) Old text, *ear.*

a His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon,—]

So in Act II. Sc. 1. Gonzalo says, "You would lift the moon out of her *sphere*, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing." Thus, too, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Prophetess," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"—— the pale moon
Pluck'd in her silver horns, trembling for fear
That my strong spells should force her from her *sphere*."

Douce quotes a marginal note in Adlington's translation of Apuleius, 1596, 4to. which says, "Witches in old time were supposed to be of such power that they could pul downe *the moone by their inchantement.*" The classical reader will remember,—

"Cantus et *è curru lunam deducere* tentat;
Et faceret, si non ære repulsa sonent."

Of Tibullus; and Virgil's

"*Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam:*" &c.

b *And deal in her command*, without *her power*.] That is, *beyond* her power. See note (b), p. 371, Vol. I.

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PRO. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnizèd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
ALON. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
PRO. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to* ARIEL.] My
Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements!
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,—
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. [*Exit.*



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—*We split, we split!*] The following observations on the maritime technicalities in this scene, are extracted from an article by Lord Mulgrave, which will be found at length in Boswell's Variorum edition of Shakespeare, 1821 :—

"The first scene of The Tempest is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. No books had then been published on the subject.

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen, or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstance in which it was indisputable.

"The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation: but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

1st Position.	*1st Position.*
Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.	Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set.—Yare is an old sea-term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.
2d Position.	*2d Position.*
Yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!	The topsail is taken in.—'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea-boat, is only from being too near the land: this is introduced here to account for the next order.
3d Position.	*3d Position.*
Down with the topmast! * Yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with the main-course!	The gale encreasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid-to.
4th Position.	*4th Position.*
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!	The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.
5th Position.	*5th Position.*
We split! we split!	The ship, not able to weather a point, is driven on shore."

(2) Scene II.—Ariel.] According to the system of witchcraft or magic, which formed an article of popular creed in Shakespeare's day, the elementary spirits were divided into six classes by some demonologists, and into four,—those of the *Air*, of the *Water*, of the *Fire*, and of the *Earth*,—by others. In the list of characters appended to "The Tempest" in the first folio, Ariel is called "an ayrie spirit." The particular functions of this order of beings, Burton tells us, are to cause "many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones, &c., cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and *tempestuous storms*." But at the behest of the all-powerful magician Prospero, or by his own influence and potency, the airy spirit in a twink becomes not only a spirit of fire—one of those, according to the same authority, which "commonly work by blazing stars, fire drakes, or *ignes fatui*; * * * counterfeit suns and moons, stars oftentimes, and sit upon ship-masts"—but a *naiad*, or spirit of the water also: in fact, assumes any shape, and is visible or unseen at will.

For full particulars, *de operatione Demonum*, the reader may consult, besides the ancient writers on the subject,

* The striking the top masts was a new invention in Shakspeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, "It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down." In the Postscript to the Seaman's Dictionary, he afterwards gives his own opinion: "If you have sea-room, it is never good to strike the topmast." Shakspeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, when he had not sea-room.

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who are legion, *Batman uppon Bartholome his Booke De proprietatibus rerum*, 1582; Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," &c., 1584; "The Demonologie" of James I.; "The Anatomie of Sorcerie" by Mason, 1612; and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1617.

(3) Scene II.—

——— *on the topmast,*
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join.]

This, as Douce remarks, is a description of the well-known meteor, called by the several names of *Saint Helen*, *Saint Elm*, *Saint Herm*, *Saint Clare*, *Saint Peter*, and *Saint Nicholas*. "Whenever it appeared as a single flame, it was supposed by the ancients to be *Helena*, the sister of Castor and Pollux; and in this state to bring ill-luck from the calamities which this lady is known to have caused in the Trojan war. When it came double, it was called Castor and Pollux, and accounted a good omen."

Hakluyt's collection of the "Voyages, Navigations, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation," furnishes an interesting account of this meteor, as seen during the "Voyage of Robert Tomson Marchant, into Nova Hispania, in the yeere 1555:"—

"I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the *Cuerpo santo*, and saide it was *S. Elmo*, whom they take to be the advocate of sailers. * * * This light continued aboord our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top: and sometime it would be in two or three places at once. I informed myself of learned men afterward what that light should be, and they said, that it was but a congelation of the winde and vapours of the sea congealed with the extremitie of the weather, which, flyinge in the winde, many times doeth chance to hit on the masts and shrowds of the ships that are at sea in foule weather. And in trueth I do take it to be so: for that I have seene the like in other ships at sea, and in sundry ships at once."—Hakluyt, III. 450, *ed.* 1600.

(4) Scene II.—*The still-vex'd Bermoothes.*] Shakespeare's first knowledge of the storm-vex'd coast of the Bermudas, was probably acquired from Sir Walter Raleigh's "Discoverie of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana," 1596, wherein, after speaking of the Channel of Bahama, the author adds,—"The rest of the Indies for calms, and diseases, are very troublesome; and the *Bermudas* a hellish sea, for *thunder*, *lightning*, and *storms*." (See Chalmers' Apology, p. 578.) Or he might have derived his information from Hakluyt's Voyages, 1600, in which there is a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

(5) Scene II.—Caliban.] It has been surmised that the idea of this marvellous creation was derived from the subjoined passage in Eden's "History of Travayle in the West and East Indies," 4to., London, 1577—a book from which it is exceedingly probable that Shakespeare borrowed the names of some of the principal characters of this piece, as Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo, Antonio, &c.

"Departyng from hence, they sayled to the 49 degree and a halfe under the pole antartike; where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes: all which tyme they sawe no man, excepte that one day by chaunce they espyed a man of the stature of a giant, who came to the haven *dauncing and singyng*, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore, with the shyppe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thyng the giant seeyng, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servaunt, to his presence, into a little ilande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about hym, he was greatly amazed, and made signes, *holdyng up his hande to heaven*, signifying thereby, *that our men came from thence*. This giant was so byg, that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporature, and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but, for the most parte, yelow. Uppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynne of a beast sowde together. This beast, as seemed unto us, had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a camell and tayle of a horse. The feete of the giant were foulded in the sayde skynne, after the maner of shooes. * * * The captayne caused him to eate and drynke, and gave him many thinges, and among other a great lookyng glasse, in the which, as soone as he sawe his owne lykenesse, was sodaynly afrayde, and started backe with such violence, that hee overthrewe two that stoode nearest about him. When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, and other great belles, with also a lookyng glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his owne men well armed."

(6) Scene II.—

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!]

Wicked, in the sense of *baneful*, *hurtful*, is often met with in old medical works applied to sores and wounds. "A wykked felone," *i.e.* a bad sore, is mentioned in a tract on hawking, MS. Harl. 2340. An analogous use of the word, *fierce*, *savage*, is mentioned in A Glossary of Provincial Words used in Herefordshire, 1839, p. 119, as still current.—Halliwell.

The following passage in *Batman uppon Bartholome his booke De proprietatibus rerum*, 1582, folio, will not only throw considerable light on these lines, but furnish at the same time grounds for a conjecture that Shakespeare was indebted to it, with a slight alteration, for the name of Caliban's mother, Sycorax the witch. "The raven is called corvus of Corax it is said that *ravens birdes* be fed with *dewe* of heaven all the time that they have no black *feathers* by benefite of age," lib. xii c. 10. The same author will also account for the choice which is made, in the monster's speech, of the south-west wind. "This *southern wind* is hot and moyst. . . . *Southern winds* corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh man fall into sicknesse," lib. xi. c. 3.—Douce.

(7) Scene II.—*It would control my dam's god, Setebos.*] The same work, Eden's *History of Travayle*, contains a curious notice, showing that Setebos was a mythological personage in the creed of the Patagonians:—

"The captayne retayned two of these [giants] which were youngest and beste made. He tooke them by a deceite in this maner,—that givyng them knyves, sheares, looking glasses, bells, beades of crystall and suche other trifles, he so filled theyr handes, that they could holde no more; then caused two payre of shackels of iron to be put on theyr legges, makyng signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they lyked very wel, bycause they were made of bright and shining metall. * * * When they felte the shackels faste about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne dyd put them in comfort, and bad them stand still. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed uppon theyr *great devill*, *Setebos*, to helpe them. * * * They say, that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xii devils, *leaping and dauncing* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have their bodies paynted with divers colours, and that among other there is one seene bigger then the residue, who maketh great mirth and rejoysing. This great devyll they call Setebos."—P. 434.

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ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

—— but nature should bring forth
Of it own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.]

Among the most treasured rarities in the library of the British Museum, is Shakespeare's own copy of Florio's Montaigne, 1603, with his autograph, "Willm. Shakspere," on the fly-leaf. This work, intituled, "The Essayes, or Morall, Politike and Millitarie Discourses, of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne, Knight," was evidently a favourite of the poet, and furnished him with the materials for Gonzalo's Utopian commonwealth. The passage he has adopted occurs in the thirtieth chapter of the First Book, and is headed, "Of the Caniballes:"—

"Those nations seeme therefore so barbarous unto mee, because they have received very little fashion from humane wit, and are yet neere their originall naturalitie. The lawes of nature do yet commaund them, which are but little bastardized by ours. And that with such puritie, as I am sometimes grieved the knowlege of it came no sooner to light, at what time ther were men, that better than wee could have judged of it. I am sorie, Licurgus and Plato had it not: for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not onlie exceede all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath prowdly imbellished the golden age, and al hir quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophie. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple, as we see it by experience; nor ever beleeve our societie might be maintained with so little arte and humane combination. *It is a nation, would I answere Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.*"

(2) SCENE I.—*We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.*] The instructions for *Bat-fowling* in Markham's "Hunger's Prevention," &c. 1600, afford an accurate description of the way in which this sport was pursued in former times:—

"For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the cresset of fire (as was showed for the *Lowbell*) then a certain number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company), and these shall haue poales bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes, or Hurdes dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze. Then another company shall be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed acording as the Country will afford, so you must be content to take.

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are raysed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the lightt and the extreame darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same: so that those which haue the rough bushye poales may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, and so take thē. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lowbell*; especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, they make the birds sit the faster and surer.

"The byrdes which are commonly taken by this labour or exercise are, for the most part, the *Rookes, Ring-doues, Blackebirdes, Throstles, Feldfares, Linnets, Bullinches*, and all other Byrdes whatsoeuer that pearch or sit vpon small boughes or bushes."

(3) SCENE II.—*They will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.*] Some verses written by Henry Peacham, about the year 1609, give a curious list of most of the popular exhibitions then to be seen in the metropolis, together with a few notices of some of the sights of the country:—

"Why doe the rude vulgar so hastily post in a madnesse,
To gaze at trifles and toyes not worthy the viewing?
And thinke them happy, when may be shew'd for a penny,
The Fleet-streete mandrakes, that heavenly motion of Eltham,
Westminster monuments, and Guild-hall huge Corinæus,
That horne of Windsor (of an unicorne very likely),
The cave of Merlin, the skirts of old Tom a Lincolne,
King Johns sword at Lynne, with the cup the Fraternity drinke in;
The Tombe of Beauchampe, and sword of Sir Guy a Warwicke;
The great long Dutchman, and roaring Marget a Barwicke,
The *Mummied Princes*, and Cæsars wine yet i' Dover,
Saint James his Ginney Hens, the Cassawarway moreover;
The Beaver i' the Parke (strange beast as er'e any man saw)
Downe-shearing willowes with teeth as sharpe as a hand-saw.
The Lance of John a Gaunt and Brandons still i' the Tower:
The fall of Ninive, with Norwich built in an hower!
King Henries slip-shoes, the sword of valiant Edward;
The Coventry boares-shield, and fire-workes seen but to bedward.
Drakes ship at Detford, King Richards bedsted i' Leyster,
The White Hall whale-bones, the silver Bason i' Chester:
The live-caught dog fish, the Wolfe, and Harry the Lyon,
Hunkes of the Beare-garden, to be feared, if he be nigh on."

HALLIWELL, I. 237.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*The picture of Nobody.*] "No-body" was a ludicrous figure often found on street signs, and of which a representation is prefixed to the comedy of "No-body and Some-body," 1600. The following verses form the beginning of a popular old ballad, called "The Well-spoken Nobody," the unique copy of which, in the Miller collection at Britwell-house, supplied Mr. Halliwell with a curious engraving, showing a floor all bestrewed with domestic

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utensils and implements broken to pieces, and a fantastic figure in the midst bearing a scroll with the words,—

" Gluttony is my name
That deserveth every bodyes blame."

" Many speke of Roben Hoode that never shott in his bowe,
So many have layed faultes to me, which I did never knowe;
But now beholde here I am,
Whom all the worlde doeth diffame
Long hath they also skorned me,
And locked my mouthe for speking free.
As many a Godly man they have so served,
Which unto them Gods truth hath shewed;
Of such they have burned and hanged some,
That unto their ydolatrye wold not come:
The ladye Truthe they have locked in cage,
Sayeng that of her Nobody had knowledge,
For as much nowe as they name Nobodye,
I think verilye they speke of me:
Wherfore to answere I nowe beginne,—
The locke of my mouthe is opened with ginne,
Wrought by no man, but by Gods grace,
Unto whom be prayse in every place."

(2) SCENE II.—*I would I could see this tabour!*] "Several of the incidents in this scene," Steevens remarks, "viz.—Ariel's mimickry of Trinculo, the tune played on the *tabor*, and Caliban's description of the twangling instruments, &c., might have been borrowed from Marco Paolo, the old Venetian voyager; who, in lib. I. ch. 44, describing the desert of Lop, in Asia, says:—'Audiuntur ibi voces dæmonum, &c. voces fingentes eorum quos comitari se putant. Audiuntur interdum in aere concentus musicorum instrumentorum.'" This work was translated into English by John Frampton in 1579, under the title of "The Most Noble and famous Travels of Marcus Paulus, one of the Nobilitie of the State of Venice," &c., and the above passage is rendered:—"You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, &c., by evill spirites that make these soundes, and also do *call diverse of the travellers by their names*," &c.—ch. 36, p. 32.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.]

It is impossible to doubt that Shakespeare in this sublime passage remembered the lines in Lord Sterline's "Tragedie of Darius," 1604:—

" Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt,
Not sceptors, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken;
And let this worldlie pompe our wits inchant,
All fades, and scarcelie leaves behinde a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles,
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

With regard to the disputed word, "*rack*," which some editors, Mr. Dyce among them, conceive to be no more than an old form of *wreck*, the reader is recommended to consult Whiter's "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare," &c., pp. 194-198, and Horne Tooke's Ἔπεα Πτερόεντα, Vol. II. pp. 389-396. To what those writers have said on the subject we have only to add, that while it is evident that by *rack* was understood the drifting vapour, or *scud* as it is now termed, it would appear that Shakespeare, in the present instance, as in another, occurring in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 12,—

" That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The *rack* dislimns," &c.

—was thinking not more of the actual clouds than of those gauzy semblances which, in the pageants of his day as in the stage-spectacles of ours, were often used partly or totally to obscure the scene behind. Ben Jonson, in the descriptions of his masques, very frequently mentions this scenic contrivance. Thus in his "Entertainment at Theobalds:"—"The King and Queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery after dinner, there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room; which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, *hung all with black silks*," &c. Again, in his "Masque of Hymen:"—"At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and *all covered with clouds, as at night*, they left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places."

The evanishing of the actors, then, in Prospero's pageant—who

" Melted into air, into thin air,"

—was doubtless effected by the agency of filmy curtains which, being drawn one over another to resemble the flying mists, gave to the scene an appearance of gradual dissolution; when the objects were totally hidden, the drapery was withdrawn in the same manner, veil by veil, till at length even that too had disappeared and there was left, then, not even a *rack* behind.

(2) SCENE I.—*Come, hang them on this line.*] Mr. Hunter successfully exposed the error of those editors who deemed it necessary to change the old spelling of "*line*-grove," to "*lime*-grove;" see note (*), p. 41; but to our thinking he has committed a graver mistake than theirs in his ingenious endeavour to prove that the "line" in this passage meant a *line-tree*;—"When," he observes, "Prospero says to Ariel, who comes in bringing the glittering apparel, 'Come, hang them on this line,' he means on one of the line-trees near his cell, which could hardly have been if the word of the original copies, *line-grove*, had been allowed to keep its place. But the ear having long been familiar with *lime-grove*, the word suggested not the branches of a tree so-called, but a *cord-line*, and, accordingly, when the play is represented, such a line is actually drawn across the stage, and the glittering apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined."—*Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest.*

However unpoetic, and perhaps, as Mr. Knight has remarked, the incidents of the scene so far as the drunken butler and his companion are concerned were purposely rendered so, it is hardly possible to conceive that the coarse jesting,—"Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin *under the line:* now, jerkin, you are like *to lose your hair*, and prove a bald jerkin;" and,—

——"we steal by *line and level*," &c.

could have been provoked by, or indeed would have been applicable to any other object than the familiar *horse-hair* line which was formerly used to hang clothes on.

(3) SCENE I.—*And all be turn'd to barnacles.*] It was anciently believed that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed to the action of the sea, became, when broken off, a kind of goose. Some, indeed, supposed that the barnacles actually grew on trees, and thence dropping into the sea, became geese; and an interesting cut of those birds so growing, from a MS. of the fourteenth century, is given by Mr. Halliwell, who observes that "the

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barnacle mentioned by Caliban was no doubt the tree-goose; and the true absurdity of our old writers, as Douce has observed, consisted in their believing that this bird was really produced from the shell of the fish." Innumerable allusions to this vulgar error occur in our old writers, but we will adduce only the testimony of Sir John Maundeville, who declares that in his country "—weren trees that beren a fruyt, that become briddes fleeynge; and tho that fellen into the water, lyven; and thei that fallen on the erthe, dyen anon: and thei ben right gode to mannes mete."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*By my so potent art.*] This speech is founded upon the invocation of Medea in Ovid's Metamorphoses, for which it is evident, from several expressions, that Shakespeare consulted Golding's translation:—

"Ye Ayres and Windes, ye *Elves of Hilles*, of *Brookes*, of Woods alone,
Of *standing Lakes*, and of the Night, approch ye everychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the Skie with clouds, and *chase* them thence again.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and Forests I remoove, *I make the Mountaines shake*,
And even the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome Moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy perill soone:
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and *darks the Sun at Noone*.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set*,
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet."
GOLDING'S *Ovid*, lib. 7, 1567.

(2) SCENE I.—*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*] The beautiful fancy in the second line of Ariel's song,—

"*In a cowslip's bell I lie,*"

was once supposed to have been borrowed from a stanza in Drayton's delicious "Nimphidia:"—

"At midnight the appointed hour;
And for the queen a fitting *bower*,
Quoth he, is that *fair cowslip-flower*
On Hip-cut hill that bloweth."

It is now, however, generally believed that "Nimphidia," which was not printed before 1627, was written subsequently to "The Tempest;" Malone thinks in 1612.

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE TEMPEST.

"IT is observed of 'The Tempest,' that its plan is regular. This the author of 'The Revisal' thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magick; the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desart island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."—JOHNSON.

"'The Tempest,' according to all appearance, was written in Shakspeare's later days: hence most critics, on the supposition that the poet must have continued to improve with increasing maturity of mind, have honoured this piece with a marked preference over the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' I cannot, however, altogether concur with them: the internal merit of these two works are, in my opinion, pretty nearly balanced, and a predilection for the one or the other can only be governed by personal taste. In profound and original characterisation, the superiority of 'The Tempest' is obvious: as a whole we must always admire the masterly skill which he has here displayed in the economy of his means, and the dexterity with which he has disguised his preparations,—the scaffoldings for the wonderful aërial structure.

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"'The Tempest' has little action or progressive movement; the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is settled at their first interview, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry, and the exhilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *dénouement* is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition. The history of the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful: an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and on the other of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the disagreeable impression left by the black falsehood of the two usurpers is softened by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

"Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half demon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed, have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapours. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

"In the zephyr-like Ariel, the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an allusion to it; as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them simple, allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' in 'The Tempest,' in the magical part of 'Macbeth,' and wherever Shakspeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, can never be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself."—SCHLEGEL.

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J. Gilbert
KING LEAR.
Act V. Sc. 3.

KING LEAR.

The Stationers' Registers contain the following memorandum concerning this tragedy, under the date, November 26th, 1607; "Na. Butler and Jo. Busby] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare his Hystorye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side." which proves that it was acted at court, on the 26th of December 1606. In 1608, no less than three editions of it in quarto were issued, all by the same stationer. One of these is intituled,—"Mr. William Shak-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humorr of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the kings Maiestie at Whitehall upon S. Stephens night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe, on the Bancke-side.—London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austins Gate. 1608.

The two other impressions are described as,—"M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maiesty at White-hall, vppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe, on the Banck-side.—Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608."

No other edition of "King Lear" has been discovered, prior to that of the folio 1623, which differs materially from the text of the quartos, chiefly in the omission of large portions of matter found in the latter, in numberless minute verbal changes, and also by the addition of about fifty lines peculiar to itself. The omissions appear to have been made for the better adapting the piece to representation, and a careful comparison of the quarto and folio texts convinces us that, unlike that of Richard III., the text of Lear in the folio is taken from a later and revised copy of the play. Whether the curtailment is the work of the author, it is impossible now to determine; it is not always judicious, and some of the substitutions are inferior to the language they displace; yet, on the other hand, the additions which we meet with in the folio bear the undoubted mark of Shakespeare's mint, and while the metrical arrangement of the speeches in that edition has been carefully regarded, the text of the quartos is printed in parts without any observance of prosodial construction. With respect to the date of its composition, Steevens remarks, that King Lear, or at least the whole of it, could not have been

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written till after the publication of Harsnet's *Discovery of Popish Impostures*, in 1603, because the names of the fiends mentioned by Edgar are borrowed from that work.

The story of King Lear and his daughters was so popular in Shakespeare's time, that he may have taken it from Geoffrey of Monmouth; from the legend "How Queene Cordila *in dispaire slew her selfe*, The yeare before Christ 800," in the "Mirror for Magistrates;" from Spenser's "Fairie Queene," b. ii. c. x.; or, from Holinshed. There was, indeed, an old anonymous play on the subject, an edition of which was put forth in 1605, under the title of "The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella:" mainly in consequence it would seem of the great popularity of the present drama then "running" at the Globe theatre; the publishers probably trusting to foist the elder production upon the public as Shakespeare's work; but from this piece he appears to have derived nothing, unless, perhaps, some hint for the character of Kent.

The episode of Gloucester and his two sons was probably founded on Book II. chap. x. of Sidney's *Arcadia*, "*The pitifull state and storie of the* Paphlagonian *unkinde king, and his kind sonne;*" &c. which together with the legend of "*Queene Cordila*," from "*The Mirror for Magistrates*," are reprinted in Mr. Collier's "*Shakespeare's Library*," Vol. II.

Persons Represented.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.

KING *of* FRANCE.

DUKE *of* BURGUNDY.

DUKE *of* ALBANY.

DUKE *of* CORNWALL.

EARL *of* KENT.

EARL *of* GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR, *Son to* Gloucester.

EDMUND, *natural Son to* Gloucester.

CURAN, *a Courtier.*

A Herald.

An Officer, *employed by* Edmund.

A Physician.

Gentleman *attending on* Cordelia.

OSWALD, *Steward to* Goneril.

Old Man, *Tenant to* Gloucester.

A Fool.

Servants *to* Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } *Daughters to* Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's *train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in* King Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and* EDMUND.

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany[a] than Cornwall.

GLO. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities[*] are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.[b]

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLO. But I have, sir, a son† by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into[*] the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound without.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

LEAR. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

(*) First folio, *qualities.* (†) First folio, *a Sonne, Sir.*

a — Albany—] Scotland was anciently called Albany.

b — can make choice of either's moiety.] "The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other."—WARBURTON.

(*) First folio, *to.*

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GLO. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker[a] purpose.— [divided
Give me the map there.—Know that we have
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast[b] intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.[c]—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,[d])
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON. Sir, I love you more than words[*] can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORD. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do?[†] Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

(*) First folio, *word*. (†) First folio, *speake*.

[a] Darker *purpose.*—] *Secret, hidden* purpose.

[b] —fast *intent*—] The quartos read, *first* intent; but "*fast* intent," signifying *fixed, settled* intent, is, like "*darker purpose*," and "*constant* will," peculiarly in Shakespeare's manner.

[c] —— while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.]

The passage commencing with these words, down to "May be prevented now," does not occur in the quartos.

[d] (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)]

The quartos omit these two lines.

[e] *With* shadowy *forests* and with champains r'ch'd,
With plenteous rivers *and wide-skirted meads*,—]

So the folio: the quartos read only,—

"With *shady forests*, and wide-skirted meads."

[f] Square *of sense*—] By *square* of sense, if *square* is not a corruption, may be meant the *complement* or compass of sense. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "*sphere* of sense;" but what is "*sphere* of sense!"

[g] *More* richer *than my tongue.*] The folio reads, "More ponderous," &c.

[h] Although our last, not least; &c.] In the quartos this passage stands,—

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,[e]
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue[*]
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to[†] Cornwall? speak.[‡]

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square[f] of sense possesses,[§]
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

CORD. [*Aside.*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer[g] than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least;[h] to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORD. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing!

CORD. Nothing.[i]

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

CORD. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it[‖] may mar your fortunes.

(*) First folio, *lawes*. (†) First folio, *of*.
(‡) First folio omits, *speak*. (§) First folio, *professes*.
(‖) First folio, *you*.

"Although *the* last, not least in our deere love,
What can you say to *win* a third, more opulent
Then your sisters?"

In the folio,—

"Although our last *and* least; to whose yong love,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Strive to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent than your Sisters? speake."

That *and* in the folio is a misprint for "but," it seems scarcely possible to doubt, yet Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight read, "our last *and* least." "Though last not least," was one of the commonest forms of expression in Shakespeare's age; in addition to the overwhelming array of examples cited in the Variorum edition of 1821, Vol. II. pp. 276-279, take the following:—

"The last, not least, of these brave bretheren."
PEELE'S *Polyhymnia*.

"Though I speak last, my lord, I am not least."
MIDDLETON'S *Mayor of Queenborough*., Act I. Sc. 3.

And—

"My last is, and not least."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S *Monsieur Thomas*, Act III. Sc. 1.

[i] LEAR. Nothing!
CORD. Nothing.] Omitted in the quartos.

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CORD. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty: (1)
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.*
LEAR. But goes thy heart with this?
CORD. Ay, good my† lord.
LEAR. So young, and so untender?
CORD. So young, my lord, and true.

(*) First folio omits, *To love my father all.*
(†) First folio, *my good.*

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LEAR. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries[a] of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever! The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter:—
KENT. Good my liege,—
LEAR. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid my sight!— [*To* CORDELIA.[b]
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this* third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects [course,
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode [retain
Make with you by due turns.† Only we still‡
The name, and all the additions§ to a king;
The sway, revènue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
[*Giving the crown.*
KENT. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops* to folly. Reverse thy doom;†
And, in thy best consideration, check [ment,
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs‡ no hollowness.
LEAR. Kent, on thy life no more!
KENT. My life I never held but as a§ pawn
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the‖ motive.
LEAR. Out of my sight!
KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
LEAR. Now, by Apollo!—
KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
LEAR. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
ALB. CORN. Dear sir, forbear.[c]
KENT. Kill thy physician, and the¶ fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
LEAR. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since** thou hast sought to make us break our vow,†† [pride,
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd
To come betwixt our sentence‡‡ and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases[d] of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd!
KENT. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom* lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To* CORDELIA.

(*) First folio, *the*.
(†) First folio, *turne*.
(‡) First folio, *shall*.
(§) First folio, *addition*.

[a] *The* mysteries *of Hecate*,—] The quartos read *mistresse*, the first folio, *miseries*: the correction was made in the second folio.

[b] *To* CORDELIA.] This direction is modern, and some editors contend that the words,—

"——Hence, and avoid my sight!"

are addressed to Kent. Few readers, we apprehend, will agree with them.

[c] Dear sir, forbear.—] Omitted in the quartos.

[d] *To shield thee from* diseases *of the world*;] So the quartos; the folio has—"*disasters* of the world." *Diseases*, in its old and literal sense of *discomforts, hardships*, and the like, is, however, much the more appropriate word.

(*) First folio, *falls*.
(†) First folio, *reserve thy state*.
(‡) First folio, *sounds Reverbe*.
(§) First folio omits, *a*.
(‖) First folio omits, *the*.
(¶) First folio, *thy*.
(**) First folio, *That*.
(††) First folio, *vowes*.
(‡‡) First folio, *sentences*.

[e] Freedom *lives hence*,—] The quartos have *Friendship* for "Freedom;" and in the next line, instead of "dear shelter," they read *protection*.

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That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Flourish. *Re-enter* GLOUCESTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

GLO. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BUR. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BUR. I know no answer.

LEAR. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on* such conditions.

LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best† object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most‡ dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

COR. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well* intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder,[a] or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

FRANCE. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love,
When it is mingled with respects,[b] that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

BUR. Royal Lear,†
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

COR. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune‡ are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

(*) First folio, *in*. (†) First folio omits, *best*.
(‡) First folio, *The best, the*

(*) First folio, *wilt*. (†) First folio, *King*.
(‡) First folio, *respect and Fortunes*.

a *It is no vicious blot*, murder, *or foulness*,—] Mr. Collier's annotator changes this to,

"—— no vicious blot, *nor other* foulness,"

which is certainly a very plausible sub-titution.

b *When it is mingled with* respects,—] The folio reads,—

"When it is mingled with *regards*," &c.

By "respects" is meant *considerations, scruples*, &c.

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Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind,[a]
Thou losest here, a better-where[b] to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Attendants.

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR. The[c] jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use* well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

GON. Prescribe not us our duties.†

REG. Let your study
Be to content your lord: who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

COR. Time shall unfold what plighted[d] cunning hides;
Who cover‡ faults, at last shame them § derides.
Well may you prosper!

FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.

GON. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

REG. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not‖ been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age,* not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

GON. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit† together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think of it.

GON. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* Earl *of* Gloucester's *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

EDM. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague[e] of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive[f] me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: fine word,—*legitimate!*
Well, my *legitimate*, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the *legitimate*.[g] I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

(*) First folio, *Love.* (†) First folio, *duties.*
(‡) Old text, *covers.* (§) First folio, *at last with shame.*
(‖) First folio omits, *not.*

(*) First folio, *from his age to receive.* (†) First folio, *sit.*

a — *though* unkind,—] *Unkind* here signifies *unnatural*, unless France is intended to mean, "though *unkinn'd*," *i.e.* though forsaken by your kindred.

b A better-where to find.] In note (a), p. 120, Vol. I. *elsewhere* is explained *other place*; but *where* in these compounds had perhaps a significance now lost. See the old ballad, "I HAVE HOUSE AND LAND IN KENT",—

"Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
And if you'll love me, love me now,
Or else ich seek *anne oderwhere*
For I cannot come every day to woo."

c The *jewels*—] Rowe and Capell read, perhaps rightly, "Ye jewels." Mr. Collier's annotator, too, proposes the same alteration.

d — *what* plighted *cunning hides*:] *Plighted*, or, as the quartos give it, *pleated* cunning, means *involved*, *complicated* cunning.

e — plague *of custom*,—] *Plague* may here possibly signify *place*, or *boundary*, from *plaga*; but it is a very suspicious word.

f *To* deprive *me*.—] To *deprive*, in Shakespeare's day, was sometimes synonymous to *disinherit*, as Steevens has shown, and also to—*take away*, as in "Hamlet," Act I. Scene 4,—

"And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might *deprive* your sov'reignty of reason," &c.

g *Shall* top *the legitimate*.] In the old editions we find *tooth'* and *to'th'*. The present reading was first promulgated in Edwards' "Canons of Criticism," having been communicated to the author of that pungent satire by Capell. (See "Notes and various Readings to Shakespeare," by the latter, I. 146.)

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Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd * his power!
Confin'd to exhibition![a] All this done
Upon the gad![b]—Edmund, how now! what news?

EDM. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

(*) First folio, *Prescrib'd.*

* Exhibition!] That is, *allowance.* The word, in this sense, is still employed in our universities.

[b] *Upon the gad!—*] Perhaps means, upon the *spur or point, at the instant.*

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EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLO. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLO. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLO. Let's see, let's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste[a] of my virtue.

GLO. [Reads.] *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond*[b] *bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* EDGAR.—
Hum—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,*—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLO. You know the character to be your brother's?

EDM. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLO. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

GLO. Hath* he never heretofore† sounded you in this business?

EDM. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining,‡ the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLO. O villain, villain!—his very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall* run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLO. Think you so?

EDM. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster.

EDM. Nor is not, sure.

GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him!—Heaven and earth![c]—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus and thus, yet Nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves![d]—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'T is strange! [*Exit.*

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often

(*) First folio, *Has.* (†) First folio, *before.*
(‡) First folio, *declined.*

(*) First folio, *shold.*

[a] *An* essay *or* taste *of my virtue.*] *Essay* was commonly used in old language for *assay*, as *taste* not unfrequently was for *test*. See note (a), p. 763, Vol. II.

[b] *An* idle *and* fond bondage—] That is, a *vain* and *foolish* bondage.

[c] EDM. Nor is not, sure.
GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him! —Heaven and earth!] These lines are only found in the quarto copies.

[d] This villain of mine——disquietly to our graves.] This passage is omitted in the quartos

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the surfeit* of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the† stars: as if we were villains by‡ necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut,§ I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—and‖ pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—

Enter EDGAR.

O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

EDG. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness[a] between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDG. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word nor countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That 's my fear.[b] I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key:—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG. Armed, brother?

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed;* I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Duke *of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, *and* OSWALD *her* Steward.

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSW. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

OSW. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns without.*

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one
Not to be over-rul'd.[c] Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,

(*) First folio, *surfets.* (†) First folio omits, *the.*
(‡) First folio, *on.* (§) First folio omits, *Tut.*
(‖) First folio omits, *Edgar—and.*

a —as of unnaturalness—] The folio, omitting the intervening lines, reads,—

"EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede unhappily. When saw you my Father last?"

b That's my fear.] In the quartos, the remainder of this speech, and Edgar's reply, are omitted.

c Not to be over-rul'd.] This, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio.

(*) First folio omits, *go armed.*

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That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.
Osw. Well, madam.
Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:[a]—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,[b] my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns without. Enter LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.(2)

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou beest as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is,—diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner. I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—[*Exit a* Knight.]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter[*] is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. *He would not!*

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own

[a] I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—]
These lines are not in the folio.

(*) First folio, *Daughtere.*

[b] *That can my speech* diffuse,—] *Diffuse*, here, signifies, *disguise.*

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conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—[*Exit an* Attendant.] Go you, call hither my fool.—[*Exit an* Attendant.]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

OSW. My lady's father.

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LEAR. *My lady's father!* my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

OSW. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

OSW. I'll not be struck,* my lord.

KENT. Nor tripp'd neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences; away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes* OSWALD *out.*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving* KENT *money.*

Enter Fool.

FOOL. Let me hire him too;—here's my coxcomb. [*Giving* KENT *his cap.*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool?[a]

FOOL. Why, for taking one's part that 's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

FOOL. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,[b]
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

LEAR. This is nothing, fool.[c]

FOOL. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To* KENT.

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR. No, lad, teach me.[d]

FOOL. That lord, that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or* do thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out,(3) they would have part on 't: and ladies† too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown‡ i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing.

Fools had ne'er less grace[e] *in a year;*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

(*) First folio, *strucken.*

a Why, fool?] This interrogatory, in the form of, "Why, my boy?" is given in the folio to Lear; but, as Mr. Dyce observes, it is plain that the Fool addresses the King for the first time, when he says, "How now, nuncle!"

b — *than thou* trowest,—] That is, than thou *believest.*

c This is nothing, fool.] In the folio, this speech is assigned to Kent.

d No, lad, teach me.] This line and the portion of the dialogue down to and including the words in the Pool's speech, "they 'll be snatching," are omitted in the folio.

(*) Old copies omit, *Or.* (†) Old copies, *loades, lades.* (‡) First folio, *Crownes.*

e *Fools had ne'er less* grace *in a year;*] The quartos have,—

"——— ne'er less *wit* in a year;"

perhaps the true reading: as in Lyly's "Mother Bombie," 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never less wit in a year.*"

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LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

[Singing.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,[a]
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools[*] *among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

LEAR. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?(4)
Methinks† you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth [*To* GON.], I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That 's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to* LEAR.

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,—
Which else were shame—that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you trow,[*] nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it's had it head bit off by it young.[b]

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[c]

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. I would you would make use of that† good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—*Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*

LEAR. Does any here know me?—This is not Lear: [his eyes?
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied.—Ha! Waking?—'tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

FOOL. Lear's shadow?

LEAR. I would learn that, for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,[d]
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

FOOL. Which they will make an obedient father.[e]

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright: [wise.
As you are old and reverend, you‡ should be
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disordered, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

(*) First folio, *Poole.* (†) First folio omits, *Methinks.*

a *Then they for sudden joy did weep,*
And I for sorrow sung," &c.]
So in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece,"—

"When Tarquin first in court began,
And was approved King,
Some men *for sudden joy gan weep,*
And I for sorrow sing."

b That it's had it head bit off by it young.] Meaning, *That it has had its head bit off*, &c.] See note (3), Vol. I. p. 330.

c — darkling.] This word, which, like the Scotch *darkling*, implied *in the dark*, occurs again in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 3; and is found in the ancient comedy of "Roister Doister," Act III. Sc. 1,—"He will go *darklyng* to his grave."

(*) First folio, *know.* (†) First folio, *your.* (‡) First folio omits, *you.*

d — for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded," &c.] This is certainly obscure. Warburton reads, "— of sovereignty *of* knowledge," &c.; but possibly the meaning may be restored by simply omitting the comma after *sovereignty*, "— by the marks of sovereignty knowledge and reason," *i.e.* of *supreme* or *sovereign* knowledge, &c.

e — an obedient father.] This and the three preceding lines are only found in the quartos.

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A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.
LEAR. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses! call my train together!—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
GON. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To* ALB.] O, sir, are you come? *
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.
LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O, most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[a] wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.
ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
LEAR. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*
ALB. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
GON. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;*
But let his disposition have that scope
That † dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!
ALB. What's the matter, sir?
LEAR. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! [*To* GON.] I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings[b] of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,[c]
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter,[d]
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.‡
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and* Attendants.
GON. Do you mark that, my lord? §
ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—
GON. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the* Fool.
FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and ‖ take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *O sir, are you come!*

a — an engine,—] By an *engine* is meant the instrument of torture called the *rack*.

b — untented woundings—] "*Untented* wounds," Steevens says, "may possibly signify here, such as will not admit of having a tent put into them." The expression, there can be no doubt, means *unsearchable* wounds—wounds *too deep to be probed*.

c — loose,—] That is, *discharge*.

(*) First folio, *to know more of it.* (†) First folio, *As.*
(‡) First folio omits, *thou shalt, I warrant thee.*
(§) First folio omits, *my lord.* (‖) First folio omits, *and.*

d —— Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter,—]
This passage is formed from the two old texts: the quartos read, "Yea is it come to this? yet have I left a daughter:" the folio,—
"Ha! Let it be so,
I have another daughter."

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GON. This man hath had good counsel:[a]—a hundred knights!
'T is politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
ALB. Well, you may fear too far.
GON. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald?
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
OSW. Ay, madam.
GON. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return.—[*Exit* OSW.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd* for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.
ALB. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
GON. Nay, then—
ALB. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the Same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.
KENT. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*
FOOL. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?
LEAR. Ay, boy.
FOOL. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.
LEAR. Ha, ha, ha!
FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly:[b] for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
LEAR. What canst tell, boy?
FOOL. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?
LEAR. No.
FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.
LEAR. I did her wrong.—
FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
LEAR. No.
FOOL. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.
LEAR. Why?
FOOL. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
LEAR. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?
FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.
LEAR. Because they are not eight?
FOOL. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.
LEAR. To take 't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!
FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
LEAR. How's that?
FOOL. Thou shouldst not have been old, before* thou hadst been wise.
LEAR. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?
GENT. Ready, my lord.
LEAR. Come, boy.
FOOL. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *at task.*

This man hath had good counsel:—] This and what follows down to the entrance of Oswald, are not in the quartos.

(*) First folio, *till.*

[b] —*thy other daughter will use thee* kindly:] *Kindly* is here used, as Malone pointed out, with the double meaning of *affectionately*, and *after her nature*, or *kind*.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the* Earl *of* Gloucester.

Enter Edmund *and* Curan, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you,* sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—
Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother.—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit* Edgar.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

(*) First folio, your.

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Enter GLOUCESTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

GLO. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, cónjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—
GLO. But where is he?
EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.
GLO. Where is the villain, Edmund?
EDM. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
GLO. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exeunt some* Servants.] *By no means*, what?
EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders* bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd† mine arm:
But‡ when[a] he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted[b] by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
GLO. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—despatch![c]—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight[d] to do it, with curst[e] speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee [*deny,*
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should§
(As this I would; ay,‖ though thou didst produce
My very character[f]) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
*Were very pregnant and potential spurs**
To make thee seek it.
GLO. Strong† and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—[g]
[*Trumpets without.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why‡ he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

CORN. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, [news.§
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange
REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord? [crack'd!
GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's
REG. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
GLO. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend‖ upon my father? [bad.—
GLO. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too
EDM. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
REG. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil[h] of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
EDM. 'Twas my duty, sir.
GLO. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
CORN. Is he pursu'd?
GLO. Ay, my good lord.
CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more

(*) First folio, *the thunder.* (†) First folio, *latch'd.*
(‡) First folio, *And.* (§) First folio, *should I.*
(‖) First folio omits, *ay.*

a *But* when, &c.] "When" is very probably a misprint for *whir*, or *whether*.
b — gasted—] *Gasted*, or *ghasted*, means *affrighted, dismayed*.
c And found—despatch!—] Warburton reads, "And found, *dispatch'd*;" as also does Mr. Collier's annotator; but the old text is right. Thus, in "Blurt, Master Constable," Act V. Sc. 1.—
"There to find Fontinelle: found, to kill him."
d — pight *to do it*,—] *Pight* is *fixed, settled*.

(*) First folio, *spirits.* (†) First folio, *O strange.*
(‡) First folio, *wher.* (§) First folio, *strangeness.*
(‖) First folio, *tended.*

e — curst *speech*—] *Harsh, bitter* speech.
f — character—] That is *hand-writing*.
g I never got him.—] The folio reads,—
"Would he deny his letter, *said he?*"
h — the waste and spoil—] So the first quarto: the second reads, "— *these*—and waste;" all the other ancient copies, "— th' *expence and wast*."

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Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

EDM. I shall serve you, sir, truly,
However else.

GLO. For him I thank your grace.

CORN. You know not why we came to visit you,— [night.

REG. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,*
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from[a] our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,†
Which craves the instant use.

GLO. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Gloucester's *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

OSW. Good dawning to thee, friend; art of this house?

KENT. Ay.

OSW. Where may we set our horses?

KENT. I'the mire.

OSW. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

OSW. Why, then, I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

OSW. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

OSW. What dost thou know me for?

KENT. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound,[b] filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamourous* whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

OSW. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago,† since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet[c] the moon shines, I'll make a sop o'the moon-shine of you: draw,‡ you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

OSW. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks!—draw, you rascal! come your ways.

OSW. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand! you neat[d] slave, strike! [*Beating him.*

OSW. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND.

EDM. How now? what's the matter? Part.

KENT. With you, goodman boy, an§ you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and* Servants.

GLO. Weapons! arms! what's the matter here?

CORN. Keep peace, upon your lives!
He dies, that strikes again! what is the matter?

REG. The messengers from our sister and the king!

CORN. What is your difference? speak.

OSW. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

CORN. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

KENT. Ay,‖ a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a

(*) First folio, *prize.* (†) First folio, *businesses.*

a — from our home;] *Away from* home.

b — hundred-pound,—] This epithet is found in Middleton's play of "The Phœnix," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"—— am I used like a hundred-pound gentleman."

And in Sir Walter Raleigh's speech against Foreign Retailers (Oldys's "Life of Raleigh," p. 68), he says,—"Nay at Milan, where there are three *hundred-pound* Englishmen, they cannot so much as have a barber among them."

c — yet the moon shines,—] That is, *now* the moon shines, &c.

d — you neat *slave,*—] The sting in this epithet, "neat," has been quite misunderstood by the commentators, who suppose it

(*) First folio, *clamours.* (†) First folio omits, *ago.*
(‡) First folio omits, *draw.* (§) First folio, *if.*
(‖) First folio omits, *Ay.*

to mean simply *mere* or *finical.* For the real allusion, see a passage in the "Winter's Tale," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"—— Come, captain,
We must be *neat;* not *neat,* but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat.*"

See also Taylor the Water Poet's Epigram on the husband of Mrs. Parnell,—

"Neate can he talke, and feede, and neatly tread,
Neate are his feete, but most *neate is his head.*"

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painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.*

CORN. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSW. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

KENT. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?[a]

CORN. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, [these,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t'unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring† oil to fire, snow to the colder moods;
Renege,‡ affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale§ and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following,—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.(1)

CORN. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLO. How fell you out? say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

CORN. Why dost thou call him *knave?* What's his offence? ||

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

CORN. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

CORN. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his[b] nature: he cannot flatter, he—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. [nees
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good sooth,* in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand† aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering‡ Phœbus' front,—

CORN. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

CORN. What was the offence you gave him?

OSW. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct,§ and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread‖ exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-gart,
We'll teach you—

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect,¶ show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!—
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon! [night too.

REG. *Till nóon!* till night, my lord; and all

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REG. Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.
[*Stocks brought in.*

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much,[c] and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st** wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses

(*) First folio, *two yeares oth' trade.* (†) First folio, *Being.*
(‡) First folio, *Revenge.* (§) First folio, *gull.*
(‖) First folio, *What is his fault?*

[a] Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?] An acute stroke of nature: Kent in his rage forgets it was his life, not his beard, which the fellow pretended to have spared.

[b] *Quite from* his *nature:*] *His* is here used for the impersonal *its.*

(*) First folio, *faith.* (†) First folio, *great.*
(‡) First folio, *flicking.* (§) First folio, *compact.*
(‖) First folio, *dead.* (¶) First folio, *respects.*
(**) Old text, *temnest*, corrected by Capell.

[c] His fault is much,—] This speech is abridged in the folio, which reads,—

"Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King *his master needs* must take it ill."

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Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

CORN. I'll answer that.

REG. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—[a]

[KENT *is put in the stocks.*

Come, my good[•] lord; away.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER *and* KENT.

GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray do not, sir: I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLO. [*Aside.*] The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun![b]
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course, and she'll find time
From this enormous state-seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.[c]—All weary and o'erwatch'd,

(•) First folio omits, *good*.

[a] For following her affairs,—Put in his legs.—] A line not found in the folio.

[b] Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!]

This "common saw" we meet with in Heywood's "Dialogues on Proverbs,"—

"In your running from him to me, *ye runne*
Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne."

It is found also in Howell's collection of English Proverbs in his Dictionary, 1660, and there explained,—"He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. *from good to worse.*" The application, we must suppose, is to Lear's quitting one daughter only to meet more inhospitable treatment from another.

[c] I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course, and she'll find time
From this enormous state-seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.]

Some editors have gone so far as to degrade this passage altogether from the text: Steevens and others conjecture it to be made up from fragments of Cordelia's letter. We agree with Malone that it forms no part of that letter, but are opposed to his notion that "two half lines have been lost between the words *state* and *seeking*." The slight change of "she'll" for *shall*,—the ordinary reading being, "— and *shall* find time," &c.—appears to remove much of the difficulty; that occasioned by the corrupt words, "enormous state-seeking," will some day probably find an equally facile remedy.

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Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*A Wood.*

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair* in knots;[a]
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,(2) who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting[b] villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—*Poor Turlygood!*(3) *poor Tom!*[c]
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Gloucester's *Castle.* KENT *in the Stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Gentleman, *and* Fool.

LEAR. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.†
GENT. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KENT. [*Waking.*] Hail to thee, noble master!
LEAR. Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
KENT. No, my lord.
FOOL. Ha, ha! he wears cruel[d] garters! Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is* over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[e]
LEAR. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?
KENT. It is both he and she,—
Your son and daughter.
LEAR. No!
KENT. Yes.
LEAR. No, I say!
KENT. I say, yea.
LEAR. No, no; they would not.[f]
KENT. Yes, they have.
LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no!
KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.
LEAR. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
KENT. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting† forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose‡ contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,[g] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:

(*) First folio, *haires.* (†) First folio, *Messengers.*

[a] — elf all my hair in knots;] "Hair thus knotted was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I. Sc. 4,—

'—— plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.'"
—STEEVENS.

[b] — pelting villages,—] That is, *paltry, pedling* villages.

[c] *Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!*] So Dekker, in his "Bell-man of London," says of an "Abraham-man,"—"He calls himselfe by the name of poore Tom, and comming neere any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold.*"

(*) First folio omits, *is.* (†) First folio, *painting.*
(‡) First folio, *those.*

[d] — cruel *garters!*] The same quibble on *cruel* and *crewel*, *i.e. worsted* of which stockings, *garters*, &c., were made, is found in many of our old plays.

[e] — nether-stocks.] Stockings were formerly called *nether-stocks*, and breeches *over-stocks* or *upper-stocks*.

[f] No, no; they would not.) This and the next speech are not in the folio.

[g] *They summon'd up their* meiny,—] *Meiny* here signifies *train* or *retinue*.

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Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter's not gone yet,[a] if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours[b] for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica[*] *passio*,(4)—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below!—Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

GENT. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

KENT. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?†

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it:‡ but the great one that goes up the hill,§ let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.[c]

KENT. Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOUCESTER.

LEAR. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLO. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLO. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.[d]

LEAR. *Inform'd them!* Dost thou understand me, man?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:†
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery! the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*Looking on* KENT.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice[e] only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.[f]

GLO. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

(*) Old copies. *Historica.*
(†) First folio, *number.*
(‡) First folio omits, *it.*
(§) First folio, *upward.*

[a] Winter's not gone yet, &c.] This speech is not found in the quartos.

[b] — dolours—] See note (b), p. 18.

[c] The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.]

Johnson thought the sense would be mended if we read,—

"The fool turns knave that runs away;
The knave no fool, perdy."

(†) First folio, *commands, tends, service.*

[d] Well, my good lord, &c.] This speech and Lear's rejoinder are found only in the folio.

[e] *Is* practice *only.*] *Practice*, it need hardly be repeated, meant *artifice, conspiracy, &c.*

[f] Till it cry sleep to death.] Till the clamour of the drum destroys or is the death of sleep. The line is usually given, however,

"Till it cry, *Sleep to death!*"

that is, till it cry out, *awake no more*, and this very possibly was the poet's idea.

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Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[a] did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down:* 'twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

a — *the* cockney—] "Cockney," of old, bore more than one signification; as employed by Chaucer, in "The Reve's Tale," verse 4305,—

"And when this jape is told another day,
I sal be hald a daf, a *cokenay*,"—

it plainly means an effeminate spoony. In Dekker's "Newes from Hell," &c. 1602,—"'Tis not their fault, but our mothers', our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cocknays*," it has the same import. According to Percy, whose authority is the following couplet from the ancient ballad called "The Turnament of Tottenham,"—

"At that feast were they served in rich array;
Every five and five had a *cokenay*,"—

it meant a *cook* or *scullion*; and that, perhaps, is the sense of the word in the present place.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and* Servants.

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.
CORN. Hail to your grace!
[KENT *is set at liberty.*
REG. I am glad to see your highness.
LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's* tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—O, are you free?
[*To* KENT.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here!—
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
REG. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.
LEAR. Say, how is that?[a]
REG. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
LEAR. My curses on her!
REG. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.†
LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house: (5)

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

REG. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
LEAR. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan!
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking[b] airs, with lameness!
CORN. Fie, sir, fie!
LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun,
To fall and blast her pride![c]
REG. O, the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.
LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted[d] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,*
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
REG. Good sir, to the purpose.
LEAR. Who put my man i'the stocks?
[*Trumpets without.*
CORN. What trumpet's that?
REG. I know't my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?
LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
CORN. What means your grace?
LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow[f] obedience, if* yourselves are old,

(*) First folio, *Mother*. (†) First folio omits, *sir*.

[a] **Say, how is that?**] This and the next speech are not in the quartos.

[b] *You* taking *airs*,—] To *take*, in old language, signified to *blast*, or *infect* with baneful influence. So in Act III. Sc. 4,—
"Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking*"

[c] *To fall and* blast her pride!] The folio tamely reads,—
"To fall and *blister*."

[d] *Thy* tender-hefted *nature*—] *Tender-hefted* is a very doubtful expression; and "tender *hested*," the reading of the quartos, is not much less so: but we have not sufficient confidence in the substitution, "tender-*hearted*," which Rowe and Pope adopt, to alter the ancient text.

[e] — *to scant my* sizes,—] "Sizes" are allowances of provision.

[f] Allow *obedience*,—] That is, *approve* obedience.

(*) First folio inserts, *you*.

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Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To* GON.
O, Regan, will you take her by the hand?
GON. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
LEAR. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
[disorders
CORN. I set him there, sir: but his own
Deserv'd much less advancement.
LEAR. You! did you?
REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch![a]—Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing to* OSWALD.
GON. At your choice, sir.
LEAR. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an* embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
REG. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
LEAR. Is this well spoken?
REG. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
LEAR. I gave you all—
REG. And in good time you gave it.
LEAR.—Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?
REG. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.
LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee;
[*To* GONERIL.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
GON. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
REG. What need one?
LEAR. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![b]

(*) First folio, *or*.

[a] *To be a comrade with the wolf and* owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!]
Mr. Collier's annotator changes this to,—
"To be a comrade with the wolf, and *howl*
Necessity's sharp pinch."

[b] You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!]
Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—
"—— give me *but* patience," &c.
And Mr. Collier terms the alteration, "A fortunate recovery of what must have been the real language of the poet"!

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You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not:—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, *and* Fool.—*Storm heard at a distance.*

CORN. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

REG. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd. [rest,

GON. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from
And must needs taste his folly.

REG. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

GON. So am I purpos'd,—
Where is my lord of Gloster?

CORN. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. The king is in high rage.

CORN. Whither is he going?

GLO. He calls to horse;[a] but will I know not whither.

CORN. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLO. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak[*] winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

REG. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] CORN. Whither is he going?
GLO. He calls to horse;] Omitted in the quartos.

(*) First folio, *high*.



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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

KENT. Who 's there, besides foul weather?
GENT. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
KENT. I know you. Where's the king?
GENT. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,[a]
That things might change or cease;[b] tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
KENT. But who is with him?
GENT. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
KENT. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,—
Although as yet the face of it be[*] cover'd
With mutual cunning,—'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not,[c] that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,

[a] *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the* main,—] That is, the *main land.*

[b] That things might change or cease;] The remainder of this speech is omitted in the folio.

(*) First folio, *is.*

[c] Who have (as who have not, &c.] This and the seven following lines are omitted in the quartos, and the remainder of the speech commencing, "But, true it is," is left out of the folio.

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Which are to France the spies and speculations*
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings[b] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—[c]
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you;
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

GENT. I will talk further with you.

KENT. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your* fellow is
That yet you do not know.—Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

GENT. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

KENT. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way, I'll this) he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd† the cocks!

(*) First folio, *that*. (†) First folio, *drown*.

a *Which are to France the spies and* speculations *Intelligent of our state*:] For "speculations" we should perhaps read *speculators*, which formerly meant *watchers, overlookers, observers*, &c. Johnson proposed *speculators*, and Mr. Singer found the correction in a marginal note of his copy of the second folio.

b *Either* in snuffs and packings *of the dukes*:] "Snuffs" mean *petty dissentions, tiffs:* and "packings" signify *plots, intrigues*, &c.

c —furnishings;—] That is, according to Steevens, *samples:* but the illustration he cites from the Epistle prefixed to Greene's "Groats-worth of Witte,"—"For to lend the world a *furnish* of witte, she lays her owne to pawne,"—is not conclusive.

d —court holy-water—] Glozing speeches. Florio translates, *Dare l'allodola*, "To *coy*, to *foist*, to *flatter*, to *give one Court-hollie water*," &c. and *Mantellinzare*, "To *court one with faire words or give court-holy-water*"

e *That* have *with two pernicious daughters* join'd—] The folio reads,—

"That *will* with two pernicious daughters *join*," &c.

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to* oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water[d] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and† ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd*
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

FOOL. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool. [night,

KENT. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

(*) First folio, *of*. (†) First folio omits, *and*.



Gallow[a] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[*] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice!—Hide thee, thou bloody hand!
Thou perjur'd,[b] and thou simular[c] of virtue

[a] Gallow—] *Affright, terrify.*—A common provincialism at this day.

[b] *Thou* perjur'd,—] Theobald and Mr. Collier's annotator read, and perhaps rightly,—

(*) First folio, *pudder*.

"Thou *perjure*," &c.

See note (b), p. 75, Vol. I.

[c] —simular—] That is, *simulator, counterfeit*.

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That art incestuous!—caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace!—I am a man,
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL. [Singing.]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.*

[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

* Come, bring us to this hovel.] The remainder of the scene is only found in the folio.

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Gloucester's *Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

GLO. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their* perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor† any way sustain him.

EDM. Most savage and unnatural!

GLO. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek‡ him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

[*Exit.*

EDM. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm continues.*

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?

KENT. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy§ flight lay toward the roaring sea,

(*) First folio omits, *their*.
(†) First folio, *or*.
(‡) First folio, *looke*.
(§) First folio, *they*.

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Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this!—O, Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.—

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—

In, boy; go first.—[*To the* Fool.] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

EDG. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor Tom!

[*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a Madman.*

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—

*Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,**—

Hum! go to thy cold bed,[a] and warm thee.

LEAR. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?[b] And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford† and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,(1) and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges; to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking![c] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again,—and there.

[*Storm continues.*

LEAR. What,‡ have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst* thou give 'em all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

EDG. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDG. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly;† swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDG. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,(2) served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply;‡ dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:
Says suum, mun, ha no nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*

LEAR. Why,§ thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk,

(*) First folio, *blow the windes.* (†) First folio, *Sword.*
(‡) First folio, *Ha 's his Daughters.*

[a] — *go to thy* cold *bed, and warm thee.*] The commentators, with admirable unanimity, persist in declaring this line to be a ridicule on one in "The Spanish Tragedy," Act II.—

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed!"

But to an audience of Shakespeare's age there was nothing risible in either line. The phrase *to go to a cold bed* meant only to *go cold to bed*: to *rise from a naked bed* signified to *get up naked from bed*, and to say one *lay on a sick bed* (a form of expression far from uncommon even now) implied merely that he was lying *sick a bed*. It is to be observed that the folio, probably by accident, as it gives the line correctly in "The Taming of the Shrew," omits the word "cold."

[b] Hast *thou given all to thy* two *daughters?*] So the quarto; the folio reads, "*Did'st* thou *give* all to thy daughters?"

[c] — taking!] See note (b), p. 80.

(*) First folio, *Wou'dst.* (†) First folio, *words Iustice.*
(‡) First folio, *deerely.* (§) First folio omits, *Why.*
(1) First folio, *a.*

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the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here 's three on 's are sophisticated! —Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.— [*Tearing off his clothes.*

FOOL. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDG. This is the foul fiend* Flibbertigibbet:* he begins at curfew, and walks till the† first cock; he gives the web and the pin,[b] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;[c]
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *with a torch.*

LEAR. What's he?

KENT. Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had‡ three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.[d]

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

GLO. What, hath your grace no better company?

EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.(3)

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study?

EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

GLO. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—
I do beseech your grace,—

LEAR. O, cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG. Tom's a-cold.

GLO. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

LEAR. Come, let's in all.

KENT. This way, my lord.

LEAR. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

GLO. Take him you on.

KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

LEAR. Come, good Athenian.

(*) First folio omits. *fiend.* (†) First folio, *walkes at.* (‡) First folio omits, *had.*

a — Flibbertigibbet:] See quotation from Harsnet, in the Illustrative Comments to this Act.

b — the web and the pin,—] The *cataract.* One of the meanings to *Cataratta* in Florio's Dictionary is, "A dimnesse of sight occasioned by humores hardned in the eies called a Cataract or a *pin and a web.*"

c Saint Withold *footed thrice the* wold;] The old copies have *Swithold* for "Saint Withold," and *old* at the end of the line instead of "wold." Withold was the Saint popularly invoked against the nightmare.

d *But mice and rats, and such small deer,*
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.]

This distich, Percy pointed out as part of the description in the old metrical romance of "Sir Bevis of Hamptoun," of the privation endured by that doughty champion during his seven years' imprisonment,—

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere
Was his meate that seven yere."

Sig. P. iij.

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GLO. No words, no words: hush.
EDG. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. (4)
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Gloucester's *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

CORN. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter* he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORN. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer† father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

GLO. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOUCESTER.

(*) First folio inserts, *which.* (†) First folio. *deere.*

a Fraterello *calls me;*] See the quotation from Harsnet, in the Illustrative Comments to this Act.

b Pray, innocent,—] The term "innocent," though at first given only to idiots, came in time to be applied to professed fools.

c FOOL. No; he's a yeoman, &c.] This speech is not in the quartos.

d The foul fiend bites my back.] This, with the whole of what follows, down to, and inclusive of—

"False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?"

is omitted in the folio.

EDG. Fraterello[a] calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,[b] and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

LEAR. A king, a king!

FOOL. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.[c] [spits

LEAR. To have a thousand with red burning
Come hissing in upon 'em:—

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.[d]

FOOL. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;*—— [*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you she-foxes!—

EDG. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest* thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn,† Bessy, to me:—

FOOL. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the‡ evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To* EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.

EDG. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.[f]

Pur! the cat is grey.

(*) Old text, *justice*, altered by Theobald.
(†) Old text, *broome.* (‡) Old text, *their.*

* Wantest *thou eyes at trial, madam?*] Seward, plausibly enough, would read, "*Wanton'st* thou eyes," &c

f *Thy sheep shall take no harm.*] As "the foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale," the representative of Edgar was surely intended by Shakespeare to sing these fragments of old ballads, and not tamely recite them after the manner of the modern stage.

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LEAR. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril.—I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

EDG. Bless thy five wits!

KENT. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?



Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;*
Or bobtail tike,* or trundle tail,—
Tom will make them† weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa![b] Come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan; see what breeds about her heart.—Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—[*To* Edgar.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so: we 'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

(*) First folio, *tight*. (†) First folio, *him*.

a — *brach or lym;*] A bloodhound was formerly called a *lym* or *lyme*. In some of the old copies the word is printed *kim*, in others *kym*.

b Sessa!] This word, in the old text *sese*, occurs in a previous scene and is met with also in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew." Johnson explains it to be "an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like *be quiet, have done*."

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I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet [master:
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.[a]

KENT. Oppressed nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,[a]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the* Fool.

GLO. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and* Fool, *bearing off the* KING.

EDG. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!—
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in* Gloucester's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.

REG. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

CORN. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where's the king?

OSW. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

[*Exit* OSWALD.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORN. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not pass[b] upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOUCESTER.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORN. Bind fast his corky[c] arms.

GLO. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*

REG. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

CORN. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find— [REGAN *plucks his beard.*

GLO. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor!

GLO. Naughty[d] lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORN. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? [truth.

REG. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the

CORN. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

(a) Old copy, *sinewes*; corrected by Theobald.

a Give thee quick conduct.] In the folio, Gloucester now adds, — "Come, come, away," and the scene closes, omitting the rest of the dialogue.

b — pass—] See note (b), p. 600, Vol. II.

c — corky arms.] That is, *dry, withered* arms.

d Naughty *lady*,—] See note (a), p. 421, Vol. I.

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REG. To whose hands have you * sent the lunatic king? Speak.

GLO. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning.

REG. And false.

CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLO. To Dover.

REG. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

CORN. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first † answer that. [the course.

GLO. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd: ‡—but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN. See 't shalt thou never!—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLO. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

REG. One side will mock another; the other too.

CORN. If you see vengeance,—

1 SERV. Hold your hand, my lord!
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog!

1 SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORN. My villain! [*Draws.*

1 SERV. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*

REG. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

1 SERV. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*

CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [son Edmund?

GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REG. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell [look you?
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? How

CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN;—Servants *unbind* GLOUCESTER, *and lead him out.*

2 SERV. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

3 SERV. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters. [Bedlam

2 SERV. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

3 SERV. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs
To apply to's bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

(*) Old text, *you have* (†) First folio omits, *first.*
(‡) Old text, *subscribe* ‖ *and led him out.*] In Pope's edition the scene concludes here.



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,[a]
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, *led by an old man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,

[a] Welcome then,—] These words and the three lines which follow are omitted in the quartos.

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Our means secure us;* and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

OLD MAN. How now! Who's there?

EDG. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was;—

OLD MAN. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDG. [*Aside.*]—And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

OLD MAN. Fellow, where goest?

GLO. Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.

GLO. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

EDG. [*Aside.*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play Fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

GLO. Is that the naked fellow?

OLD MAN. Ay, my lord.

GLO. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone:[b] if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who* I'll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN. Alack, sir, he is mad.

GLO. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

OLD MAN. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

GLO. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [*Aside.*

GLO. Come hither, fellow,—

EDG. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLO. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends have been in poor Tom at once;[c] of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and* Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,—who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

GLO. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess, [Dover?
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know

EDG. Ay, master. [head

GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

EDG. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the* Duke *of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; OSWALD *meeting them.*

GON. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

OSW. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse:* of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,

(*) First folio, *Which.*

(*) First folio omits, *and.*

a *Our means secure us; and our mere defects*
Prove our commodities.—] This was an old stumbling-block to the critics. Some have altered it to,—"Our *mean secures* us," &c., that is, *our middle state keeps us in safety:* others would read,—"Our *meanness* secures us:" Johnson proposed,—"Our means *seduce* us;" or "Our *mains* secure us:" and Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"Our *wants* secure us." All this controversy arose apparently from misapprehension of the sense in which the word "secure" is to be understood. *To secure* now means only to *protect*, to *keep safely:* but in old language it very commonly signified also, to *render us careless, over-confident, unguarded*, and this appears to be its meaning here. Thus, in Sir T. More's "Life of Edward V.":—"Oh the uncertain confidence and shortsighted knowledge of man! When this lord was most afraid, he was most secure; and when he was *secure*, danger was over his head." Again, in Judges viii. 11:—"And Gideon went up by the way of them that dwelt in tents on the east of Nobah and Jogbehah, and smote the host, for the host was *secure*."

b Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone:] So the quartos; the folio reads, "Get thee *away*," &c.

c —five fiends, &c.] The remainder of the speech is not given in the folio.

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When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
GON. [*To* EDMUND.] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms* at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.
GON. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit* EDMUND.
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my body.[a]
OSW. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistle.
ALB. O, Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face! I fear your disposition:[b]
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
GON. No more! the text is foolish.
ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters! what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,—
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,—
Most barbarous, most degenerate!—have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these* vile offences,
'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on 'tself,
Like monsters of the deep.
GON. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering;[c] that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where 's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;[d]
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
Alack! why does he so?
ALB. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
GON. O vain fool![e]
ALB. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature! Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
GON. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

ALB. What news?
MESS. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.
ALB. Gloster's eyes!
MESS. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,†
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
ALB. This shows you are above,
You justicers,‡ that these our nether crimes

(*) First folio, *names.*

[a] *My fool usurps my body.*] The reading of the folio. The first quarto has, "*A* fool usurps my *bed*;" the second, "My *foot* usurps my *head*;" while a third gives, "My *fool* usurps my *body*."

[b] *I fear your disposition:*] This line and all that follows, down to Goneril's speech, beginning, "Milk-liver'd man!" the folio omits.

(*) Old copies, *this, the.* (†) First folio, *threat-enrag'd.*
(‡) First folio, *Justices.*

[c] *Thine honour from thy suffering;*] In the folio, Goneril's speech ends here.

[d] *— thy state begins to threat.*] The first quarto has,—"thy state begins *thereat*;" the second, "thy *slaier* begins *threats*."

[e] *O vain fool!*] In the folio, the Messenger enters here, and begins immediately,—"O, my good lord," &c.

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So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?
MESS. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'T is from your sister.
GON. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*
ALB. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?
MESS. Come with my lady hither.
ALB. He is not here.
MESS. No, my good lord, I met him back again.
ALB. Knows he the wickedness?
MESS. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
ALB. [*Aside.*] Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[a]—*The* French *Camp near* Dover.

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman.

KENT. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?
GENT. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.
KENT. Who hath he left behind him general?
GENT. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Far.
KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
GENT. Ay, sir;* she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
KENT. O, then it mov'd her.
GENT. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove*
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:[b] those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.
KENT. Made she no verbal question?
GENT. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
KENT. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues.—You spoke not with her since?
GENT. No.
KENT. Was this before the king return'd?
GENT. No, since.
KENT. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
GENT. Why, good sir?
KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
GENT. Alack, poor gentleman!
KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
GENT. 'Tis so, they are a-foot. [Lear,
KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *say*: corrected by Theobald.

(*) Old text, *streme*: corrected by Pope.

[a] SCENE III.] This scene is found only in the quartos.
[b] — *a better* day:] The old text has, "a better way," which can hardly be what Shakespeare wrote. This has been changed to "a wetter *May*," and "a better *day*," of the two we prefer the latter.

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SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

COR. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With burdocks,* hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

PHY. There is means, madam:

— burdocks,—] The folio has "Hardokes," the quartos "hordocks." Farmer suggested *harlocks*, citing the following lines from Drayton,—

" The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,
The lilly, and the lady-smocke," &c.

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Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
COR. All blest'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! *—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. News, madam!
The British powers are marching hitherward.
COR. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[a] tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Gloucester's *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth?
OSW. Ay, madam.
REG. Himself in person there?
OSW. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
REG. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
OSW. No, madam.
REG. What might import my sister's letter to him?
OSW. I know not, lady.
REG. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o'the enemy.
OSW. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
REG. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
OSW. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
REG. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something *—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
OSW. Madam, I had rather—
REG. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I'm sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œiliads[b] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.—
OSW. I, madam?
REG. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't;
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
OSW. Would I could meet him,† madam! I would ‡ show
What party I do follow.
REG. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Country near* Dover.

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and* EDGAR, *dressed like a Peasant.*

GLO. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
EDG. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
GLO. Methinks the ground is even.
EDG. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
GLO. No, truly.
EDG. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
GLO. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
EDG. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

(*) First folio, *desires.*

a — important *tears*—] Important for *importunate*; the folio has *importun'd.*

(*) First folio, *Some things.* (†) First folio omits, *him.* (‡) First folio, *should.*

b — œiliads,—] See note (*), p. 648, Vol. I.

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GLO. Methinks you're better spoken.
EDG. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk * upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles† chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
GLO. Set me where you stand.
EDG. Give me your hand:—you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
GLO. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
EDG. Now fare you well, good sir.
[*Seems to go.*
GLO. With all my heart.
EDG. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
GLO. O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
EDG. Gone, sir:—farewell.—
[GLOUCESTER *leaps, and falls along.*
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?
GLO. Away, and let me die.
EDG. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound!
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell!
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
GLO. But have I fall'n, or no?
EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!*
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
GLO. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
EDG. Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
GLO. Too well, too well.
EDG. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.
EDG. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged* sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
GLO. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend! he led me to that place.
EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate[b]
His master thus.
LEAR. No, they cannot touch me for coining;†
I am the king himself.
EDG. O thou side-piercing sight!
LEAR. Nature's above art in that respect.—

(*) First folio, *walk'd*. (†) First folio, *Pebble*.

a — *chalky* bourn.] *Bourn* here means boundary.
b The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.]

(*) First folio, *enraged*. (†) First folio, *crying*.

The word "safer" in this passage has been suspected; but it is certainly right, and means *sounder*. The *sound* senses of a man would never permit him to go thus grotesquely garnished.

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There's your press-money.[a] That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: (1) draw me a clothier's yard. (2)—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[b]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout! i' the clout![c] hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

[a] There's your press-money.] The allusion is probably, as Douce remarks, to the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the king's service.

[b] — brown bills.—] A "bill," the old weapon of the English infantry, was a sort of battle-axe with a long handle; and "brown bills" are occasionally mentioned by writers of Shakespeare's age; thus Marlowe, in King Edward II.—

"Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills, and targiteers."

[c] — i' the clout!] The *clout* was the centre mark in the target; what we now call the *bull's eye*; and possibly took its name from the *clout* or pin by which the target was suspended. See note (b) p. 598, vol. I.

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LEAR. Pass.

GLO. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had * white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing that I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie;—I am not ague-proof. [ber:

GLO. The trick of that voice I do well remem-Is 't not the king?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king!
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces[a] virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;—
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption!—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to† sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

GLO. O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLO. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

(*) First folio inserts, *the*. (†) First folio omits, *to*.

GLO. Were all the* letters suns, I could not see.

EDG. I would not take this from report;—[b] It is, and my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What, with the case of eyes?

LEAR. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine* own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small† vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin[c] with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able[d] 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder;—so.

EDG. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee; mark!

GLO. Alack, alack the day!

LEAR. When we are born, we cry that we are come

(*) First folio, *thy*. (†) First folio, *great*.

[a] *That* minces *virtue*,—] That affects the coy timidity of virtue.

[b] I would not take this from report, &c.] There is some obscurity here. What is it Edgar would not take from report? He must have been aware of his father's deprivation of sight; because it is mentioned in the previous scene. We are, perhaps, to suppose the poor King exhibits the proclamation for the killing of Gloucester.

[c] Plate sin *with gold*,—] A correction by Pope and Theobald; the old text having, "*Place sinnes.*" This passage down to, "To seal the accuser's lips," inclusive, is only in the folio.

[d] — able 'em] *Qualify* them.

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To this great stage of fools—This a good block:—[a]
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,[*]
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill![b]

Enter a Gentleman *with* Attendants.

GENT. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—
LEAR. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural Fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.
GENT. You shall have any thing.
LEAR. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
GENT. Good sir,—[c]
LEAR. I will die bravely, like a † bridegroom: what!
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My ‡ masters, know you that!
GENT. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
LEAR. Then there's life in 't. Nay § an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa!
[*Exit, running;* Attendants *follow.*
GENT. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
EDG. Hail, gentle sir.
GENT. Sir, speed you: what's your will?
EDG. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
GENT. Most sure and vulgar, every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
EDG. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
GENT. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.[d]

EDG. I thank you, sir: that's all.
GENT. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
EDG. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* Gent.
GLO. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
EDG. Well pray you, father.
GLO. Now, good sir, what are you?
EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
GLO. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

OSW. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
GLO. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR *interposes.*
OSW. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence!
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
EDG. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
OSW. Let go, slave, or thou diest!
EDG. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.[e]—Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow[f] be the harder: chill be plain with you.
OSW. Out, dunghill!
EDG. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins.[g]
[*They fight; and* EDGAR *kills him.*

(*) First folio, *Son in Lawes.* (†) First folio inserts, *smugge.*
(‡) First folio omits, *My* (§) First folio, *Come.*
(||) First folio, *a.*

[a] This a good block:—] "Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment."—STEEVENS.

[b] — kill, kill! &c.] This was the ancient cry of assault in the English army. Shakespeare introduces it again in "Coriolanus," Act V. Sc. 3; when the conspirators attack Coriolanus.

[c] Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
GENT Good sir,—]
Omitted in the folio.

[d] — the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.]
The meaning appears to be, the sight of the main body is expected hourly; but the expression is as harsh and disagreeable as the speaker's "Most sure and vulgar" just before.

[e] — 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vortnight.—] Steevens has remarked, but the reason is unexplained, that when our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustic, they commonly allot him this Somersetshire dialect.

[f] — ballow—] In some of the provincial dialects, *ballow* means a pole or staff

[g] — foins.] *Turnsis.*

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OSW. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British* party:—O, untimely death!†
[*Dies.*

EDG. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

GLO. What, is he dead?

EDG. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his ‡ pockets: these § letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax: and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your (wife, so I would say,)
affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—[a]
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; [sands,
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

GLO. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the* French *Camp.* LEAR *on a bed asleep;* Physician, Gentleman, *and others attending; soft music playing.*[b]

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

CORD. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

CORD. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

KENT. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made[c] intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

CORD. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the* Physician.

PHYS. Madam, sleeps still.[d]

CORD. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

PHYS. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

CORD. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

GENT. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

PHYS. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not* of his temperance.

CORD. Very well.*

(*) First folio, *English*.
(†) Old text repeats, *death*.
(‡) First folio, *these*.
(§) First folio, *the*.

[a] O, undistinguish'd space of *woman's* will!—] In the quartos we read, "O undistinguisht space of womans *wit*"; in the folio, "Oh *indinguish'd* space of Womans will;" and Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "O, *unextinguish'd blaze* of woman's will!" Whatever may have been the original lection, it was plainly an exclamation against the indiscriminate caprice of woman as exhibited by Goneril in plotting against a virtuous husband's life merely to gain a villain like Edmund, and not, as Mr. Collier asserts, against the "unextinguishable appetite" of the sex: his annotator's emendation is therefore indefensible. We should, perhaps, read, "O, *undistinguishable sense* of woman's will."

(*) First folio omits, *not*.

[b] — *soft music playing.*] This part of the stage direction was judiciously interpolated by Mr. Dyce.

[c] — made *intent.*] This may import *purposed* intent; but Mr. Collier's annotator proposes a very plausible change—"My *main* intent."

[d] Madam, sleeps still.] In the folio, the Physician and Gentleman form one character; the parts were combined probably, as Mr. Collier surmises, to suit the economy of performers.

* CORD. Very well.
PHYS. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.] These two speeches are not in the folio.

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PHYS. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

CORD. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

KENT. Kind and dear princess!

CORD. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd* pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring† winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?*
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor *perdu!*)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

PHYS. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

CORD. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

CORD. Sir, do you know me?

LEAR. You are a spirit, I know; when* did you die?

CORD. Still, still, far wide!

PHYS. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?

(*) First folio, *Did challenge.* (†) First folio, *jarring.*

(*) First folio, *where.*

* To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor *perdu!*)
With this thin helm?)
These lines are omitted in the folio.

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I'm mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see,
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
CORD. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands * in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir,† you must not kneel.
LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night.—Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
CORD. And so I am, I am.
LEAR. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
CORD. No cause, no cause.

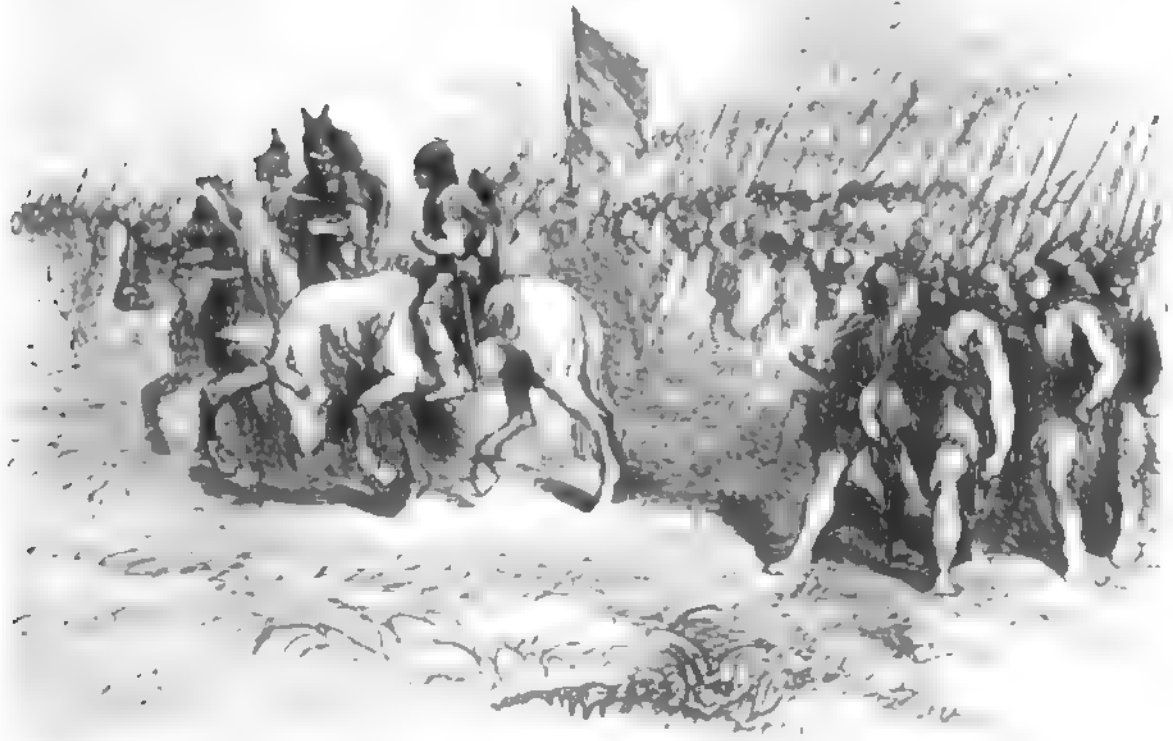
(*) First folio, *hand*. (†) First folio omits, *No, sir*.

LEAR. Am I in France?
KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.
LEAR. Do not abuse me. [rage,
PHYS. Be comforted, good madam; the great
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.[a]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
COR. Will't please your highness walk?
LEAR. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Attendants.[b]
GENT. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
KENT. Most certain, sir.
GENT. Who is conductor of his people?
KENT. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.
GENT. They say, Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent in Germany.
KENT. Report is changeable. 'T is time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.
GENT. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit*.
KENT. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit*.

Omitted in the folio.

[a] " — and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]

[b] *Exeunt* LEAR, &c.] In the folio, the scene terminates here.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the* British Forces, *near* Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

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REG. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
EDM. In honour'd love.
REG. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?
EDM. That thought abuses you.[a]
REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
EDM. No, by mine honour, madam.
REG. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
EDM. Fear me[*] not:—
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

GON. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle,[b] than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
ALB. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,[†]—The king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,[c]
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.
REG. Why is this reason'd?
GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
ALB. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
EDM. I shall attend you presently at your tent.[d]
REG. Sister, you'll go with us?
GON. No.
REG. 'Tis most convenient; pray go with us.
GON. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *disguised.*

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
ALB. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDM. REG. GON. Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love[*] you!
ALB. Stay till I 've read the letter.
EDG. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.
ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Re-enter EDMUND.

EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
ALB. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[e]
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *me.* (†) First folio, *heard.*

[a] That thought abuses you.] The folio omits both this and the following speech.

[b] I had rather lose the battle, &c.] This speech is omitted in the folio.

[c] Where I could not be honest, &c.] The remainder of the speech and Edmund's answer are omitted in the folio.

[d] I shall attend you presently at your tent.] Omitted in the folio.

[e] — carry out my side,—] A metaphor from the card-table, where to *carry out a side* meant to carry out the game with your partner successfully. So to *set up a side*, was to become partners in the game; to *pull* or *pluck down a side*, was to lose it. Thus in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Mavis and she will *set up a side*."

Thus also in Massinger's "Great Duke of Florence," Act IV. Sc. 1, where Cosimo, declining to do Petronella right in a bowl of wine, says,—

"Pray you pause a little;
If I hold your cards, I shall *pull down the side:*
I am not good at the game."

(*) First folio, *loves.*

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SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum without. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their* Forces; *and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOUCESTER.

EDG. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
GLO. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Away, old man!—give me thy hand,—away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.
GLO. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
EDG. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all.—come on.
GLO. And that's true too.[a]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* British *Camp near* Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

EDM. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

[a] And that's true too.] These words are not in the quartos.

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Con. We're not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I* cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers* shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve† first. Come.
[*Exeunt* Lear *and* Cordelia, *guarded*.
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.
Off. I'll do't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down. [oats;
Off. I cannot draw a cart,[b] nor eat dried
If it be man's work, I will do't. [*Exit.*

Flourish. *Enter* Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown‡ to-day your valiant strain,

(*) First folio, *I am.* (†) First folio, *starv'd.*
(‡) First folio, *shew'd.*

* *The* goujeers *shall devour them,*—] The "goujeers," misprinted "good yeares" in the folio, is supposed to mean the *morbus gallicus*. Tieck, however, insists that the "good yeares" of the folio is used ironically for the bad year—the year of pestilence; and like *il mal anno* of the Italians, had been long used as a curse in England.

And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We* do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;†
Whose age has‡ charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session.[c] At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness;—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.[d]
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:[e]
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

(*) First folio, *I.* (†) First folio omits, *and appointed guard.*
(‡) First folio, *had.*

b I cannot draw a cart,—] The folio omits this speech.
c Where you shall hold your session.] In the folio the speech terminates here.
d That were the most, &c.] In the folio this is assigned to Albany.
e — the walls are thine:] So the folio; the phrase, Warburton says, signifying, *to surrender at discretion.*

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REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To* EDMUND.
ALB. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine attaint,*
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GON.]—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love† to me,
My lady is bespoke.
GON. An interlude!
ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll make it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee!
REG. Sick, O, sick!
GON. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
EDM. There 's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies!
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
ALB. A herald, ho!
EDM. A herald, ho, a herald![a]
ALB. Trust to thy single virtue;[b] for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
REG. My sickness grows upon me.
ALB. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN, *led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
OFF. Sound, trumpet![c] [*Trumpet sounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at‡ the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.

EDM. Sound![*] [*First trumpet.*
HER. Again. [*Second trumpet.*
HER. Again. [*Third trumpet.*
[*After a pause a trumpet answers without.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, and preceded by a Trumpet.*

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.
HER. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
EDG. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
ALB. Which is that adversary?
EDG. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
EDM. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?
EDG. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,[d]
My oath, and my profession. I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place,† and eminence,
Despite‡ thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor!
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant against this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor! Say thou, *No!*
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
EDM. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say[e] of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*
ALB. Save him, save him!
GON. This is practice, Gloster;[f]
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

(*) First folio, *thy arrest.* (†) First folio, *loves.*
(‡) First folio, *by.*

a EDM. A herald, ho, a herald!] Omitted in the folio.
b — virtue;] That is, *valour.*
c OFF. Sound, trumpet!] Omitted in the folio.
d *Behold, it is the privilege of* mine honours,—] The quartos read,
"Behold it is the priviledge of *my tongue*
My oath and profession, &c.

(*) First folio omits, *Edm. Sound!*
(†) First folio, *place, youth.* (‡) First folio, *Despise.*

And the folio,—
"Behold, it is *my priviledge,*
The priviledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession," &c.

e — some 'say —] *'say* means *assay,—sample, or taste.*
f — practice,—] *Stratagem, machination.*

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An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir:
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* EDMUND.
GON. Say, if I do;—the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for it? [*Exit.*
ALB. Most monstrous!—
Know'st * thou this paper?
EDM. Ask me not what I know.
ALB. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*
EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more, the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
EDG. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
EDM. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle, I am here.
ALB. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
EDG. Worthy prince, I know 't.
ALB. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
EDG. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my * pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
EDM. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
ALB. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.*
EDG. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much, more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him† on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
ALB. But who was this?
EDG. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

GENT. Help! help! O help!
EDG. What kind of help?
ALB. Speak, man.
EDG. What means that‡ bloody knife?
GENT. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!
ALB. Who dead? speak, man!
GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.§
EDM. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant!
EDG. Here comes Kent.
ALB. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead;
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gentleman.

(*) First folio, *O, know'st*.

* Hearing of this.] The next three speeches are omitted in the folio

(*) First folio, *our*. (†) Old text, *me*
(‡) First folio, *this*.
(§) First folio, *she confesses it*

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Enter KENT.

O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment;
Which very manners urges.
KENT. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
ALB. Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—

[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

Se'st thou this object, Kent?
KENT. Alack, why thus?
EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

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ALB. Even so.—Cover their faces.
EDM. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature.—Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.
ALB. Run, run, O, run! [send
EDG. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on;—take my sword,
Give it the captain.
ALB. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.
EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
ALB. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence
awhile. [EDMUND *is borne off.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

—— *Haply, when I shall wed,*
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.]

It is not improbable that Cordelia's allusion to her future husband was derived from a story similar to that of Lear, which Camden relates of Ina, King of the West Saxons:—"Ina, King of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder sware deepely they would; the yongest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, 'That albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst shee lived, as much as nature and daughterlie dutie at the uttermost could expect, yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married;' who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kiffe and kinne." Or he may have remembered the reply of Cordila, in the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1587:—

> "But not content with this, hee asked mee likewise
> If I did not him love and honour well.
> No cause (quoth I) there is I should your grace despise:
> For nature so doth binde and duty mee compell,
> To love you, as I ought my father, well.
> *Yet shortely I may chaunce, if Fortune will,*
> *To finde in heart to beare another more good will.*"

(2) SCENE IV.—*And to eat no fish.*] "In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify *he's a friend to the government and a Protestant.* The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast.*"—WARBURTON.

The Act to which Warburton refers was a Statute passed in the fifth year of Elizabeth, 1562, Cap. v. "touching Politick Constitutions for the Maintenance of the Navy," Sect. xiv.—xxiii. The fifteenth section of this Act provides, that any person eating flesh on the usual fish-days, "shall forfeit Three Pound for every time he or they shall offend; or else suffer three months close imprisonment without bail or mainprise." It is probable that the greatest objection to the Act was the order in Sect. xiv.:—"That from the Feast of St Michael the Archangel, in the Year of our Lord God 1564, *every Wednesday in every week throughout the whole year, which heretofore hath not by the laws or customs of this realm been used and observed as a Fish-day—shall be hereafter observed and kept, as the Saturdays in every week be or ought to be.*" The penal part of this statute was mitigated in 1593, the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, cap. vii. sect. xxii., to a forfeiture of twenty shillings or one month's imprisonment. In the same Act it was provided, that all the Statutes recited in it should continue in force only until the end of the Parliament next ensuing, which met October 24th, 1597, and was dissolved February 9th, in the following year, when they were presumed to have expired. So late, however, as 1655, Izaak Walton, in the second edition of his "Complete Angler," refers to "those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence."

(3) SCENE IV.—*If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't.*] In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were three kinds of privileges issued by the king to individuals, which, from their gross abuse, were felt to be among the most intolerable of popular grievances:—*Pre-Emption* or *Purveyance*, *Monopolies*, and *Patents*. The first was the royal right of buying provisions and other articles for the king's household, *first*, and in preference to all other customers, and even against the will of the vendors. This was an ancient prerogative, regulated by Magna Charta, and was not finally abrogated until the restoration of Charles II. A *Monopoly* was a privilege "for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using of any thing; by which other persons are restrained of any freedom or liberty that they had before, or hindered in their lawful trade." These Monopolies had been carried to an outrageous extent in the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth; and the evil was not much abated at the period when this tragedy was written; nor was it effectually remedied until the passing of the statute of the twenty-first of James, 1623. Warburton supposes that the Fool's remark conveys a satire on the corruption of the courtiers of the time, who were sharers with the patentee, on the strength of having procured his grant from the sovereign; and other commentators would read, instead of "—a monopoly *out*," "—a monopoly *on't*." But the real meaning appears to be, that "lords and great men," "and ladies too," were all so determinately bent on playing the fool, that, although the jester might have a monopoly for folly out,—that is, in force, and extant,—yet they would insist upon participating in the exercise of his privilege.

(4) SCENE IV.—*How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?*] The *frontlet* was literally, as Malone explains it, a forehead-cloth, formerly worn by ladies at night to render that part of the countenance free from wrinkles. The very remarkable effect of this band, in the contraction of the brows, may be observed in some of the monumental effigies of the fourteenth century, and especially in those small figures usually called "Weepers," which are found standing in tabernacles, on the sides of the rich altar-tombs of the same period. Lear, however, may be supposed to speak metaphorically and to refer only to Goneril's cloudy looks.

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ACT II.

(1) SCENE II.—*I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.*] So far as there can be any identification of a mo lern place with an ancient name in old romances, Camelot must be regarded as that mound which Selden has described in his notes on Drayton's "Polyolbion":—"By South Cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top; four trenches encircling it; and betwixt every of them an earthen wall: the contents of it within, about twenty acres; full of ruins and reliques of old buildings.—Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of the Round Table, as the muse here sings:—

> 'Like Camelot what place was ever yet renown'd,
> Where, as at Caerlion oft, he kept the Table Round!'"

Capell has been censured for "a mistaken theory that Camelot is a name for Winchester, one of the places where Arthur held his Round Table;" and that in which the Table itself was supposed to be preserved. The History of King Arthur was, however, so long in the completion, that, while in one chapter (xxvi.) Camelot is located in the West of England (*Somersetshire*); in another (xliv.) it is stated that Sir "Balins sword was put in marble ston, standing upright, as great as a milstone; and the stone hoved alwayes above the water, and did many yeares: and so, by adventure, it swam down the stream to the citie of *Camelot; that is, in English, Winchester.*" At a still later period, when Caxton finished the printing of the "*Mort d'Arthur*," in 1485, he says of the hero:—"He is more spoken of beyond the sea; more books be made of his noble acts than there be in England: as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greekish, as in French. *And yet of record remain, in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones, and marvellous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living hath seen.*" Warburton imagines that Kent intended an allusion to some proverbial saying in the romances of Arthur; but this is hardly required for the explanation of the text. In Chapter xlix. of Arthur's History, the Quest of the White Hart is undertaken by three knights, at the wedding-feast of the king with the princess Guenever, which was held at Camelot. This adventure was encountered by Sir Gawayne, Sir Tor, and King Pellinore; and, whenever they had overcome the knights whom they engaged, the vanquished combatants were always sent "unto King Arthur, and yielded them unto his grace."

(2) SCENE III.—*Bedlam beggars.*] The Bedlam beggars proper, were such lunatics as had really been confined in Bethlem Hospital, but, owing to the want of funds to support them there longer, or from their being partially restored to their senses, were dismissed into the world, with a licence to beg. The sympathy excited by these unfortunates, occasioned many sturdy vagabonds to counterfeit and exaggerate their dress and peculiarities. Of these *soi-disant* madmen, who were distinguished among the vast community of rascaldom as *Abraham-Men*, Decker gives an animated description in his "*O per se O*," 1612, and "The Bell-man of London," 1608:—

"The Abram Cove is a lustie strong Rogue, who walketh with a Slade about his Quarrons, (a sheete about his body,) Trining, (hanging) to his hammes, bandeliere-wise, for all the world as Cutpurses and Theeves weare their sheetes to the Gallowes, in which their Truls are to bury them: oftentimes (because hee scornes to follow any fashions of Hose) he goes without breeches, a cut Jerkin with hanging sleeves (in imitation of our Gallants) but no Sattin or Chamblet elbowes, for both his legges and armes are bare, having no Commission to cover his body, that is to say, no shirt: A face staring like a Sarazin, his hayre long and filthily knotted, for he keepes no Barber: a good Filch (or Staffe) of growne Ash, or else Hazell, in his Fambles (in his Hand) and sometimes a sharpe stucke, on which hee hangeth Ruffe-pecke (Bacon). These, walking up and downe the countrey, are more terrible to women and children, then the name of Raw-head and Bloudy-bones, Robin Good-fellow or any other Hobgobling. Crackers, tyed to a Dogges tayle, make not the poore Curre runne faster, then these Abram Ninnies doe the silly Villagers of the Country, so that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denyed them.

"*Their Markes.*—Some of these Abrams have the letters E and R upon their armes, some have Crosses, and some other marke, all of them carrying a blew colour; some wear an iron ring, &c. which markes are printed upon their flesh, by tying their arme hard with two strings three or foure inches asunder, and then with a sharpe Awle pricking or raising the skinne, to such a figure or print as they best fancy, they rub that place with burnt paper * * * * and Gunpowder, which being hard rubd in, and suffered to dry, stickes in the flesh a long time after: when these markes faile, they renew them at pleasure. If you examine how these letters or figures are printed upon their armes, they will tell you it is the *Marke of Bedlam*,* but the truth is, they are made as I have reported.

"And to color their villanie the better, every one of these Abrams hath a severall gesture in playing his part: some make an horrid noyse, hollowly sounding: some whoope, some hollow, some shew onely a kind of wilde distracted ugly looke, uttering a simple kinde of Mawnding, with these addition of words (Well and Wisely). Some daunce, (but keepe no measure) others leape up and downe, and fetch gambals; all their actions shew them to be as drunke as Beggers: for not to belye them, what are they but drunken Beggers? All that they begge being either Loure or Bouse (money or drinke).

"*Their Mawnd or Begging.*—The first beginnes; Good Urship, Maister, or good Urships Rulers of this place, bestow your reward on a poore man that hath lyen in *Bedlam without Bishopsgate* three yeeres, four moneths and nine dayes; And bestow one piece of your small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there, the summe of three poundes, thirteene shillings, seaven pence, halfpenny, (or to such effect) and hath not wherewith to pay the same, but by the good help of Urshipfull and well disposed people, and God to reward them for it.

"The second beginnes: Now Dame, well and wisely: what will you give *poore Tom* now? one pound of your sheepes feathers to make poore Tom a blanket: or one cutting of your Sow side, no bigger than my arme, or one piece of your Salt meate to make poore Tom a sharing home: or one crosse of your small silver towards the buying a paire of Shooes, (well and wisely:) Ah, God blesse my good Dame, (well and wisely) give poore Tom an old sheete to keepe him from the cold, or an old dublet, or Jerkin of my Maisters, God save his life.

"Then will he daunce and sing, or use some other Anticke and ridiculous gesture, shutting up his counterfeite Puppet-play with this Epilogue or Conclusion, Good Dame give poore Tom one cup of the best drinke, (well and wisely) God save the King and his Counsell, and the Governour of this place," &c.—"*O per se O.*" 1612.

In his "Bell-man of London," he says of an *Abraham-Man*: "— he swearee he hath been in Bedlam, and will

* The real TOM O' BEDLAMS, Aubrey tells us, when they were licentiated to go a begging, had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long.

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talk frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially of his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *poore Tom*, and comming neere any body cries out *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-Men some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines;* some will dance, others will doe nothing but laugh or weepe; others are dogged and so sullen both in looke and speech, that, spying but a small companie in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter," &c.

(3) SCENE III.—*Poor Turlygood!*] "Warburton would read *Turlupin*, and Hanmer *Turluru*; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that *Turlygood* is the *corrupted* word in *our* language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the name of *Beghards*, or *Beghins*, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them *Turlupins*; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the *wolvish howlings*, which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of *the fraternity of poor men*, might have been the cause why the wandering rogues, called *Bedlam beggars*, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of *Turlupins* or *Turlygoods*, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. *Turlupino* and *Turluru* are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, '*As unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.*'"—DOUCE.

(4) SCENE IV.—*Hysterica passio.*] The disease, called the *Mother* or *Hysterica Passio*, was not thought peculiar to females only in Shakespeare's time, and Percy thinks it probable that the poet was led to make the poor king pass off the indignant swelling of his heart for this complaint, from a passage in Harsnet's "Declaration of Popish Impostures," which he might have met with when selecting other particulars to furnish his character of Tom of Bedlam. The passage referred to occurs at p. 263, in the deposition of Richard Mainy:—"The disease I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had beene troubled before my going into Fraunce." In an early part of the pamphlet, p. 25, it is said,—"Ma.: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio*, as seems from his youth, hee himselfe termes it the *Moother*, and saith that hee was much troubled with it in Fraunce, and that it was one of the causes that mooved him to leave his holy order whereinto he was initiated, and to returne into England."

(5) SCENE IV.—*Do you but mark how this becomes the house.*] Warburton explains "the house" to mean the order of families and duties of relationship; other commentators regard it as signifying a household establishment; and Capell conceives the phrase to imply fathers, as emphatically "*the house*," and not the heads merely of a family, but the especial representatives. Shakespeare, however, more than once, employs the word "house" in a genealogical sense, for the paternal line, or first house, in contradistinction to the persons descended from it, and that may possibly be its import in this instance. See note (6), p. 216, Vol. I.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE IV.—*Hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew.*] In the temptations to suicide by which Edgar pretends to have been beset by the "foul fiend," Shakespeare seems to have had in view the following passage in Harsnet's "Declaration,"† &c.:—

"This examinant further saith, that one Alexander an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new halter, and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallerie floare in her Maisters house. The next morning he tooke occasion to goe with this examinant into the said gallerie, where she espying the said halter and blades, asked Ma: Alexander what they did there: Hee making the matter strange, answered, that he saw them not, though hee looked fully upon them: she her selfe pointing to them with her finger, where they lay within a yard of them, where they stoode both together. Now (quoth this examinant) doe you not see them? and so taking them up, said, looke you heere: Ah (quoth hee) now I see them indeed, but before I could not see them: And therefore saith he, I perceave that the devil hath layd them heere, to worke some mischiefe upon you, that are possessed.

"Hereuppon ** a great search was made in the house, to know how the said halter and knife blades came thether: but it could not in any wise be found out, as it was pretended, till Ma: Mainy in his next fit said, as it was reported, that the devil layd them in the Gallery, that some of those that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kil themselves with the blades."—*Examination of Friswood Williams*, p. 219.

The object of the impostures which form the subject of Dr. Harsnet's exposition, Warburton describes as follows:—

"While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholick, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished."

(2) SCENE IV.—*Wore gloves in my cap.*] Steevens remarks, "It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in

* See note (f), p. 98.

† As the poet was doubtless indebted to this curious work for the names of poor Tom's evil spirits, and it has now become *rarissimus*, we append the exact title of the book, from a copy in the library of the British Museum:—

"A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the harts of her Majesties Subjects from their allegeance, and from the truth of Christian Religion professed in England, under the pretence of casting out devils. Practised by Edmunds, alias Weston a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests his wicked associates. Whereunto are annexed the Copies of the Confessions, and Examinations of the parties themselves, which were pretended to be possessed, and dispossessed, taken upon oath before her Majesties Commissioners for causes Ecclesiasticall. At London Printed by James Roberts, dwelling in Barbican 1603."—4to.

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his helmet; and Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's Satiromastix: '— Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:' and Pandora, in Lyly's 'Woman in the Moon,' 1597:—

> '— he that first presents me with his head,
> Shall wear my *glove* in favour for the deed.'

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will *wear for his sake:* and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier."

There is an interesting illustration of this practice of gallantry in the life of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, which has been commemorated in the fine portrait of him in the Bodleian Picture Gallery. At an audience with Elizabeth on the return of the earl from one of his voyages, she dropped her glove, which he took up and presented to her on his knee. The queen then desired him to keep it for her sake; and he adorned it richly with diamonds, and wore it ever after in the front of his hat at public ceremonies.

(3) SCENE IV.—

The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.]

If the subjoined extracts from Harsnet's "Declaration" do not prove indisputably that Shakespeare was indebted to that popular book for the titles of Tom o' Bedlam's infernal spirits, we may infer that these fantastic names were quite familiar to an auditory of his time.

"Now that I have acquainted you with the names of the Maister, and his twelve disciples, the names of the places wherein, and the names of the persons upon whom these wonders were shewed: it seemes not incongruent that I relate unto you the names of the devils whom in this glorious pageant they did dispossesse. * *

"First then, to marshall them in as good order, as such disorderly catteil will be brought into, you are to understand, that there were in our possessed 5 Captaines, or Commaunders above the rest: Captaine Pippin, Marwoods devil, Captaine Philpot, Trayfords devil, Captaine *Maho*, Saras devil, Captaine *Modu*, Maynies devill, and Captaine Soforce, Anne Smiths devil. These were not all of equall authoritie, and place, but some had more, some fewer under theyr commaund. * *

"The names of the punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these, Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, Hiaclito, and Lustie huffe-cap: this last seemes some swaggering punie devill, dropt out of a Tinkers budget. * *

"*Modo*, Master Maynies devill, was a graund Commaunder, Muster-maister over the Captaines of the seaven leadly sinnes: Cliton, Bernon, Hilo, Motubizanto, and the rest, himselfe a Generall of a kind and curteous disposition: so saith Sara Williams, touching this devils acquaintance with Mistres Plater, and her sister Fid.

"Sara Williams had in her at a bare word, all the devils in hell. The Exorcist askes *Mako*, Saras devil, what company he had with him, and the devil makes no bones, but tels him in flat termes, *all the devils in hell*. * *

"And if I misse not my markes, this Dictator *Modu* saith, hee had beene in Sara by the space of two yeeres, then so long holl was cleere, and had not a devill to cast at a mad dogge. And sooth I cannot much blame the devils for staying so long abroade, they had taken up an Inne, much sweeter then hell: and an hostesse that wanted neither wit, nor mirth, to give them kind welcome.

"Heere, if you please, you may take a survay of the whole regiment of hell: at least the chiefe Leaders, and officers, as we finde them enrolled by theyr names. First Killico, Hob, and a third *anonymos*, are booked doune for three graund Commaunders, every one having under him 300 attendants. * *

"*Fraterello, Fliberdigibbet, Hoberdidance,* Tocobatto were foure devils of the round, or Morrice, whom Sara in her fits, tuned together, in measure and sweet cadence. And least you should conceive, that the devils had no musicke in hell, especially that they would go a maying without their musicke, the Fidler comes in with his Taber and Pipe, and a whole Morice after him, with motly visards for theyr better grace. These foure had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse. * *

"*Mako* was generall Dictator of hell; and yet for good mannors sake, hee was contented of his good nature to make show, that himselfe was under the check of *Modu*, the graund devil in Master Maynie. These were all in poore Sara at a chop, with these the poor soule travailed up and doune full two yeeres together; so as during these two yeeres, it had beene all one to say, one is gone to hell, or hee is gone to Sara Williams: for shee poore wench had all hell in her belly."—Chap. X. pp. 45—50.

(4) SCENE IV.—

Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.]

A quotation, as Mr. Jameson has shown, in his "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 397, from an old romance, familiarly known in Shakespeare's day in this country, and still partly preserved in Scotland. The words are those uttered by Rosman, king of Elfland, when *Child Rowland*, in search of his sister, "Burd Ellen," had penetrated to the tower in which she was confined by the fairy emissaries of the Elfland monarch.—

> "——*fi, fi, fo,* and *fum!*
> I smell the blood of a Christian man!
> Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
> I'll dash his harns (*brains*) frae his harn-pan."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE VI.—*That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] The office of "crow-keeper" was to fright the crows from the corn and fruit; for this purpose a poor rustic, who, though armed with bow and arrows, was not supposed to have much skill in archery, was sometimes employed, and at others his place was supplied by a stuffed figure, resembling a man, and armed in the same way. Ascham, in his "Toxophilus," when speaking of a lubberly shooter, has a similar comparison to that in the text:—"Another coureth downe and layeth out his buttockes, as thoughe hee should shoote at crowes."

(2) SCENE VI.—*Draw me a clothier's yard.*] That is, an arrow a clothier's yard in length. The ancient "long-bow" was about six feet in length, and the shaft over three. So, in the old ballad of "Chevy-Chace:"—

> "An archar off Northomberlonde
> Say slean was the lord Persè,
> He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
> Was made off trusti tre:
>
> An arow, that a *cloth yarde* was lang,
> To th' hard stele halyde he;
> A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
> He set on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.
>
> The dynt yt was both sad and soar,
> That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
> The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
> With his hart blood the wear wete."

Again, in Drayton's "Polyolbion," song xxvi.:—

> "All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong:
> They not an arrow drew, but was a *cloth-yard* long."

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON KING LEAR.

"Of all Shakspeare's plays, 'Macbeth' is the most rapid, 'Hamlet' the slowest in movement. 'Lear' combines length with rapidity,—like the hurricane and the whirlpool, absorbing while it advances. It begins as a stormy day in summer, with brightness; but that brightness is lurid, and anticipates the tempest.

"It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is, in the first six lines of the play, stated as a thing already determined in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling, derived from and fostered by the particular rank and usages of the individual;—the intense desire of being intensely beloved,—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone;—the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast;—the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims;—the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incompliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in these first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the trial is but a trick; and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick, suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed.

"Having thus, in the fewest words, and in a natural reply to as natural a question, which yet answers the secondary purpose of attracting our attention to the difference or diversity between the characters of Cornwall and Albany, provided the premises and *data*, as it were, for our after-insight into the mind and mood of the person whose character, passions, and sufferings are the main subject-matter of the play;—from Lear, the *persona patiens* of his drama, Shakspeare passes without delay to the second in importance, the chief agent and prime mover, and introduces Edmund to our acquaintance, preparing us with the same felicity of judgment, and in the same easy and natural way, for his character in the seemingly casual communication of its origin and occasion. From the first drawing up of the curtain Edmund has stood before us in the united strength and beauty of earliest manhood. Our eyes have been questioning him. Gifted as he is with high advantages of person, and further endowed by nature with a powerful intellect and a strong energetic will, even without any concurrence of circumstances and accident, pride will necessarily be the sin that most easily besets him. But Edmund is also the known and acknowledged son of the princely Gloster: he, therefore, has both the germ of pride, and the conditions best fitted to evolve and ripen it into a predominant feeling. Yet, hitherto, no reason appears why it should be other than the not unusual pride of person, talent, and birth,—a pride auxiliary, if not akin to many virtues, and the natural ally of honourable impulses. But, alas! in his own presence his own father takes shame to himself for the frank avowal that he is his father; he has 'blushed so often to acknowledge him, that he is now brazed to it.' Edmund hears the circumstances of his birth spoken of with a most degrading and licentious levity. * * * This, and the con-

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sciousness of its notoriety,—the gnawing conviction that every show of respect is an effort of courtesy, which recalls, while it represses, a contrary feeling;—this is the ever-trickling flow of wormwood and gall into the wounds of pride,—the corrosive *virus* which inoculates pride with a venom not its own,—with envy, hatred, and a lust for that power which, in its blaze of radiance, would hide the dark spots on his disc,—with pangs of shame personally undeserved, and therefore felt as wrongs, and with a blind ferment of vindictive working towards the occasions and causes, especially towards a brother, whose stainless birth and lawful honours were the constant remembrancers of his own debasement, and were ever in the way to prevent all chance of its being unknown, or overlooked and forgotten.

"Kent is, perhaps, the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakspeare's characters, and yet the most individualized. There is an extraordinary charm in his bluntness, which is that only of a nobleman arising from a contempt of overstrained courtesy; and combined with easy placability where goodness of heart is apparent. His passionate affection for, and fidelity to Lear, act on our feelings in Lear's own favour: virtue itself seems to be in company with him.

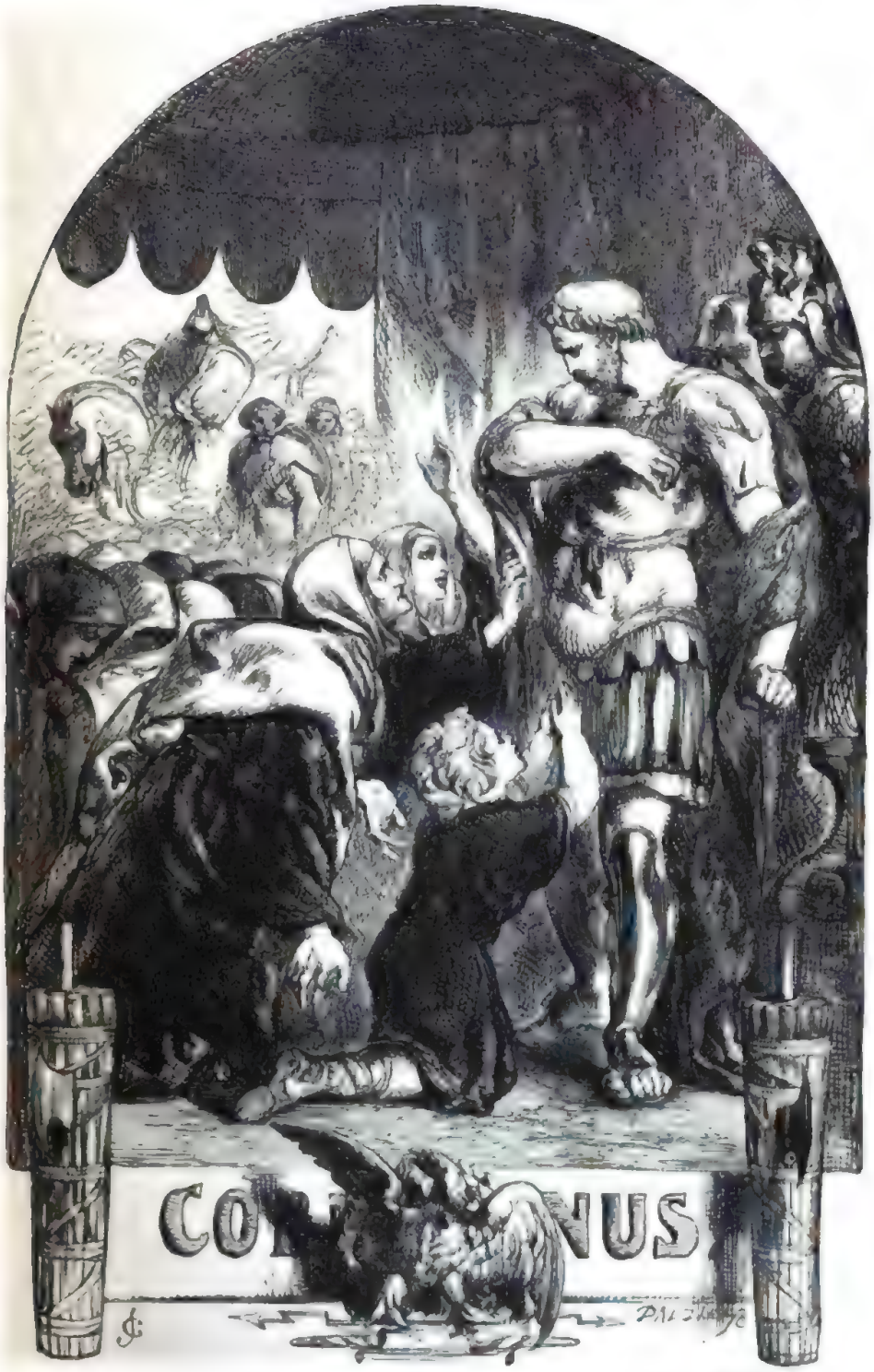
"The Steward should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in Shakspeare. Even in this the judgment and invention of the poet are very observable; for what else could the willing tool of a Goneril be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him.

"The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban;—his wild babblings, and inspired idiocy, articulate and guage the horrors of the scene.

"The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible, namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account, is admitted; whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout.

"Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, as especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings, Shakspeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view; in Lear's, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression."—COLERIDGE.

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Act V. Sc. 3

CORIOLANUS.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" appears to have been first printed in the folio of 1623. In the same year, November 8th, it was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company by Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men." Malone ascribes it to the year 1610; but with the exception of some peculiarities in the style, which would lead us to class it among the poet's latest plays, there is not a particle of evidence, internal or extrinsic, to assist in determining within several years the date of its production. That it was written subsequently to the publication of Camden's "Remains" in 1605 is probable, from the resemblance between the following version of the famous apologue of the members' rebellion against the belly, as told by that author, and the same story in the speech of Menenius, Act I. Sc. 1; for, as Malone remarks, although Shakespeare found this fable in North's Plutarch, there are some expressions, as well as the enumeration of the functions performed by the respective instruments of the body, which he seems to have taken from Camden:*—

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulfe of all their labours; for whereas the eies beheld, the eares heard, the handes laboured, the feete travelled, the tongue spake, and all partes performed their functions; onely the stomache lay ydle and consumed all. Hereuppon they joyntly agreed al to forbeare their labours, and to pine away their lazie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so greevous to them all, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the bodie; the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. There *Reason* layd open before them," &c.

So, Shakespeare:—

> "There was a time, when all the body's members
> Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
> That only *like a gulph* it did remain
> I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
> Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

* According to Douce, Camden derived what he has related of the fable from John of Salisbury, who wrote in the reign of Henry the Second, and professes to have received it from Pope Hadrian IV.

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Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did *see*, and *hear*, *devise*, *instruct*, *walk*, *feel*,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,—
——————— but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, *the heart, to the seat o' the brain.*'"

In the several incidents, and in some of the principal speeches of his tragedy, as may be seen from the parallel passages at the end, Shakespeare has faithfully followed "The Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus," in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch; a translation which was rendered from the French of Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, and was first published in 1579, with the title,—"The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer Plutarke of Chæronea."

Persons Represented.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble* Roman.

COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the* Volscians.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*

Young MARCIUS, *Son to* Coriolanus.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to* Coriolanus.

NICANOR.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the* Volscians.

Lieutenant *to* Aufidius.

ADRIAN.

Conspirators *with* Aufidius.

A Citizen *of* Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, *Wife to* Coriolanus.

VALERIA, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Gentlewoman *attending on* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volscian *Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Partly in* ROME; *and partly in the territories of the* Volscians *and* Antiates.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Citizens. Speak, speak!

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Citizens. Resolved, resolved!

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Citizens. We know 't, we know 't!

1 CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

CITIZENS. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

2 CIT. One word, good citizens.

1 CIT. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good.[a] What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:[b] for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 CIT. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

CITIZENS. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 CIT. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 CIT. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 CIT. Nay, but speak not maliciously.[c]

1 CIT. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud;[d] which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 CIT. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 CIT. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts without.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

CITIZENS. Come, come!

1 CIT. Soft! who comes here?

2 CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 CIT. He 's one honest enough; would, all the rest were so!

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

MEN. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you with bats and clubs? The matter Speak, I pray you.

1 CIT. Our business is not unknown to the senate;[e] they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 CIT. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 CIT. Care for us!—True, indeed, they ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers;(1) repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't[f] a little more.

1 CIT. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

a — *the patricians good.*] *Good* is here used in the commercial sense, of *substance;* as in "The Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"Antonio is a *good* man."

b — *ere we become* rakes:] "As lean as a rake" is a very ancient proverb: it is found in Chaucer's Cant. Tales, l. 289,—

"Al so lene was his hors as is a *rake;*"

and Spenser has it in his "Faerie Queene," B. II. c. 11,—

"His body leane and meagre as a *rake.*"

Nay, but speak not maliciously.] In the old text this speech has the prefix "All" to it, as if spoken by a body of the citizens, but it unquestionably belongs to the second Citizen.

d — to please his mother, and to be partly proud;] This may mean, "— *partly* to please his mother, and *because he was* proud;" but we believe the genuine text would give us, "— and to be *partly* proud."

e Our business is not unknown to the senate:] This and the subsequent speeches of the civic interlocutor, are in the old copy assigned to the *second* Citizen. Capell originally gave them to the first Citizen (though Malone, *more suo*, takes credit for it), and the previous dialogue very clearly shows the necessity of the change.

f To stale 't *a little more.*] The folio has "To *scale 't,*" for which Theobald substituted *stale 't,* no doubt the genuine word. See Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

——"I 'll not *stale* the jest
By my relation."

and Gifford's note on that passage.

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MEN. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—
1 CIT. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?
MEN. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,—it tauntingly * replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.—
1 CIT. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
MEN. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then? [strain'd,
1 CIT.—Should by the cormorant belly be re-
Who is the sink o' the body,—
MEN. Well, what then?
1 CIT.—The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
MEN. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you 'll† hear the belly's answer.
1 CIT. You're long about it.
MEN. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:—
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark me,—
1 CIT. Ay, sir; well, well.
MEN. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.(2)—What say you to't?
1 CIT. It was an answer: how apply you this?
MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,—
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
1 CIT. I *the great toe!* Why the great toe?
MEN. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,[a]
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—[b]

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!
MAR. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
1 CIT. We have ever your good word.
MAR. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

(*) Old text, *taintingly*. (†) Old text, *you'st*.

a Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.]

"Rascal" and "in blood" being ancient terms of the chase, the former applicable to a deer, lean and out of condition, the latter signifying one full of vigour and dangerous to his hunters. Menenius is supposed to mean,—"thou, meagre wretch, least in heart and resolution, art prompt enough to lead when profit points the way." Yet, if nothing better can be extracted from these words in their metaphorical sense, we would rather understand them literally, and believe "worst" to be a misprint, as it might easily be, for *last*. The passage then becomes perfectly intelligible, and in character with the speaker.—

"Thou rascal, that art *last* in blood [that is, *into bloodshed*] to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage."

b —bale:—] That is, *hurt, injury, calamity*.

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Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

MEN. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

MAN. Hang 'em! *They say!*
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry[a]

[a] — *I'd make a quarry*
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves,—]

A "quarry," in the language of the forest, meant a pile of slaughtered game.

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With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick[a] my lance.
MEN. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
MAR. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls;—that dogs must eat;—
That meat was made for mouths;—that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,[b]
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting[*] their emulation.
MEN. What is granted them?
MAR. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd[†] the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
MEN. This is strange.
MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Where's Caius Marcius?
MAR. Here: what's the matter?
MESS. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
MAR. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 SEN. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
MAR. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
COM. You have fought together.
MAR. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 SEN. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
COM. It is your former promise.
MAR. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius,[*] thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
TIT. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
MEN. O, true bred!
1 SEN. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
TIT. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
COM. Noble Marcius!
1 SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone!
[*To the* Citizens.
MAR. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN. Citizens *steal away.*
SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
BRU. He has no equal.
SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
SIC. Nay, but his taunts.
BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
SIC. Be-mock the modest moon.
BRU. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.[c]
SIC. Such a nature,

(*) Old text, *Shooting.* (†) Old text, *unroo'st.*

a — pick *my lance.*] That is, *pitch* my lance. The word *pick* for *pitch* is in common use still in many parts of England.

(To break the heart of generosity,—] To crush the privileges of the nobly-born. *Generosity* is used in its primary sense. So "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3.—

"—— the *generous* islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence."

(*) Old text, *Lucius.*

c The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.]

The beginning of this speech, which has been explained,—his pride of military prowess in these wars devours him, we prefer to read, with Warburton, as an imprecation. The latter words appear to import,—He is grown too proud of being so valiant.

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Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he's well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!

SIC. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits[a] rob Cominius.

BRU. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity,[b] he goes
Upon this present action.

BRU. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1 SEN. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,[c]
And know how we proceed.

AUF. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words:—I think
I have the letter here;—yes, here it is:— [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 SEN. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 SEN. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:[d]
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

AUF. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

ALL. The gods assist you!

AUF. And keep your honours safe!

1 SEN. Farewell.

2 SEN. Farewell.

ALL. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA: *they sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.(3) I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was

[a] *Of his* demerits *rob Cominius.*] "Demerits" and *merits* had, of old, the same meaning, that of *deserts*

[b] *More than his* singularity,—] As "singularity" formerly implied *pre eminence*, Sicinius may mean, sarcastically,—after what fashion *beside his usual assumption of superiority.*

[c] —are enter'd in our counsels,—] Have penetrated into our secrets, or, are informed of our purposes.

[d] —Corioli:] In the folio this name is spelt "Coriolus," "Corioles," or "Carioles."

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a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. *His bloody brow!* O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.[a]—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

[a] *At Grecian swords' contending.*] "Contending" is the word in the second folio, the first reads,—

"At Grecian sword. Contenning, tell Valeria," &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator proposes,

"At Grecian swords *contemning*," &c.:

and Mr. W. N. Lettsom,—

"*As* Grecian swords *contemning*."

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Enter VALERIA, *attended by an* Usher, *and a* Gentlewoman.

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.
VOL. Sweet madam.
VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship.
VAL. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?
VIR. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
VOL. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.
VAL. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: h'as such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again: catched it again: or[a] whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it.
VOL. One of his father's moods.
VAL. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.
VIR. A crack,[b] madam.
VAL. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.
VIR. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.
VAL. Not out of doors!
VOL. She shall, she shall.
VIR. Indeed, no, by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.
VAL. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.
VIR. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.
VOL. Why, I pray you?
VIR. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.
VAL. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca* full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.
VIR. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.
VAL. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

(*) Old text, *Athica.*

[a] — or *whether his fall enraged him,*—] *Or*, here, is probably a misprint for *and*.

VIR. O, good madam, there can be none yet.
VAL. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.
VIR. Indeed, madam?
VAL. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.
VIR. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.
VOL. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.
VAL. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o'door, and go along with us.
VIR. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.
I wish you much mirth.
VAL. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers and Soldiers.*

MAR. Yonder comes news:—a wager they have met.
LART. My horse to yours, no.
MAR. 'Tis done.
LART. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy?
MESS. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.
LART. So, the good horse is mine.
MAR. I'll buy him of you.
LART. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.
MAR. How far off lie these armies?
MESS. Within this mile and half.
MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,

[b] *A* crack, *madam.*] A "crack" is a bold, sharp boy: a *manikin*. The term occurs again in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act III. Sc. 2:—"I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a *crack*, not thus high."

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That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators *and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark! our drums
[*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum afar off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces *enter and pass over the Stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volsces, *fighting.*
The Romans *are beaten back to their trenches.*
Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of[a]—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

[a] —— you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er;]
The old text has,—
"—— you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're,"
which Mr. Collier's annotator, in utter disregard of the fine rhetorical effect produced by this suppression in the speech, mercilessly alters to,—
"—— *unheard* of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er."

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That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you! look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.*

Another Alarum. The Volsces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volsces *retire into* Corioli, *and* Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: (4) mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
2 Sol. Nor I.
[*The gates are closed.*
3 Sol. See, they have shut him in.
[*Alarum continues.*
All. To the pot,[a] I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up![b] Thou art left, Marcius:

(*) First folio, *followes*.

[a] To the pot, *I warrant him.*] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"To the *port*, I warrant him," and Mr. Collier defends the substitution in this wise,—"In the folio, 1623, the letter *r* had dropped out in 'port,' and it was always ridiculously misprinted *pot*.—'To the *pot*, I warrant him.' To what pot? 'To go to pot,' is certainly an old vulgarism, but here it is not 'to pot,' but 'to *the* pot,' as if some particular *pot* were intended." This is strange oblivion. "To *the* pot," as Mr. Collier, better than anyone else, ought to know, was one of the most familiar expressions in our early dramatists. Take only the following examples, from plays which that gentleman must be familiar with:—

"Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them *to the pot*."— "New Custome," Act II. Sc. 3.

"For goes this wretch, this traitor, *to the pot*."
G. Peele's "Edward I." Dyce's *ed.* p. 115, Vol. I.

"—— they go *to the pot* for 't."
Webster's "White Devil," &c. Dyce's *ed.* p. 117, Vol. I.

[b] *Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,*
And, when it bows, stands up!]
The old text has,—
"Who *sensibly* ——
—— *stand'st* up."

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's[c] wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—*Within* Corioli. *A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
2 Rom. And I this.
3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues afar off.*

Enter Marcius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours[d]
At a crack'd dram! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hanginen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!

[c] —— *Thou wast a soldier*
Even to Cato's *wish*.]
In the old text, "Even to *Calues* wish;" the correction, Theobald's, is established by the relative passage in North's Plutarch:—"But Martius being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a fewe men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them staye upon a sodaine, crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voice. For he was even such another, as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captaine to be: not only terrible and fierce to laye about him, but to make the enemie afeard with the sounde of his voyce, and grimnes of his countenaunce."

[d] —*that do prize their* hours—] Pope changed the word "hours" to *honours*, but, as Steevens pointed out, Shakespeare followed his authority, Plutarch.—"The cittie being taken in this sorte, the most parte of the souldiers beganne incontinently to spoyle, to carie away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvelous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to ronne stragling here and there to enriche themselves."

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There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

LART. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

MAR. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

LART. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

MAR. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

LART. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit* MARCIUS.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

COM. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends.—Ye[a] Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

MESS. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,

[a] —Ye *Roman gods*,—] "The word 'you' in the last line," Mr. Dyce remarks, "shows that 'the Roman gods' of the old text, is wrong."

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And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
COM. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?
MESS. Above an hour, my lord.
COM. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
MESS. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.
COM. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
MAR. [*within.*] Come I too late?
COM. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

MAR. Come I too late?
COM. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
MAR. O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
COM. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
MAR. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
COM. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
MAR. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
COM. But how prevail'd you?
MAR. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
COM. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.
MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
COM. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates*
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
MAR. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
COM. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
MAR. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser† his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his sword.*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*
O me, alone! make you a sword of me!
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all;
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
COM. March on, my fellows
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *Antiates.* (†) Old text, *Lesser.*

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SCENE VII.—*The Gates of* Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

LART. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
LIEU. Fear not our care, sir.
LART. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the* Roman *and the* Volscian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

MAR. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
AUF. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy.* Fix thy foot.
MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
AUF. If I fly, Marcius,
Holla me like a hare.
MAR. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, [blood
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
AUF. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain* Volsces *come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, driven out by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—*The* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS *and* Romans; *at the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other* Romans.

COM. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

LART. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
MAR. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
As you have done,—that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been,—that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
COM. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.
MAR. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
COM. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.
MAR. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

* Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy.]
There is probably some corruption in the second line, which would better read,—"More than thy fame *I hate* and envy." So in Plutarch—"Martius knew very well that Tullus did more *malice and envy* him than he did all the Romains besides."

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[*A long flourish. They all cry* "MARCIUS! MARCIUS!" *cast up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare*

MAR. May these same instruments, which you profane, [shall
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for the wars! *
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—
Which, without note, here 's many else have done,—
You shout * me forth in acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper[b] harm) in manacles, [known,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS!†—Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!†

COR. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

COM. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,[c]
For their own good and ours.

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

COM. Take it: 'tis yours. What is 't?

COR. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

COM. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

LART. Marcius, his name?

COR. By Jupiter! forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

COM. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the* Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

AUF. The town is ta'en!

1 SOL. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUF. *Condition!*—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—*Condition!*
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his! Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword) I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 SOL. He's the devil.

(*) Old text, *shoot.* (†) Old text, *Marcus Caius Coriolanus.*

[a] —— *when drums and trumpets shall*
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him *be made* an overture *for the wars!*]

In the last line of this much-controverted passage, Warburton proposed,—

"Let *hymns* be made an overture for the wars."

Tyrwhitt would read,—

"Let *this* [that is, silk] be made a *coverture* for the wars;"

and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"Let *it* be made *a coverture* for the wars."

If an alteration be absolutely needed, that of "a coverture" for "an overture," understanding "him" to be used for the neuter *it*, is the least objectionable: but we are strongly disposed to think that "overture," if not a misprint for *ovation*, is employed here in the same sense, and that the meaning is,—When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made, *i. e. let there be made for him*, a triumph, as for a successful warrior.

[b] —*his* proper *harm*)—] His *peculiar* or *personal* harm.

[c] The best, with whom we may articulate.—] The *chief* personages of Corioli, with whom we may *enter into articles.*

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AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick. Nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements[a] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius! Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,[b] even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart!—Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 SOL. Will not you go?

AUF. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 SOL. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[a] Embarquements—] That is, *embargoes*, or *impediments*.
[b] *At home*, upon my brother's guard,—] At my own house, under the protection of my brother.



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

MEN. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

BRU. Good or bad?

MEN. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

SIC. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MEN. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

SIC. The lamb.

MEN. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

BRU. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

MEN. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH TRI. Well, sir.

MEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

BRU. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

SIC. Especially in pride.

BRU. And topping all others in boasting.

MEN. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

BOTH. Why, how are we censured?

MEN. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

BOTH. Well, well, sir, well?

MEN. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRU. We do it not alone, sir.

MEN. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

BRU. What then, sir?

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MEN. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (*alias* fools) as any in Rome.

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion;* one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weal's-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot* say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am *known well enough too?* What harm can your bisson† conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be *known well enough too?*

BRU. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians; I will be bold to take my leave of you.—

[BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *attended.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches;—for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha! Marcius coming home?

VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee!—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

VAL. } Nay, 'tis true.
VIR. }

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very house reel tonight:—a letter for me?

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

MEN. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic,[b] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no!

VOL. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings 'a victory in his pocket?—the wounds become him.

(*) Old text, *can*, corrected by Theobald.
(†) Old text, *bessome*, corrected by Theobald.

* *I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring* the first complaint; *hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion:*] The pose in this passage is the expression, "the first complaint." What is "the first complaint"? At one time we conceived the sprightly, warm-hearted old senator, among his other failings, "cried out of women," and referred to what Ben Jonson as obscurely terms "the primitive work of darkness" ("The Devil is an Ass," Act II. Sc. 2); but what militates against this supposition, and the wonderfully acute emendation of Mr. Collier's annotator,—"the *thirst* complaint," also is the doubt whether "complaint" obtained the sense of *malady* or *ailment* until many years after these plays were written. If it did not bear this meaning in Shakespeare's day, the only explanation of "something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint," appears to be that he was too apt to be led away by first impressions; to act rather upon impulse than from reflection.

b —empericutic,—] In the old text, "Emperickqutique," which Pope altered to "emperic," and for which Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes, "empiric physic."

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VOL. On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MEN. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so 'fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

VOL. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VAL. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True! pow, wow.

MEN. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the* Tribunes.] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

VOL. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

MEN. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

VOL. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MEN. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

VOL. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

HER. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates; where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius;* these
In honour follows, *Coriolanus:*—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*

ALL. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

COR. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

COM. Look, sir, your mother!

COR. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

VOL. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—*Coriolanus* must I call thee?
But O, thy wife!—

COR. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

MEN. Now, the gods crown thee!

COR. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To* VALERIA.

VOL. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;—
And welcome, general;—and ye're welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes:—I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy:—welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men, [will not
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius, ever, ever.

HER. Give way there, and go on!

COR. Your hand, and yours:
[*To* VIRG. *and* VOLUM.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change[a] of honours.

VOL. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

(*) Old text, *Martius Caius.*

a — change *of honours.*] *Change* of honours, in the sense of additional honours, may be right, though we incline to Theobald's substitution, "*charge* of honours."

(*) Old text, *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*

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Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.* The Tribunes *remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him:[b] the kitchen malkin[b] pins
Her richest lockram[c] 'bout her reechy neck,

a *Into a* rapture *lets her baby cry,*
While she chats *him:*]

By "rapture" is meant *fit*. So, in "The Hospital for London's Follies," 1602, as quoted by Steevens:—"Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you take not good heed." The word "chats," in the next line, is changed to "cheers" by Mr. Collier's annotator, and to "claps" by Mr. Singer: if any alteration is desirable, "*shouts*" would perhaps be more suitable than either "cheers" or "claps." Thus, in Act I. Sc. 9, Coriolanus remonstrates,—

"—— You *shout* me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical."

b — Malkin —] See note (d), p. 213, Vol. II.

c — lockram] Lockram appears to have been a sort of cheap, coarse linen.

Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens[a]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

SIC. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

BRU. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

SIC. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.

BRU. In that there's comfort.

SIC. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

BRU. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless[a] vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC. 'T is right.

BRU. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

SIC. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

BRU. 'T is most like, he will.

SIC. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,[b]
A sure destruction.

BRU. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

SIC. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach[c] the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

BRU. What's the matter?

MESS. You are sent for to the Capitol.
'Tis thought that Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchief,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

SIC. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The* Capitol.

Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

1 OFF. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 OFF. Three, they say: but 't is thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 OFF. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 OFF. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition;

(a) Old text, *Naples.*

a — seld-shown flamens—] Priests *seldom* visible.
b — as our good wills,—] That is, as our profit requires.
c *Shall* reach *the people,*—] In the old text, "*teach* the People." The correction is Theobald's. Mr. Knight suggested, "Shall *touch* the people," which is equally probable and good.

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and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,[a] without any further deed to heave[b] them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them*, Cominius *the* Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, *many other* Senators, Sicinius *and* Brutus. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determined of the Volsces,
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that hath
Thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus;* whom
We meet† here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

a — bonneted,—] This is accepted as meaning, took off the cap, as in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 1, we have,—"Oft *capp'd* to him:" but it may signify,—invested with the badge of consular dignity.

b — *to* heave *them*—] Pope's emendation; the old text reading, "to *have* them," &c.

(*) Old text, *Martius Caius*, &c. (†) Old text, *met*.

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SIC. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
BRU. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
MEN. That 's off, that 's off;[a]
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
BRU. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
MEN. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
1 SEN. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
COR. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
BRU. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.
COR. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. [people,
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your
I love them as they weigh.
MEN. Pray now, sit down.
COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.
[*Exit.*
MEN. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's[*] ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius. [lanus
COM. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Corio-
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue,
And most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin[†] he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland.[b] For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, Death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
MEN. Worthy man!
1 SEN. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
COM. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.
MEN. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.
1 SEN. Call Coriolanus.
OFF. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

MEN. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

(*) Old text, *on ones.*

(†) Old text, *Shinne.*

a That 's off, that 's off;] That 's out of the way, not called for.

b *He* lurch'd *all swords of the garland*] A *lurch* at cards signifies an easy victory. To lurch all swords of the garland meant then, as Malone expresses it,—"to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority."

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Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their sufferage:
Please you, that I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom;
And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;— [hide,
Show them the unaching scars which I should
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!—
Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt all except* Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested.
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The* Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once,[a] if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,* some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.[b]

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.—Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *and* Menenius.

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?
Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——*Look, sir;*——*my wounds;*—

[a] Once,—] See note (a), p. 128, Vol. I.

[b] You may, you may.] This colloquialism, which, like another, sometimes heard at this day, in answer to idle badinage, "Go it, go it," appears to mean,—you have full liberty to divert yourself, occurs again in "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Hel. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
Pan. Ay, *you may, you may.*"

(*) Old text, *Abram.*

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I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

MEN. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

COR. Think upon me? hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

MEN. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

COR. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean?— [*Exit* MENENIUS.

Enter two Citizens.[a]

So, here comes a brace.—
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 CIT. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

COR. Mine own desert.

2 CIT. Your own desert?

COR. Ay, not[*] mine own desire.

1 CIT. How! not your own desire?

COR. No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet, to trouble the poor with begging.

1 CIT. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

[a] — *two Citizens.*] The old direction says, "Enter *three* of the Citizens," but wrongly.

(*) Old text, *but*.

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Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir?[a]—There's in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the two* Citizens.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire* which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown[b] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do† appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.—
Here come more voices,—

Enter three other Citizens.

Your voices! for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more:
Your voices! Indeed, I would be consul.

1 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.——God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation;
And the tribunes endue you with the people's voice:
Remains that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Menen.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at 's heart.

(*) Old text, *higher*. (†) Old text, *does*.

[a] A match, sir?] The meaning, we take to be this: Coriolanus having won the voice of one citizen, turns to the other with the inquiry, Will you match it? and then proceeds,—"There's in all two worthy voices begged:" &c.

[b] — woolvish gown—] This is the lection of the second folio; the first has, "woolvish *tongue*," which has been emendated into "woolvish *togue*;" "*foolish toge*," and "*woollese togue*;" the last a suggestion of Mr. Collier's indefatigable annotator; but the passage appears still open to controversy. Possibly, after all that has been written about it, the term "woolvish" may have been intended to apply to the mob, and not to the vestment, and the genuine reading be, "wolfish *throng*."

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Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir:—to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech,—he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

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A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,
And translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
SIC. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
BRU. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
SIC. Have you, ere now, denied the asker?
And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for tongues? [yet.
3 CIT. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him
2 CIT. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1 CIT. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
BRU. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
SIC. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes;
That we labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you must cast your election on him.
SIC. Say, you chose him more after our commandment,
Than as guided by your own true affections; and that,
Your minds, pre-occupied with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.
BRU. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,—
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,] (1)
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.
SIC. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
BRU. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on: *
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
CITIZENS. We will so: almost all repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
BRU. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
SIC. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

* — our putting on:] Our *incitation*, or *provoking*.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

COR. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head? [which caus'd

LART. He had, my lord; and that it was Our swifter composition.

COR. So, then, the Volsces stand but as at first: Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon 's again.

COM. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

COR. Saw you Aufidius?

LART. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

COR. Spoke he of me?

LART. He did, my lord.

COR. How? what?

LART. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To* LARTIUS.

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Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
SIC. Pass no further!
COR. Ha! what is that?
BRU. It will be dangerous to go on: no further!
COR. What makes this change?
MEN. The matter?
COM. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?
BRU. Cominius, no.
COR. Have I had children's voices?
1 SEN. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
BRU. The people are incens'd against him.
SIC. Stop!
Or all will fall in broil.
COR. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
MEN. Be calm, be calm.
COR. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
BRU. Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people,—call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
COR. Why, this was known before.
BRU. Not to them all.
COR. Have you inform'd them sithence?
BRU. How! I inform them!
COR.* You are like to do such business.
BRU. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
COR. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
SIC. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
MEN. Let's be calm.
COM. The people are abus'd.—Set on.—This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
COR. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—
MEN. Not now, not now.
1 SEN. Not in this heat, sir, now.
COR. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many,
Let them regard me as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
MEN. Well, no more.
1 SEN. No more words, we beseech you.
COR. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
BRU. You speak o' the people, as if you were a god
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.
SIC. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.
MEN. What, what? his choler?
COR. Choler! Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!
SIC. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
COR. *Shall* remain—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?
COM. 'Twas from the canon.
COR. *Shall!*
O, good,† but most unwise patricians, why!
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here* to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but

(*) Old text, *Com.*
(†) Old text, *O God!*

* *Given Hydra here*—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"Given Hydra *leave*," &c.

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The horn and noise o' the monster,[a] wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance;[b] if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity.[c] If you are learn'd,
Be not as common[d] fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by t'other.

COM. Well,—on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

COR. Though there the people had more absolute power,—
I say, they nourish'd disobedience,
Fed the ruin of the state.

BRU. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

COR. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates;—this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive[e]
Of our so frank donation; well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude[f] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—(1)

MEN. Come, enough.

BRU. Enough, with over-measure.

COR. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[f] a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

[a] The horn and noise o' the monster,—] In the old text, "monsters." The correction was made by Capell, and also by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[b] *If he have power,*
Then vail your ignorance;]

For "*ignorance*," Mr. Collier's annotator has "*impotence*," but *to vail* means *to lower*, and Coriolanus would hardly call upon his brother patricians *to lower* their *impotence*. The genuine word was far more probably *signorie*, or *signories*, *i.e. senatorial dignity, magistracy, sway*, &c.

[c] ——— *if none*, awake
Your dangerous lenity.]

Mr. Collier's annotator would change this to,

"——— *revoke*
Your dangerous *bounty*;"

an emendation, however clever, of very questionable propriety: for "lenity" in this place does not, perhaps, mean mildness, but *lentitude, inactivity, supineness*. So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus;—"For he [Marcius] alledged, that the creditors losing their money they had lost, was not the worst thing; but that the *lenity* [*i.e.* the inaction of the people when summoned to resist the enemy] was favoured, was a beginning of disobedience," &c.

[d] — as common fools;] Does not the next line,—"Let *them* have cushions," &c. instruct us to read,—"*commons'* fools"?

(e) Old text, *native, corrected by Mason.*

[f] *How shall this* bisson multitude, &c.] Notwithstanding what has been said, and much more that might be said, in support of the old reading, "bosom multiplied," as meaning, *many-stomached*, we accept this emendation of Mr. Collier's annotator, as an almost certain restoration of the poet's text.

[f] To jump *a body with a dangerous physic*—] So the old text, and so Steevens and Malone, who explain "jump" as *risk* or *hazard*. Pope's emendation is "vamp," and he is followed, among others, by Mr. Dyce and Mr. Knight. Mr. Singer reads "imp." We have not presumed to change the ancient text, but have little doubt that "To *jump*" is a misprint, and the true lection,—

"To *purge* a body with a dangerous physic," &c.

Thus in "Macbeth," Act V. Sc. 2.:—

"Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's *purge*,
Each drop of us"

Again, in the same play, Act V. Sc. 3:—

"——— my land, find her disease
And *purge* it to a sound and pristine health."

So also, in Ben Jonson's "Catiline," Act III. Sc. 1.:—

"—— who with fire must *purge* sick Rome," &c.

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BRU. H'as said enough.
SIC. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
COR. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.
BRU. Manifest treason!
SIC. This a consul? no.
BRU. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
SIC. Go, call the people;—[*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
COR. Hence, old goat!
SEN. AND PAT. We'll surety him.
COM. Ag'd sir, hands off.
COR. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
SIC. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the* Ædiles, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

MEN. On both sides more respect.
SIC. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.
BRU. Seize him, Ædiles!
CITIZENS. Down with him! down with him!
2 SEN. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
CITIZENS. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!
MEN. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near;—I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
SIC. Hear me, people;—peace!
CITIZENS. Let's hear our tribune:—peace! Speak, speak, speak!
SIC. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
MEN. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 SEN. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
SIC. What is the city, but the people?
CITIZENS. True,
The people are the city.
BRU. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
CITIZENS. You so remain.
MEN. And so are like to do.
COM. That is the way to lay the city flat;*
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
SIC. This deserves death.
BRU. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
SIC. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him!
BRU. Ædiles, seize him!
CITIZENS. Yield, Marcius, yield!
MEN. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
ÆDI. Peace, peace! [friend,
MEN. Be that you seem, truly your country's
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
BRU. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock!
COR. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
MEN. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
BRU. Lay hands upon him!
MEN. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble! help him, young and old!
CITIZENS. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the* People, *are beat out.*
MEN. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!—
All will be nought else.
2 SEN. Get you gone.

* That is the way to lay the city flat;] It is usual, though in opposition to the old copies, to assign this speech to Coriolanus, on account of what Sicinius says immediately after it,—
"——— This deserves death."
But the speech is not at all characteristic of Coriolanus; and the observation of the Tribune refers to what he had previously spoken,—
"Marcius would have all from you," &c.

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COR.* Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
MEN. Shall it be put to that?
1 SEN. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
MEN. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: begone, 'beseech you.
COM. Come, sir, along with us.[a]
COR. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol)—
MEN. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
COR. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.
MEN. I could myself take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
COM. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
MEN. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
COM. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*
1 PAT. This man has marr'd his fortune.
MEN. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise without.*
Here's goodly work!
2 PAT. I would they were a-bed!
MEN. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

SIC. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city,
And be every man himself?

MEN. You worthy tribunes,—
SIC. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock.
With rigorous hands he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 CIT. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
CITIZENS. He shall, sure on't.
[*Several speak together.*
MEN. Sir, sir,—
SIC. Peace! [but hunt
MEN. Do not cry, *Havoc*,[b] where you should
With modest warrant.
SIC. Sir, how comes't that you have holp
To make this rescue?
MEN. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—
SIC. *Consul!*—what consul?
MEN. The consul Coriolanus.
BRU. He consul!
CITIZENS. No, no, no, no, no!
MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
SIC. Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one[c] danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
MEN. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
SIC. He's a disease that must be cut away.
MEN. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

* Old text, *Com.*

[a] COM. Come, sir, along with us.] In the distribution of this and the two following speeches, we follow the arrangement proposed by Tyrwhitt. The old copies present them thus,—

"CORIO. *Come, Sir, along with us.*
MENEN. *I would they were Barbarians, as they are,*
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calued i' th' Porch o' th' Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another."

[b] — cry, *Havoc*,—] To "cry, *Havoc*," appears to have been a signal for indiscriminate slaughter; the expression occurs again in "King John," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Cry, *Havoc*, Kings!"

and in "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"Cry, *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war."

[c] *Were but* one *danger;*] Theobald altered this to, "— but *our* danger."

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Sic. This is clean kam.[a]
Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?
Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—come.—
Men. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him[b]
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.
1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

a — clean kam.] Equivalent to *rigmarole, rhodomontade.*
b — to bring him—] The old text adds "in peace," which Pope omitted, as injurious to the measure, and because the words are repeated two lines below.

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BRU. Go not home.
SIC. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
MEN. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company: [*To the* Senators.] he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 SEN. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* Patricians.

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
1 PAT. You do the nobler.
COR. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.—

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
VOL. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

COR. Let go.
VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings[a] of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
COR. Let them hang!
VOL. Ay, and burn too!

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
1 SEN. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
VOL. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.[b]
MEN. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,[*] but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
COR. What must I do?
MEN. Return to the tribunes.
COR. Well, what then? what then?
MEN. Repent what you have spoke.
COR. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them?
VOL. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, [me,
I'the war do grow together: grant that, and tell
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.
COR. Tush, tush!
MEN. A good demand.
VOL. If it be honour in your wars to seem

[a] *The* thwartings—] An emendation of Theobald's, the old text having,—"The *things*," &c.

[b] I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.]

Mr. Collier's annotator here indulges in one of his most daring flights,—the intercalation of a whole line!—rendering the passage thus,—

"I have a heart as little apt as yours,
To brook reproof without the use of anger,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage."

This interpolation, (which, by the way, has been corrupted or corrected since its publication in Mr. Collier's "Notes and Emendations," and in his Mono-volume Shakespeare, where it reads,—

"To brook *control* without the use of anger,")

we hold to be quite superfluous, and, if even a *lacuna* were manifest, to be altogether inadmissible. For admitting, which we are not guilty of, the antiquity claimed by Mr. Collier for the marginal annotations of his copy of the second folio, we agree with Mr. R. G. White (Shakespeare's Scholar, p. 76), that, "the interpolation of an entire line by one man in 1662, is as little justifiable as the interpolation of an entire scene by another man in 1762 or 1853." That there is a difficulty in the construction of the speech as it stands in the ancient text, nobody can deny. But it is surely one susceptible of a solution less perilous and arbitrary than the insertion of a new line. Mr. Singer proposed to read *soft* for "apt;" an emendation which has not been favourably received. Our own impression, long before the "Perkins folio" came to light, was that the transcriber or compositor had slightly erred in the words "as little," and that the poet probably wrote,—*of mettle, i.e. of temper*, &c.—

"I have a heart *of mettle* apt as yours,"

which naturally enough led to

"But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage."

(*) Old text, *heart*, corrected by Theobald.

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The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

COR. Why force you this?

VOL. Because,
That now it lies you on to speak to the people;
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roted in your tongue,
Though but bastards, and syllables[a]
Of no allowance[b] to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town[c] with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

MEN. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

VOL. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)[d]
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
Which often,[e] thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

MEN. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

VOL. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower.—Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. I have been i'the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence; all's in anger.

MEN. Only fair speech.

COM. I think 'twill serve,
If he can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

COR. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?[f]
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

COM. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL. I pr'ythee now, sweet son,—as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

COR. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

[a] Though but bastards, and syllables, &c.] In this speech we follow the arrangement of the old copies, which though imperfect is infinitely preferable to that adopted by all the modern editions. The verse before us is evidently corrupt; "*but*" seems to have crept in from the preceding line, and some word to have been lost; we may be permitted to guess that it originally ran,—

"*Thought's* bastards, and *persuading* syllables,"

or, "*Thought's* bastards, and *glib* syllables,"

[b] *Of no* allowance,—] Johnson and Capell read,—"Of no *alliance*."

[c] — to take in a town—] *To take in*, meant *to win*, or *subdue*.

[d] — (here be with them)—] That is, adopt this action. So in Brome's comedy, "A Jovial Crew, or The Merry Beggars," Act II. Sc. 1, Springlove, describing his having solicited alms as a cripple, says,—"For here I was with him." [*Halts.*

[e] —— waving thy head,
Which often, &c.]

We would read,—

"—— waving thy head,—
While often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling,—say to them," &c.

[f] — unbarbed sconce?] *Unbarbed* here means, *bare, uncovered*.

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And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
VOL. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.
COR. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
VOL. Do your will. [*Exit.*
COM. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
COR. The word is, *mildly*:—pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
MEN. Ay, but mildly.
COR. Well, *mildly* be it, then; *mildly*.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The* Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

BRU. In this point charge him home,—that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
ÆD. He's coming.
BRU. How accompanied?
ÆD. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
SIC. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
ÆD. I have; 'tis ready.
SIC. Have you collected them by tribes?
ÆD. I have.
SIC. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry *Fine*;—if death, cry *Death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
ÆD. I shall inform them.
BRU. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
ÆD. Very well.
SIC. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
BRU. Go about it.—
[*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth*
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
SIC. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.
COR. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng* our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 SEN. Amen, amen!
MEN. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

SIC. Draw near, ye people.
ÆD. List to your tribunes; audience! peace, I say!

* —— *to have his* worth
Of contradiction:]
So the old text. Rowe prints, "his *word* of," &c; Capell, "his '*worth* of," understanding '*worth* to be a contraction of *pennyworth*; and Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "his *mouth* of," &c. But we are by no means convinced that any change is required.

(*) Old text, *Through*, corrected by Theobald.

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Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider: think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents* for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so. [take
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to

(*) Old text, *actions*, corrected by Theobald.

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From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How! *traitor?*

MEN. Nay, temperately: your promise.

COR. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods!

SIC. Mark you this, people?

CITIZENS. To the rock! to the rock with him!

SIC. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

BRU. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

COR. What do you prate of service?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

COR. You?

MEN. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

COM. Know, I pray you,—

COR. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

SIC. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied[a] against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

CITIZENS. It shall be so! it shall be so! let him away!
He's banish'd, and it shall be so!

COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

SIC. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

COM. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for* Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

SIC. We know your drift: speak what?

BRU. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

CITIZENS. It shall be so! it shall be so!

COR. You common cry[b] of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, (which finds not till it feels)
Making but[c] reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

ÆD. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

CITIZENS. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*

SIC. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

CITIZENS. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—come.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] Envied *against the people.*—] That is, Steevens explains, "behaved with signs of hatred to the people," but "envied" here is perhaps only a misprint of *Inveighed;* so in North's Plutarch, (Life of Solon).—"But Solon going up into the pulpit for orations, stoutly *inveyed* against it."

[b] — *cry of curs!*] *Cry* here means *pack.*

[c] *Making* but *reservation of yourselves,*—] This, since Capell's edition, has been invariably printed, "Making *not* reservation," &c., to the complete destruction of the sense, which manifestly is, —Banish all your defenders as you do me, till, at last, your ignorance, having reserved only your impotent selves, always your own foes, deliver you the humbled captives to some nation, &c. &c.

(*) Old text, *from*, corrected by Theobald.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

COR. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: —the Beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity[a] was the trier of spirits;—
That common chances common men could bear;—
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating;—Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

[a] *To say extremity was*—] So the second folio; the first has,—"*Extreamities* was," &c.

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A noble cunning:[a]—you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
VIR. O heavens! O heavens!
COR. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
VOL. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
COR. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife!—my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond[b] to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen) your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.[c]
VOL. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
COR. O, the gods!
COM. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
COR. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
MEN. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot!
COR. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
BRU. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.
SIC. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
BRU. Dismiss them home.—
[*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.
SIC. Let's not meet her.
BRU. Why?
SIC. They say she's mad.
BRU. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

VOL. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
MEN. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
VOL. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone? [*To* BRUTUS.
VIR. You shall stay too: [*To* SICIN.] I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

[a] —— Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning;—]

Every endeavour to elicit sense from this perplexing sentence has failed: Pope's "being *gently warded*, craves," &c.; Hanmer's "being *greatly* warded, *crave*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's "being gentle-*minded*, craves," &c., are alike disputable. At one time it struck us that the right lection was possibly,—

"—— Fortune *bears*
When most struck home; being gentle, wounded, craves," &c.

But we are now persuaded the sentiment intended is akin to that of two lines by Taylor, the Water-poet,—

"For when base Peasants shrink at Fortune's blowes,
Then *magnanimity* most richly showes,"

and has been rendered unintelligible by some omission in the text.

[b] *'Tis* fond—] That is, *'Tis foolish.*

[c] —cautelous baits and practice.] By *insidious* baits, and *treachery.*

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Sic. Are you mankind?[a]
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this, fool;
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O, blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. *What then?*
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. *I would he had!* 'Twas you incens'd the rabble;—
Cats,[b] that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone: [this;—
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

[a] *Are you* mankind?] Are you *termagants, viragoes?* "A *man-kind* woman," Johnson says, "is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood."

[b] Cats,—] This is an odd epithet, whether intended for the Tribunes or the rabble. Mr. Collier's annotator would substitute, *Curs*, but as Volumnia is here upbraiding them for their lack of perception, we surmise the genuine word was *Bats*, for which "Cats" is an easy misprint.

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VOL. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
MEN. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between* Rome *and* Antium.

Enter NICANOR *and* ADRIAN, *meeting.*

NIC. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.
ADR. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
NIC. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?
ADR. Nicanor? No.
NIC. The same, sir.
ADR. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared[a] by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.
NIC. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.
ADR. *Hath been!* is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.
NIC. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.
ADR. Coriolanus banished?
NIC. Banished, sir.
ADR. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.
NIC. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.
ADR. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.
NIC. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?
ADR. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.
NIC. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.
ADR. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.
NIC. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before* Aufidius' *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

COR. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'T is I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.—

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.
CIT. And you.
COR. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?
CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state at his house this night.
COR. Which is his house, beseech you?
CIT. This, here before you.
COR. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit* Citizen.
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes, [sleep
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate[b] I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town.—I 'll enter: if he slay me,

[a] — *your favour is well* appeared *by your tongue.*] This may import, your favour is well *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*; but Johnson would read,—*affeered*, and Steevens and Mr. Collier's annotator propose, "*approved* by your tongue."

[b] *My birth-place* hate *I*,—] The old text has "— *have* I." We owe the restoration to Capell.

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He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in* Aufidius' *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house:
The feast smells well; but I appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you?
Here 's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.[a]

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. *Away!* Get you away.

Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 Serv. What fellow 's this?

[a] *In being* Coriolanus.) In obtaining his surname from the sack of Corioli.

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1 SERV. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 SERV. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house. [hearth.

COR. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your

3 SERV. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

3 SERV. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, so I am.

3 SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

COR. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 SERV. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 SERV. And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 SERV. Where dwellest thou?

COR. Under the canopy.

3 SERV. *Under the canopy?*

COR. Ay.

3 SERV. Where 's that?

COR. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 SERV. *I' the city of kites and crows!*—What an ass it is!—then thou dwellest with daws too?

COR. No, I serve not thy master.

3 SERV. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

COR. Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

AUF. Where is this fellow?

2 SERV. Here, sir; I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUF. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what 's thy name?

COR. If, Tullus, not yet thou know'st me. [*Unmuffling.*
And, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name myself.

AUF. What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*

COR. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

AUF. I know thee not:—thy name?

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,[a]
And witness of the malice and displeasure [mains:
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak[b] in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

AUF. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say, *'T is true;* I 'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius.(1)—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,[c]

[a] — memory,—] That is, *memorial.*
[b] — wreak—] *Vengeance.*
[c] *Know thou first,*—] *First* apparently means here *noblest*, as in the opening scene of this act, where Volumnia calls Coriolanus, "my *first* son."

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I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

COR. You bless me, gods!

AUF. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 SERV. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 SERV. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 SERV. He had so; looking, as it were,—— Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 SERV. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 SERV. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 SERV. Who? my master?

1 SERV. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 SERV. Worth six on him.

1 SERV. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 SERV. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 SERV. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 SERV. O, slaves, I can tell you news! news, you rascals!

1 *and* 2 SERV. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 *and* 2 SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 SERV. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 SERV. Why do you say, *thwack our general?*

3 SERV. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 SERV. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 SERV. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 SERV. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 SERV. But more of thy news.

3 SERV. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle[a] the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.[b]

2 SERV. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 SERV. Do't! he will do't: for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show them-

[a] — sowle—] The etymology of this word is uncertain, but it is still employed in many English counties for lugging and dragging. Steevens quotes a line from Heywood's comedy, called "Love's Mistress," 1636, where it occurs,—

"Venus will *sowle me by the ears* for this."

[b] — polled.] *Cleared.*

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selves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.[a]

1 Serv. *Directitude!* What's that?

3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,[b] they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward?

3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently: you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely walking,[c] audible, and full of vent.[d] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than wars a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

a — directitude.] Mr. Collier's annotator would read, *dejectitude*.
b — in blood,—] See note (c), p. 71, Vol. I.
c — *it's spritely* walking,—] That is, quick *moving, or marching*. The modern editors all read, "—it 's spritely, *waking*," &c.
d — *full of* vent.] *Vent* is *voice, utterance*.

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace[e]
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.—Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'T is he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Enter Menenius.

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

e *His* remedies *are tame* i' the *present peace*—] A correction by Theobald, the old copies having,—"His remedies are tame, the present peace." Omission, however, is not, perhaps, the only defect in the line; the word "remedies" is very equivocal.

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Enter three or four Citizens.

CITIZENS. The gods preserve you both!
SIC. God-den, our neighbours.
BRU. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.
1 CIT. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
SIC. Live, and thrive!
BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
CITIZENS. Now the gods keep you!
BOTH TRI. Farewell, farewell.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
SIC. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
BRU. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
SIC. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
MEN. I think not so.
SIC. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

ÆD. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
MEN. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
SIC. Come, what talk you of Marcius?
BRU. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
MEN. *Cannot be!*
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
SIC. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
BRU. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house: some news is come *
That turns their countenances.
SIC. 'T is this slave,—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes,—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
MESS. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
SIC. What more fearful?
MESS. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
SIC. This is most likely!
BRU. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish
Good[a] Marcius home again.
SIC. The very trick on't.
MEN. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violent'st contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. O, you have made good work!
MEN. What news? what news?
COM. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
MEN. What's the news? what's the news?
COM. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
MEN. Pray now, your news?—

[a] Good *Marcius*—] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read,—"God Marcius," which may be right; yet in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 1, when Macbeth, by way of instigating the murderers to slay Banquo, expatiates on the wrongs that chief had done them, he asks, ironically,—

"—— are you so gospell'd
To pray for this *good* man?"

(*) Old text, *comming*.

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You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
COM. *If!*
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
MEN. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,[a] and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
COM. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.
MEN. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.—
You have made fair work!
BRU. But is this true, sir?
COM. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions[b]
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
MEN. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
COM. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
MEN. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
COM. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
BOTH TRI. Say not, we brought it.
MEN. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
COM. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

MEN. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
CITIZENS. Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 CIT. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
2 CIT. And so did I.
3 CIT. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
COM. Ye're goodly things, you voices!
MEN. You have made good work,
You and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?
COM. O, ay; what else?
[*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.
SIC. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
1 CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.
2 CIT. So did we all. But, come, let's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
BRU. I do not like this news.
SIC. Nor I.
BRU. Let 's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
SIC. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from* Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* Lieutenant.

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman?
LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

[a] — occupation.—] That is, *mechanics, craftsmen.*
[b] *All the* regions—] Should perhaps be, "All the *legions*," as Mr. Collier's annotator reads it.

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AUF. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that 's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

LIEU. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had * borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

AUF. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEU. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

AUF. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome,
As is the ospray to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.[a] First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.[b] So our virtues *
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.[c]
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights founder,[d] strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *hare.*

[a] **By sovereignty of nature.]** The image is founded on the fabulous power attributed to the ospray, of fascinating the fish on which it preys. Thus, in Peele's play, called "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, Act II. Sc. 1,—

"I will provide thee of a princely *ospray*,
That as she flieth over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glistering b-llies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

[b] —— but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.]

The latter portion of this speech is miserably confused. After "So hated, and so banish'd," there is obviously a chasm, which it were vain to think of filling up.

[c] —— So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.]

(*) Old text, *vertue.*

The sentiment to be conveyed was no doubt identical with that expressed in Act I. Sc. 4, of "Hamlet:"—

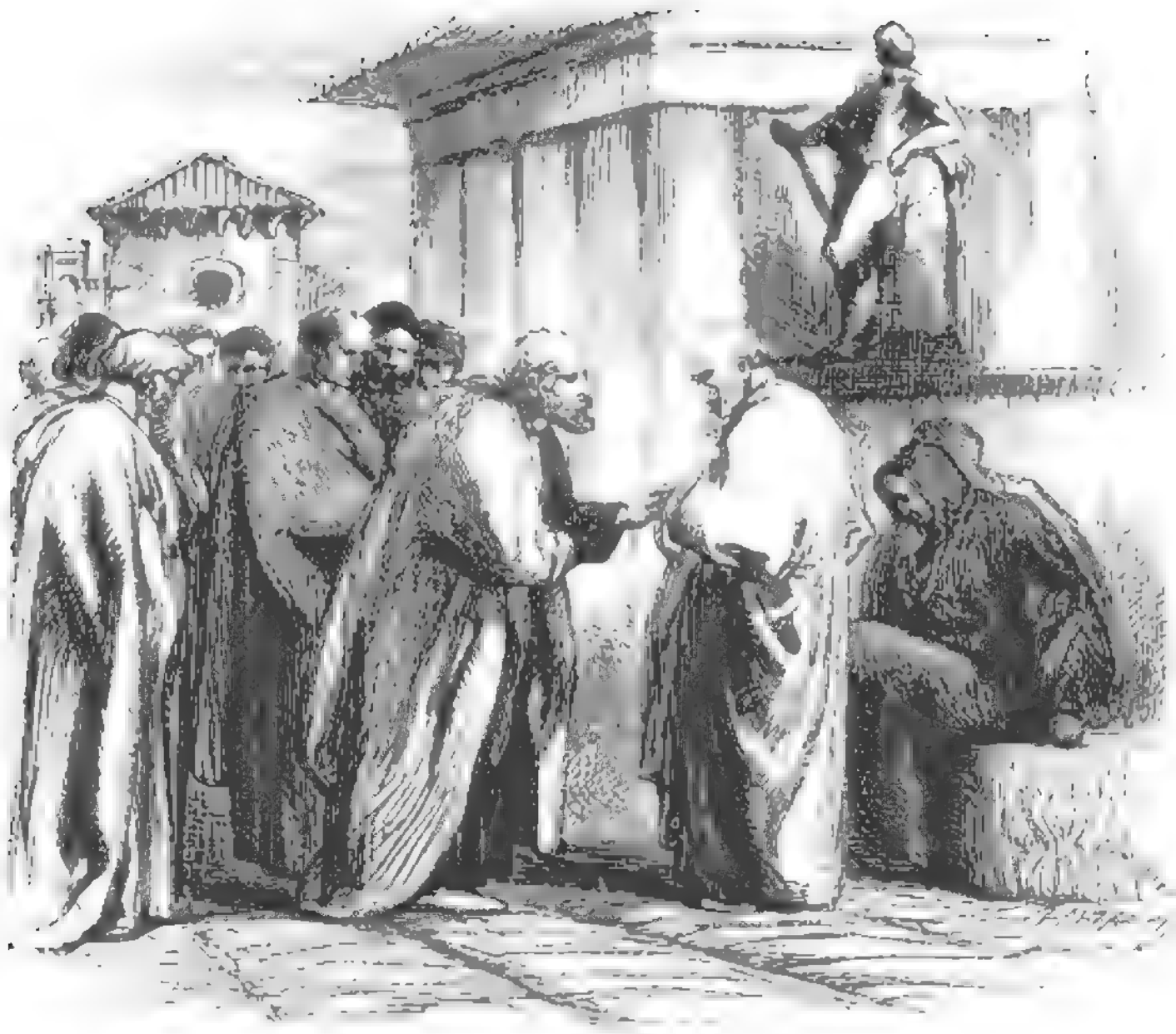
"So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
* * * * *
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault."

And so, proceeds Aufidius, *our very virtues appear false by the misconstruction of the age, and even authority, which can exact applause, has not a more inevitable, i.e. certain, tomb for its best actions than the very chair of triumph wherein they are extolled.*

[d] *Rights by rights* founder,—] The old copies have "fouler," which has been changed to.—*fouled; foul are; suffer; foil'd are;* and *falter*. The emendation we adopt is by Malone.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

MEN. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coyed
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not seem to know me.

MEN. Do you hear?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus,*
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

MEN. Why, so! you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

COM. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare[a] petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

[a] *It was a* bare *petition of a state*
To one whom they had punish'd.
Mason had no doubt we should read,—"It was a *base* petition;" but, even with this amendment, it is questionable if we have got what the poet wrote.

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MEN. Very well:
Could he say less?
COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
MEN. *For one poor grain or two!*
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
SIC. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
MEN. No! I'll not meddle.
SIC. Pray you, go to him.
MEN. What should I do?
BRU. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
MEN. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?
SIC. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
MEN. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

BRU. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
MEN. Good faith, I'll prove him:
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.[a] [*Exit.*
COM. He'll never hear him.
SIC. Not?
COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold,[b] his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:[c]
So, that all hope is vain, unless[d] his noble mother
And his wife; who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the* Volscian *Camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: whence are you?
2 G. Stand, and go back.
MEN. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 G. From whence?
MEN. From Rome.
1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will hear no more from thence.
2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
MEN. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,

a
Good faith, I'll prove him:
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.]

As this is invariably pointed,—

"Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will I shall ere long," &c.

some critics have proposed to read,—

"You shall ere long," &c.

but the meaning of Menenius is,—I'll try him, and come what may, I shall not long be kept in suspense. "Success" has here the signification of *successo* in Italian, *i. e. event, consequence.*

b I tell you, he does sit in gold,—] The same idea, it has been noted, occurs in Homer (Iliad, viii. 442),—

"Αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνου εὐρέος Ζεὺς
Ἧστο."

which Pope renders,—

"Th' eternal Thunderer sat thron'd *in gold.*"

c
—— what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:]

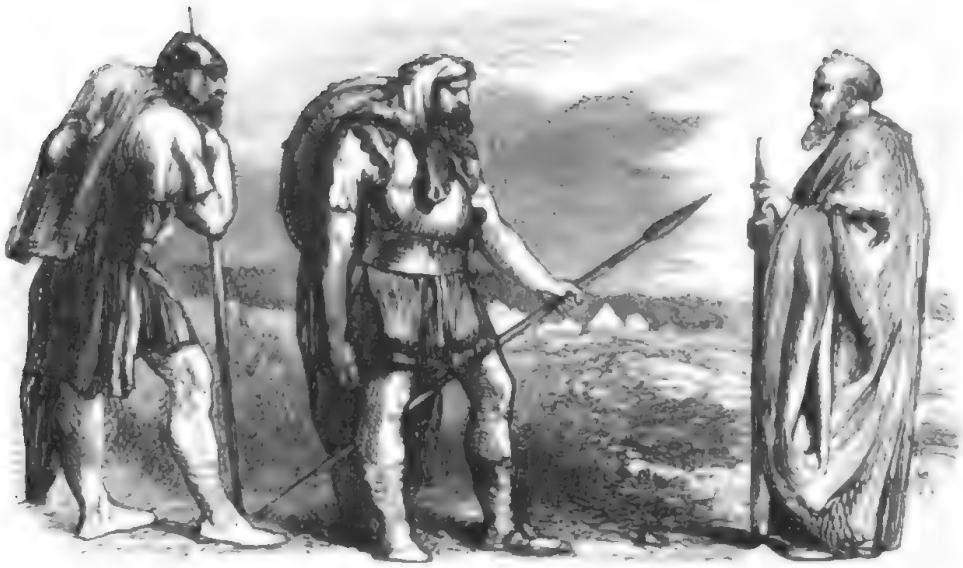
The sense of this passage we conjecture to have been destroyed by the misprint of "his" for *no;* "his" being inadvertently caught by the transcriber from the next line. If we read,—

"—— what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to *no* conditions,"

the meaning is clear enough,—what he would consent to, he sent in writing; what he would not, he bound himself by oath to yield on no conditions.

d — unless—] That is, *except.*

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And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,[a]
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so, go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

MEN. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified[b] my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle[c] ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing:[d] therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy[e] groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant[f] as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

[a] — lots to blanks,—] *Prizes to blanks*, everything to nothing: so in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5,—

"—— and *all the world to nothing*
That he dares ne'er come back."

[b] *For I have ever* verified *my friends*, &c.] Hanmer gave *magnified*, and Mr. Collier's annotator has the same emendation; but perhaps the true word is *varefied*, that is, *stretched out*. See "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc 2, where, for "ratified,"—"Here are only numbers *ratified*," we should also probably read *varefied*.

[c] — a subtle *ground*.—] A *smooth*, *slippery* ground.

[d] — stamp'd the leasing:] "I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it current."—MALONE.

[e] — *the* easy *groans*—] "*Easy* groans" may mean the *slight*, *inconsiderable* groans; but query, *wheezy* groans?

[f] — a *decayed* dotant—] So the old text. Many editors, however, read *dotard*.

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2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

COR. What's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion,[a] I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by* my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here;—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

COR. Away!

MEN. How! *away?*

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly,[b] my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!—

AUF. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent[c] for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[*Exit.*

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

AUF. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

COR. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout without.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,

(*) Old text omits, *by.*

[a] — companion,—] That is, as we now say, *fellow.*

[b] — properly,—] *Peculiarly, personally.*

[c] — shent—] *Disgraced.*

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Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

VIRG. My lord and husband!

COR. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

VIRG. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

COR. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,*
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

VOL. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

COR. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry* beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

VOL. Thou art my warrior;
I holp* to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?

COR. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!

VOL. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

COR. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars

(*) Old text, *pray*, corrected by Theobald.

* — *the* hungry *beach*—] The *sterile, unprolific* beach; or as Malone suggested, the shore *hungry* for shipwrecks. *Littus avarum.*

(*) Old text, *hope*, corrected by Theobald.

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Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

VOL. Your knee, sirrah.

COR. That's my brave boy!

VOL. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

COR. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
The things* I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

VOL. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request,[a] the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

COR. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

VOL. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barrest us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound,—together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity,[b] though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

VIRG. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

BOY. 'A shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

COR. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

VOL. Nay, go not from us thus,
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the *All-hail* to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine* strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge† thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

(*) Old text, *thing.*

(*) Old text, *fire.* (†) Old text, *change.*

[a] *That if you fail in our request,—*] If you fail to grant what we require. Pope and Mr. Collier's annotator read, "—if we fail," &c.

[b] *An evident calamity,—*] An *inevitable* calamity. So in Act IV. Sc. 7,—

"And power——
Hath not a tomb so *evident* as a chair."

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When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down! an end:
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold 's;
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

COR. [*After holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hand, silent.*] O mother, mother!
What have you done?—Behold! the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at.—O, my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal(1) to him! But, let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

AUF. I was mov'd withal.

COR. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

AUF. [*Aside.*] I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The* Ladies *make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

COR. Ay, by and by;
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: (2) all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

MEN. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol,—yond' corner-stone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

SIC. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

MEN. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He loved his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SIC. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MEN. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

SIC. The gods be good unto us!

MEN. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

SIC. What 's the news?

MESS. Good news! good news!—the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone!

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A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SIC. Friend, art thou certain this is true? is 't most certain?

SEC. MESS. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown[a] tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also without.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psaltries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

MEN. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and music.*

SIC. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

SEC. MESS. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

SIC. They are near the city?

SEC. MESS. Almost at point to enter.

SIC. We'll meet them, and help the joy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They pass over the stage.*

1 SEN. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,— *Welcome, ladies, welcome!*—

ALL. Welcome, ladies! Welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Corioli.[b] *A Public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

AUF. Go tell the lords o' the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!

1 CON. How is it with our general?

AUF. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 CON. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

AUF. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 CON. The people will remain uncertain whilst 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUF. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 CON. Sir, his stoutness,[c]
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

AUF. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end[d] all his; and took some pride

a — blown *tide*,—] *Blown* tide, like "*blown* ambition," "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 4, means "*swoll'n* tide." There is no allusion to the wind, as some commentators suppose.

b Corioli.] In all the editions, from Rowe downwards, this scene has been laid in Antium, until Mr. Singer correctly changed it to Corioli.

c Sir, his stoutness,—] A word seems to have dropped out of this line; it possibly ran originally,—"*Witness*, sir, his stoutness."

d *Which he did* end *all his*;] So the old copies. Rowe changed "end" to "make;" Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes "ear;" and Mr. Collier has a preference for *in*,—"did *in* all his;" but is not "end" an erratum for *bind*? So, in "As You Like It," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"They that reap must sheaf and *bind*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"—— when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And *bound* it up, and brought it off."

And in the ancient Harvest Song,—

"Hooky, hooky, we have shorn
And *bound* what we did reap."

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To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[a] as if
I had been mercenary.
1 Con. So he did, my lord,—
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the* People.
1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.[b]
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 Lord. And grieve to hear't.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *with drum and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;(3)
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. *Traitor!*—How now?—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. *Marcius!*
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli?—[c]
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars!
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. *Boy!* O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
1 Lord. Peace both and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces! men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me!—*Boy!* False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd* your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it!—*Boy!*

a —— *and*
He wag'd *me with his* countenance,—]
This is explained.—he gave me his countenance for my wages, rewarded me with good looks. But "countenance," as we mistake, means here not looks, but *entertainment*. See *note* (E), p. 255, Vol. I.

b His reasons with his body.] In the old copies we have,—
" —— let him feele your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body."

c —in Corioli?—] See *note* (b), in the preceding page.

(*) Old text, *Flatter'd.*

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Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Conspirators. Let him die for't!

Citizens. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces!—Do it presently!—He killed my son!—my daughter!—He killed my cousin Marcus!—He killed my father!—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

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CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 LORD. O Tullus!—

2 LORD. Thou hast done a deed whereat
Valour will weep.

3 LORD. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

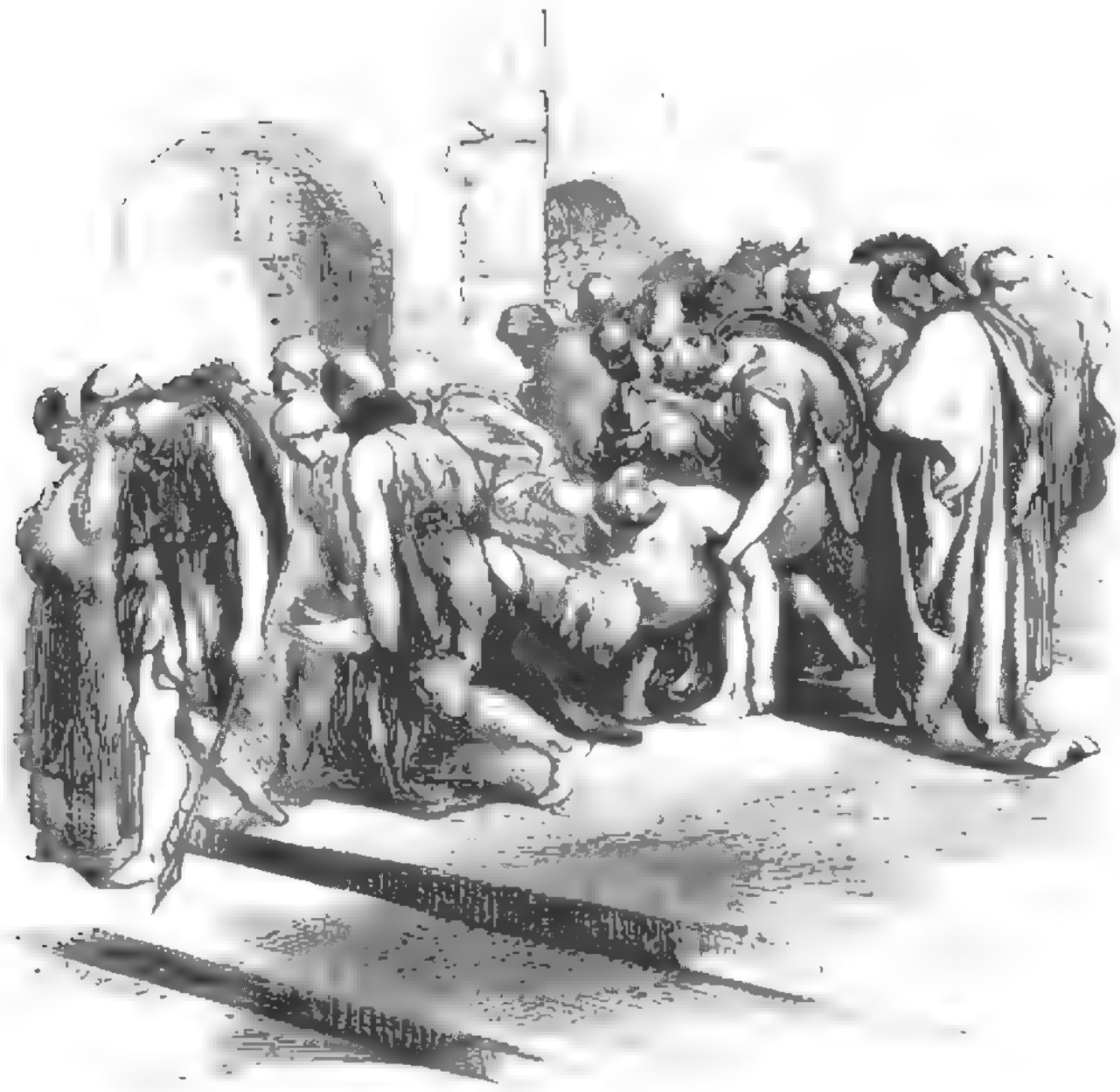
AUF. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 LORD. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 LORD. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

AUF. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS. *A dead march sounded.*



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Suffer us to famish, and their store-house crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers.*] The circumstances which led to the insurrection of the people in Rome at this period, and awakened their animosity in a peculiar degree against Caius Marcius, are thus related in North's translation of Plutarch, the work to which Shakespeare was indebted for all the conduct of his tragedy, and for no inconsiderable portion of its language :—

"Now he being grown to great credit and authority in ROME for his valiantnesse, it fortuned there grew sedition in the citie, bicause the Senate dyd favour the rich against the people, who did complaine of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed mony. For those that had litle, were yet spoiled of that litle they had by their creditours, for lack of ability to pay the usery: who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were layed hold on, and they were made their bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts they shewed, which they had received in many battels, fighting for defence of their countrey and common wealth: of the which, the last warre they made was against the SABYNES, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made them, that from thenceforth they would intreate them more gently, and also upon the word of *Marcus Valerius* chiefe of the Senate, who by authority of the Counsell, and in the behalfe of the rich, sayed they should performe that they had promised. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battel of al, where they overcame their enemies, seeing they were never a whit the better, nor more gently intreated, and that the Senate would give no eare to them, but made as though they had forgotten the former promise, and suffered them to be made slaves and bondmen to their creditours, and besides, to be turned out of all that ever they had: they fel then even to flat rebellion and mutinie, and to sturre up dangerous tumults within the city. The ROMAINES enemies hearing of this rebellion, did straight enter the teritories of ROME with a marvelous great power, spoiling and burning all as they came. Whereupon the Senate immediatly made open proclamation by sound of trumpet, that all those which were of lawfull age to cary weapon, should come and enter their names into the muster-masters book, to goe to the wars: but no man obeyed their commaundement. Wherupon their chiefe magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason, they shold somewhat yeeld to the poore peoples request, and that they should a litle qualifie the severity of the law. Other held hard against that opinion, and that was *Martius* for one. For he alledged, that the creditours losing their money they had lent, was not the worst thing that was thereby: but that the lenity that was favoured, was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty, was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore he sayed, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning."

(2) SCENE I.—*And leave me but the bran.*] The reader desirous of investigating the origin of the famous apologue of the belly and its members will do well to consult an article on the subject by Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare." The poet derived it apparently from Plutarch, through North's translation, and the marvellous skill with which he has varied and amplified the story will be seen from the version of it which that historian pre[illegible]:—

"The Senate being afeard of their departure, dyd send unto them certaine of the pleasauntest olde men, and the most acceptable to the people among them. Of those, *Menenius Agrippa* was he, who was sent for chief man of the message from the Senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people, on the behalfe of the Senate, knit up his oration in the ende, with a notable tale, in this manner. That on a time all the members of mans bodie, dyd rebell against the bellie, complaining of it, that it only remained in the middest of the bodie, without doing any thing, neither dyd beare any labour to the maintenaunce of the rest: whereas all other partes and members dyd labour paynefully, and was very carefull to satisfie the appetites and desiers of the bodie. And so the bellie, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their follie, and sayed, It is true, I first receyve all meates that norishe mans bodie: but afterwardes I send it againe to the norishment of other partes of the same. Even so (q. he) ô you, my masters, and cittizens of ROME: the reason is a like betweene the Senate and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsells throughly examined, touching the benefit of the common wealth: the Senatours are cause of the common commoditie that commeth unto every one of you."

(3) SCENE III.—*His brows bound with oak.*] The oaken garland, accounted the most honourable crown among the Romans, was bestowed on him that had saved the life of a citizen :—

"But *Martius* being more inclined to the warres, then any other gentleman of his time, beganne from his childhood to give himselfe to handle weapons, and daily did exercise himselfe therein: and outward he esteemed armour to no purpose, unlesse one were naturally armed within. Moreover he did so exercise his body to hardnesse and all kinde of activitie, that he was very swift in ronning, strong in wrestling, and mightie in griping, so that no man could ever cast him. Insomuch as those that would try masteries with him for strength and nimblenesse, would say when they were overcom: that all was by reason of his naturall strength, and hardinesse of ward, that never yeelded to any paine or toyle he tooke upon him. The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when *Tarquine* surnamed the proud (that had bene king of ROME, and was driven out for his pride, after many attemps made by sundry battels to come in againe, wherein he was ever overcome) did come to ROME with all the aide of the LATINES, and many other people of ITALY: even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe, not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the ROMAINES, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battell, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, *Martius* valiantly fought in the

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sight of the *Dictator:* and a ROMAINE souldier being throwen to the ground even hard by him, *Martius* straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands that had before overthrowen the ROMAINE. Hereupon after the battell was won, the *Dictator* did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned *Martius* with a garland of oken boughes, For whosoever saveth the life of a ROMAINE, it is a manner among them, to honour him with such a garland."

(4) SCENE IV.—

> *'T is for the followers Fortune widens them,*
> *Not for the fliers.*]

So in the corresponding scene in the old translation of Plutarch :—

"Wherfore all the other VOLSCES fearing least that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the countrey to save it, entending to give the ROMAINES battel before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The Consul *Cominius* understanding this, devided his army also into two parts, and taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the countrey: and the other part of his army he left in the campe with *Titus Lartius* (one of the valiantest men the ROMAINES had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the CORIOLANS making smal account of them that lay in campe before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the CORIOLANS had the better, and drave the ROMAINES back againe into the trenches of their campe. But *Martius* being there at that time, ronning out of the campe with a few men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodain, crying out to the ROMAINES that had turned their backes, and calling them again to fight with a lowde voice. For he was even such another, as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captaine to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice, and grimnesse of his countenaunce. Then there flocked about him immediatly, a great number of ROMAINES: whereat the enemies were so afeard, that they gave back presently.

"But *Martius* not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the ROMAINES retired back, for the great number of darts and arrowes which flew about their eares from the wals of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venter himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that it was full of men of warre, very wel armed and appointed, he did incourage his fellowes with words and deeds, crying out to them, that fortune had opened the gates of the city, more for the followers then the fliers. But all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit *Martius* being in the throng among the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entred the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turne their face upon him, or offer to stay him. But he looking about him, and seeing he was entred the city with very few men to helpe him, and perceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things then as it is written, wonderfull and incredible, as well for the force of his hand, as also for the agility of his body, and with a wonderfull courage and valiantnesse he made a lane through the middest of them, and overthrew also those he layed at: that some he made ronne to the furthest part of the city, and other for feare he made yeeld themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him."

(5) SCENE VI.—

> *As I guess, Marcius,*
> *Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates*
> *Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,*
> *Their very heart of hope.*]

The incidents in this battle are all closely copied from Plutarch :—

"*Martius* asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made him aunswer, that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the ANTIATES, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant courage would give no place to any of the hoast of their enemies. Then prayed *Martius*, to be set directly against them. The Consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then *Martius*, when both armies came almost to joyne, advanced himselfe a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands: he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battell of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compasse him in betweene them: which the Consul *Cominius* perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best souldiers he had about him. So the battell was marvelous bloudie about *Martius*, and in a very short space many were slaine in the place. But in the end the ROMAINES were so strong, that they distressed the enemies, and brake their arraye: and scattering them, made them flye. Then they prayed *Martius* that he would retire to the campe, bicause they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great paine he had taken, and so faint with the great woundes he had upon him. But *Martius* aunswered them, that it was not for conquerours to yeeld, nor to be faint-hearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fledde, untill such time as the armie of the enemies was utterly overthrowen, and numbers of them slaine and taken prisoners.

The next morning betimes, *Martius* went to the Consul, and the other ROMAINES with him. There the Consul *Cominius* going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to *Martius*, whose valiantnesse he commended beyond the Moone, both for that he himselfe saw him do with his eyes, as also for that *Martius* had reported unto him. So in the ende he willed *Martius*, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of every sorte which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gave him in testimonie that he had wonne that day the prise of prowesse above all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend. But *Martius* stepping forth, told the Consul, he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his general's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenarie reward, then an honourable recompence, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equall part with other souldiers. Onely, this grace (sayed he) I crave and beseech you to grant me: Among the VOLSCES there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who living before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liveth now a poore prisoner, in the hands of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave. The souldiers hearing *Martius* words, made a marvelous great shout among them, and there were more that wondred at his great contentation and abstinence, when they saw so litle covetousnesse in him, then they were that highly praised and extolled his valiantnesse. * * * * * After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the Consul *Cominius* began to speake in this sort: We cannot compell *Martius* to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, unlesse his valiant acts have wonne him that name before our nomination. And so ever since, he still bare the third name of *Coriolanus*."

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ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—[*And Censorinus, darling of the people.*] This line in brackets was supplied by Pope; the original, which mentioned Censorinus, having been accidentally left out, as will at once be seen from the parallel passage in Shakespeare's authority:—"The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the *Patricians*, out of the which hath sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughters sonne, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius, and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conducts. *Censorinus also came of that familie*, that was so surnamed bicause the people had chosen him *Censor* twise."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 237.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—

——— *which will in time break ope*
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.]

Compare Plutarch:—"But Martius standing up on his feete, dyd somewhat sharpely take up those, who went about to gratifie the people therin: and called them people pleasers, and traitours to the nobilitie. Moreover he sayed they nourished against themselves the naughtie seede and cockle of insolencie and sedition, which had bene sowed and scattered abroade emongest the people, whom they should have cut off, if they had been wise, and have prevented their greatnes: and not (to their owne destruction) to have suffered the people to stablish a magistrate for themselves, of so great power and authority as that man had, to whom they had graunted it. Who was also to be feared, bicause he obtained what he would, and did nothing but what he listed, neither passed for any obedience to the Consuls, but lived in all liberty, acknowledging no superiour to command him, saving the only heads and authours of their faction, whom he called his magistrats. Therefore sayed he, they that gave counsell, and perswaded that the corne should be geven out to the common people *gratis*, as they used to doe in the cities of GRÆCE, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende to the utter ruine and overthrowe of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompence of their service past, sithence they know well enough they have so oft refused to goe to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with us, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have received, and made good against the Senate: but they will rather judge, we give and grant them this, as abasing our selves, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them every way. By this means their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will never leave to practise new sedition and uprores. Therfore it were a great folly for us, me thinks to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should if we were wise, take from them the Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of the division of their city. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembred in two factions, which maintaines alwaies civill dissention and discord between us, and will never suffer us againe to be united into one body."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE V.—

——— *I'd not believe them more*
Than thee, all-noble Marcius.]

Here, as in many other scenes in the play, the poet has followed the historian almost literally:—

"It was even twylight when he entred the cittie of ANTIUM, and many people met him in the streetes, but no man knewe him. So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine maiestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to *Tullus* who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man. *Tullus* rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherfore he came. Then *Martius* unmuffled himselfe, and after he had paused a while, making no aunswer, he sayed unto him: If thou knowest me not yet, *Tullus*, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleeve me to be the man I am indede, I must of necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am *Caius Martius*, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the VOLSCES generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of *Coriolanus* that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynefull service I have done, and the extreme daungers I have bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envie and crueltie of the people of ROME have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone into the hands of their enemies. Wherfore, if thou hast any heart to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my

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misery serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service may be a benefit to the VOLSCES: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, then ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemy then such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearie to prove fortune any more, then am I also wearie to live any longer. And it were no wisedome in thee, to save the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. *Tullus* hearing what he sayed was a marvelous glad man, and taking him by the hand, he sayed unto him: Stand up, O *Martius*, and be of good cheare, for in profering thyselfe unto us, thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou maist hope also of greater things at all the VOLSCES hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him in no other matters at that present: but within fow dayes after, they fell to consultation together, in what sort they should beginne their warre."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—

——— *O, my mother, mother! O!*
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal.]

This affecting interview is thus described in Plutarch:—"Nowe was *Martius* set then in his chayer of state, with all the honours of a generall, and when he had spied the women coming afarre of, he marveled what the matter ment: but afterwardes knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancker. But overcomen in the ende with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his harte would not serve him to tarie their comming to his chayer, but comming downe in hast, he went to meete them, and first he kissed his mother, and imbraced her a pretie while, then his wife and litle children. And nature so wrought with him, that the teares fell from his eyes, and he coulde not keepe himselfe from making much of them, but yeelded to the affection of his bloude, as if he had bene violently caried with the furie of a most swift running streame. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother *Volumnia* would beginne to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the counsell of the VOLSCES to heare what she would say. Then she spake in this sort: If we held our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunatly then all the women livinge, we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearefull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native countrie: so as that which is thonely comforte to all other in their adversitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deepe perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most harde choyse is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe or the nurse of their native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarie, till fortune in my life time doe make an end of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to overthrowe and destroye the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamitie of warres, thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foot shall treade upon thy mothers wombe, that brought thee first into this world. And I maye not deferre to see the day, either that my sonne be led prisoner in triumphe by his naturall countrymen, or that he himselfe do triumphe of them, and of his naturall countrie. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy countrie, in destroying the VOLSCES, I must confesse, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroie thy natural countrie, it is altogether unmeete and unlawfull, so were it not iust, and lesse honourable, to betraye those that put their trust in thee. But my onely demaund consisteth, to make a gayle-deliverie of all evils, which delivereth equall benefite and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the VOLSCES. For it shall appeare, that having victorie in their hands, they have of speciall favour graunted us singular graces: peace, and amitie, albeit themselves have no lesse part of both, then we. Of which good, if it so come to passe, thy selfe is thonely author, and so hast thou thonely honour. But if it faile, and fall out contrarie, thy selfe alone deservedly shalt carie the shameful reproche and burden of either partie. So, though the end of warre be uncertaine, yet this notwithstanding is most certaine: that if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefite shalt thou reape of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy countrie. And if fortune also overthrowe thee, then the world will say that through desire to revenge thy private iniuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friendes, who dyd most lovingly and curteously receive thee. *Martius* gave good eare unto his mothers wordes, without interrupting her speche at all, and after she had sayed what she would, he held his peace a prety while, and aunswered not a word. Hereupon she begane againe to speake unto him, and sayed: My sonne, why doest thou not aunswer me? doest thou thinke it good altogether to geve place unto thy choller and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honestie for thee to graunt thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? doest thou take it honorable for a noble man, to remember the wronges and iniuries done him, and doest not in like case think it an honest noble mans parte to be thankefull for the goodnes that parents doe shewe to their children, acknowledging the dutie and reverence they ought to beare unto them? No man living is more bounde to shewe himselfe thankefull in all partes and respects then thy selfe: who so unnaturally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover (my sonne) thou hast sorely taken of thy countrie, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the iniuries offered thee: besides, thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poore mother any curtesie. And therfore, it is not onely honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtaine my so iust and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose doe I deferre my last hope? And with these wordes, herselfe, his wife, and children, fell down upon their knees before him: *Martius* seeing that, could refraine no longer, but went straight and lifte her up crying out: Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her hard by the right hande, oh mother, said he, you have won a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see my selfe vanquished by you alone."

(2) SCENE III.—

Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you.]

Which, according to Plutarch, they had: dedicated to *Fortuna muliebri*:—

"Whereupon the Senate ordeined, that the Magistrates to gratifie and honor these ladyes, should graunt them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of *Fortune* of the women, unto the building whereof they offered them selves to defraye the whole charge of the sacrifices, and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods. Nevertheless, the Senate commending their good-will and forwardnes, ordeined, that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the cittie. Notwithstanding that, the ladyes gathered money emong them, and made with the same a second image of *Fortune*, which the ROMAINES say dyd speake as they offred her up in the temple, and dyd set her in her place."

(3) SCENE VI.—*Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.*] "Nowe, when *Martius* was returned againe into the cittie of Antium from his voyage, *Tullus*, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authoritie, sought divers means to make him out of the way, thinking that if he let slippe that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion againe. Wherefore *Tullus*, having procured manie other of his confederacy, required *Martius* might be deposed from his estate, to render up accomptt to the VOLSCES of his charge and government. *Martius* fearing to become a private man againe under *Tullus* being Generall (whose authoritie was greater otherwise, then any other emong all the VOLSCES) answered: He was willing to geve up his charge, and would resigne it into the hands of the lordes of the VOLSCES, if they dyd al command him, as by al their commandment he received it. And moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to geve up an accomptt unto the people, if they would tarie the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common counsell, in which assembly there were certaine orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had tolde their tales, *Martius* rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvelous great noise, yet when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantnesse, they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allodge with leysure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the ANTIATES, and who most rejoyced in peace, shewed by their countenannce that they would heare him willingly, and iudge also according to their conscience. Whereupon *Tullus* fearing that if he dyd let him speake, he would prove his innocencie to the people, because emongest other things he had an eloquent tongue; besides that the first good service he had done to the people of the VOLSCES, dyd winne him more favour, then these last accusations could purchase him displeasure: and furthermore, the offence they layed to his charge, was a testimonie of the goodwill they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that they tooke not the cittie of ROME, if they had not bin very neare taking of it, by meanes of his approche and conduction. For these causes *Tullus* thought he might no longer delaye his presence and enterprise, neither to tarie for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore, those that were of the conspiracie, began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurpe tyranicall power over the tribe of the VOLSCES, who would not yeld up his state and authority. And in saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. Howbeit it is a clere case, that this murder was not generally consented unto, of the most parte of the VOLSCES: for men came out of all partes to honor his body, and dyd honourably bury him; setting up his tombe with great store of armour and spoiles, as the tombe of a worthy person and great captaine. The ROMAINES understanding of his death, shewed no other honour or inalice, saving that they graunted the ladyes the request they made: that they might mourne tenne moneths for him, and that was the full time they used to weare blackes for the death of their fathers, brethren, or husbands, according to *Numa Pompilius* order, who stablished the same, as we have enlarged more amplie in the description of his life. Now *Martius* being dead, the whole state of the VOLSCES hartely wished him alive againe. For, first of all they fell out with the ÆQUES who were their friends and confederates, touching preheminence and place: and this quarrell grew on so farre betweene them, that fraies and murders fell out upon it one with another. After that the ROMAINES overcame them in battell, in which *Tullus* was slaine in the field and the flower of all their force was put to the sword: so that they were compelled to accept most shamefull conditions of peace, in yelding themselves subject unto the conquerers, and promising to be obedient at their commandement."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON CORIOLANUS.

"In the three Roman pieces, 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the moderation with which Shakspeare excludes foreign appendages and arbitrary suppositions, and yet fully satisfies the wants of the stage, is particularly deserving of admiration. These plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed. Of every historical transaction Shakspeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history without in any degree changing them. The public life of ancient Rome is called up from its grave, and exhibited before our eyes with the utmost grandeur and freedom of the dramatic form, and the heroes of Plutarch are ennobled by the most eloquent poetry.

"In 'Coriolanus' we have more comic intermixtures than in the others, as the many-headed multitude plays here a considerable part; and when Shakspeare portrays the blind movements of the people in a mass, he almost always gives himself up to his merry humour. To the plebeians, whose folly is certainly sufficiently conspicuous already, the original old satirist Menenius is added by way of abundance. Droll scenes arise of a description altogether peculiar, and which are compatible only with such a political drama; for instance, when Coriolanus, to obtain the consulate, must solicit the lower order of citizens, whom he holds in contempt for their cowardice in war, but cannot so far master his haughty disposition as to assume the customary humility, and yet extorts from them their votes."—SCHLEGEL.

* * * * "The serious and elevated persons of this drama are delineated in colours of equal, if not superior strength. The unrivalled military prowess of Coriolanus, in whose nervous arm 'Death—that dark spirit'—dwelt; the severe sublimity of his character, his stern and unbending hauteur, and his undisguised contempt of all that is vulgar, pusillanimous, and base, are brought before us with a raciness and power of impression, and, notwithstanding a very liberal use both of the sentiments and language of his Plutarch, with a freedom of outline which, even in Shakspeare, may be allowed to excite our astonishment.

"Among the female characters a very important part is necessarily attached to the person of Volumnia; the fate of Rome itself depending upon her parental influence and authority. The poet has accordingly done full justice to the great qualities which the Cheronean sage has ascribed to this energetic woman; the daring loftiness of her spirit, her bold and masculine eloquence, and, above all, her patriotic devotion, being marked by the most spirited and vigorous touches of his pencil.

"The numerous vicissitudes in the story; its rapidity of action; its contrast of character; the splendid vigour of its serious, and the satirical sharpness and relish of its more familiar scenes, together with the animation which prevails throughout all its parts, have conferred on this play, both in the closet and on the stage, a remarkable degree of attraction."—DRAKE.

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WINTER'S TALE.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

The first edition of this play known is that of the folio, 1623; and the earliest notice of its performance is an entry in the manuscript *Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) of Dr. Simon Forman, who thus describes the plot of the piece, which he witnessed at the Globe Theatre, May 15th, 1611:—

"Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-berer to have poisoned, who gave the Kinge of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

"Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltless, and that the kinge was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found againe that was loste, the kinge should die without ysaue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his sonn married that wentch: and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed [by] the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

"Remember also the rog [rogue] that cam in all tottered like roll pixci * and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther [sheep sheer?] with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse."†

In the same year, as we learn from a record in the Accounts of the Revels at Court, it was acted at Whitehall:—

"The kings players. | The 5th of November: A play called yo wintors nightes Tayle."

[1611.]

The accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., show that it was again acted at Court, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in May, 1613.

And it is further mentioned in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, under the date of August the 19th, 1623:—

> "For the kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623."

* This was no doubt some noted vagabond, whose nickname has not come down to us correctly. Mr. Collier prints it, "Coll Pipci."

† From a carefully executed copy made from the original by Mr. Halliwell.

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From these facts Mr. Collier infers, and his inference is strengthened by the style of the language and the structure of the verse, that "The Winter's Tale" was a novelty at the time Forman saw it played at the Globe, and had "been composed in the autumn and winter of 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bankside, as soon as the usual performances by the king's players commenced there."

The plot of "The Winter's Tale" is founded on a popular novel by Robert Greene, first printed in 1588, and then called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time,"* &c., though in subsequent impressions intituled, "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia." In this tale we have the leading incidents of the play, and counterparts, though insufferably dull and coarse ones, of the principal personages. But Shakespeare has modified the crude materials of his original with such judgment, and vivified and ennobled the characters he has retained with such incomparable art, that, as usual, he may be said to have imposed rather than to have incurred an obligation by adopting them.

* "PANDOSTO THE TRIUMPH OF TIME. Wherein is Discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed *yet by Time in spight of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughts*, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton *pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene*, Maister of Artes in *Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for *Thomas Cadman*, dwelling at the Signe of the *Bible*, neere unto the North doore of Paules. 1588."

Persons Represented.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, *Son to* Leontes.

CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Sicilian *Lords*.

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman*.

An Attendant *on the young* Prince Mamillius.

Officers *of a* Court *of* Judicature.

POLIXENES, *King of* Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, *Son to* Polixenes.

ARCHIDAMUS, *a* Bohemian *Lord*.

Paulina's Steward.

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of* Perdita.

Clown, *Son to the old* Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue*.

Time, *as Chorus*.

HERMIONE, *Queen to* Leontes.

PERDITA, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.

PAULINA, *Wife to* Antigonus.

EMILIA, TWO Ladies, } *Attending on the* Queen.

MOPSA, DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses*.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* SICILIA; *sometimes in* BOHEMIA.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

CAM. Beseech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge, we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a

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vast;[a] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCH. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[b] makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

LEON. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly![c] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

POL. Press me not, beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

LEON. Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let[d] him there a month, behind the gest[e]
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady-she[f] her lord.—You'll stay?

[a] — *shook hands, as over a vast;*] So the first folio: that of 1632 reads,—"over a vast *sea*." The earlier lection is no doubt the true one; in "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2, we have, "*vast* of night:" and in "Pericles," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"The God of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges."

[b] — *one that, indeed, physics the* subject,—] "Subject," in this place, may import the people generally, as it is usually interpreted; yet from the words which immediately follow,—"makes old hearts fresh," it has perhaps a more particular meaning:—The sight and hopes of the princely boy were cordial to the afflicted, and invigorating to the old.

[c] —— *that may blow*
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly!]

Hanmer reads,—

"This is put forth too *early*."

And Capell,—

"This is put forth too *lardily*."

The sense appears to be,—Oh that no misfortune may occur at home to justify my apprehensions, and make me say, "I predicted too truly:" but Mr. Dyce and Mr. Collier suspect, with reason, that the passage is corrupt.

[d] *To* let—] To *stay*.

[e] — *behind* the gest—] A "*gest*" was the name of the scroll containing the route and resting-places of royalty during a "progress;" and Hermione's meaning may be,—when he visits Bohemia he shall have my licence to prolong his sojourn a month beyond the time prescribed for his departure But *gest*, or *jest*, also signified a show or revelry, and it is not impossible that the sense intended was,—he shall have my permission to remain a month after the farewell entertainment.

[f] *What* lady-she *her lord*.—] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, prosaically enough, "What lady *should* her lord." The difficulty in the expression arises, we apprehend, solely from the omission of the hyphen in "lady-she;" that restored, the sense is unmistakeable,—I love thee not a tick of the clock behind whatever high-born woman does her husband. So in Massinger's play of "The Bondman," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"I 'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
With any she in Corinth."

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POL. No, madam.
HER. Nay, but you will?
POL. I may not, verily.
HER. *Verily!*
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.
POL. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
HER. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
POL. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
HER. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
POL. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[a]
HER. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
POL. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us! for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
HER. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
LEON. Is he won yet?
HER. He'll stay, my lord.
LEON. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
HER. Never?
LEON. Never, but once.
HER. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pry'thee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—[b]
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
LEON. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
HER. 'Tis Grace, indeed!—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
LEON. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me,—my heart dances,—
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,[c]
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer;[d] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
MAM. Ay, my good lord.

[a] —— the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.]
That is, were the penalty remitted which we inherit from the transgression of our first parents.

[b] *With spur we* heat *an acre. But to the* goal;—] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes,—
"With spur we *clear* an acre. But to the *good*."

[c] — bounty, fertile bosom,—] Hanmer and Mr. Collier's annotator read,—
"— *bounty's* fertile bosom," &c.

[d] *The* mort *o' the deer;*] The mort or *mote* of the deer was a particular strain blown by the huntsmen when the deer was killed. There is perhaps, also, a latent play on the word "deer," akin to that in the ensuing speech on "neat."

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LEON. I' fecks?[a]
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm? (1)—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?
MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.
LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash,[b] and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[c] as wind, as waters;—false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[d] sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop?—Can thy dam?—may't be
Affection thy intention stabs the centre?
Thou dost make possible things not so held?
Communicat'st with dreams?—How! can this be?—

[a] I' fecks?] A popular corruption of "in faith," it is supposed.

[b] —a rough pash,—] That is, a tufted *head* or *brow*.

[c] *As* o'er-dyed blacks,—] Absurdly changed by Mr. Collier's annotator to, "*our dead* blacks." "Blacks" was the common term for mourning habiliments formerly; and by "o'er-dyed blacks" were meant such garments as had become rotten and faded by frequent immersion in the dye. If any change in the text be admissible, we should read, "*oft* dyed blacks." Thus, in Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an *oft dy'd garment*:"

[d] —welkin *eye*:] That is, sky-coloured eye.

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With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something;[a] and thou dost,—
And that beyond commission;[b] and I find it,—
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?[c]

HER. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord? (2)

LEON. No, in good earnest.—
[*Aside.*] How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought[d] I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

[a] —— Can thy dam?—may't be
Affection thy intention stabs the centre?
Thou dost make possible things not so held?
Communicat'st with dreams?—How? can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; &c.]

"Affection" here means *imagination;* "intention" signifies *intension* or *intensity;* and the allusion, though the commentators have all missed it, is plainly to that mysterious principle of nature by which a parent's features are transmitted to the off-spring. Pursuing the train of thought induced by the acknowledged likeness between the boy and himself, Leontes asks, "Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and there imprint upon the embryo what stamp she chooses? Such apprehensive fantasy, then," he goes on to say, "we may believe will readily co-join with something tangible, and it does," &c. &c.

[b] *And that beyond* commission;] "Commission" here, as in a former passage of the scene, "I'll give him my commission," means *warrant, permission, authority.*

[c] POL. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?]

"In the folio, the words 'What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?' have the prefix 'Leo.;' Hanmer assigned them to Polixenes. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight restore them—very injudiciously, I think—to Leontes. (I suspect that the true reading here is,—

'POL. Ho, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you?' &c.—

for Leontes is standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione; and 'how,' as I have already noticed, was frequently the old spelling of 'ho.'")—DYCE.

[d] — methought *I did recoil*—] Mr Collier, upon the strength of a MS. annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, prints "*my thoughts* I did recoil;" but "methoughts" of the original was often used for "methought." So, in the folio text of "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 4,—

"*Me thoughts* that I had broken from the tower," &c.

And in the same scene,—

"*Me thoughts* I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes," &c.

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Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[a] this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[b]

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will? why, happy man be 's dole!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POL. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, mine soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

LEON. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.[c]

HER. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband![d] Gone already!—
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and* Attendants.
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd[e] one.
Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
(Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in 't
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy!

MAM. I am like you, they[f] say.

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—
What, Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON. Didst note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

LEON. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside.*] They're here with me[g] already; whisp'ring, rounding,
Sicilia is a—so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's be't: *good* should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not.[h] Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals

[a] *This* squash,—] A "squash" is an immature pea-pod. The word occurs again in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"As a *squash* before it is a peascod,"

and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 1.

[b] Will you take eggs for money?] This was a proverbial phrase, implying, Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled?

[c] Apparent to my heart.] Nearest to my affections.

[d] *To her* allowing *husband!*] That is, probably, her *allowed*, her *lawful* husband.

[e] — *a* fork'd *one.*] A *horned* one. So, in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us
When we do quicken."

[f] *I am like you*, they *say.*] So the second folio; the first reads, "I am like you say."

[g] *They're* here with me *already;* whisp'ring, &c.] That is, say the modern editors, "Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers"! or "They are aware of my condition"! Strange forgetfulness of a common form of speech. By "They're *here with me* already," the King means,—the people are already mocking me with this opprobrious gesture (the cuckold's emblem with their fingers), and whispering, &c. So in "Coriolanus," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (*here be with them*).

See also note (*), p. 161 of the present Volume.

[h] But so it is, it is not.] But as you apply the word, it is not pertinent.

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Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes[a]
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
CAM. *Business*, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
LEON. Ha?
CAM. Stays here longer.
LEON. Ay, but why?
CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
LEON. *Satisfy*
The entreaties of your mistress?——*satisfy!*—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom,—I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!
LEON. To bide upon 't[b]—thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes[c] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool, [drawn,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
And tak'st it all for jest.
CAM. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its[d] own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt,—you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it[*])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) then say
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
CAM. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
LEON. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,[f] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
LEON. Say it be; 'tis true.
CAM. No, no, my lord.
LEON. It is; you lie, you lie!
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
CAM. Who does infect her?
LEON. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

[a] — lower messes—] Meaning inferior persons; such as sat at meals below the salt.

[b] To bide upon 't—] This expression appears to mean, as Mr. Dyce has shown by examples,—My abiding opinion is.

[c] — hoxes—] To *hox* or *hough* is to hamstring.

[d] — its—] The comparatively frequent use of the impersonal "its," (though, for the most part, with the apostrophe, *it's*,) in this piece, while it is found but rarely in any of the other plays; in many, not at all; may be taken as an indication that "The Winter's Tale" was one of the poet's latest productions. See note (3), p. 330, Vol. I.

(*) Old text, *Holy-Horse*.

[e] — that does not think it—] The lection of the second folio, at least in some copies of that edition; the first has, "—that do's not thinke," &c.

[f] — the pin and web,—] Has before been explained to mean the disorder of the sight called a cataract.

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His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galléd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
CAM. Sir, my lord,[a]
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,[b]—
LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
CAM. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
LEON. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
CAM. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
LEON. This is all;—
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
CAM. I'll do't, my lord.
LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.(3) [*Exit.*
CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.
CAM. Hail, most royal sir!
POL. What is the news i' the court?
CAM. None rare, my lord.
POL. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
CAM. I dare not know, my lord.
POL. How! *dare not!* do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For to yourself, what you do know, you must
And cannot say you dare not.[c] Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.
CAM. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
POL. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success[d] we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

[a] *Sir, my lord,*—] With his usual ignorance of Shakespearian phraseology, Mr. Collier's ever-meddling annotator, both here and in Act III. Sc. 1, where Perdita says—"Sir, my gracious lord,' &c., for "Sir," reads "*Sure.*" And Mr. Collier, mindless of Paulina's "*Sir*, my liege, your eye hath too much youth," &c. in Act. V. Sc. 1, of this very play; of Prospero's,—"*Sir*, my liege, do not infest your mind," &c.; of Hamlet's,—"*Sir*, my good friend," &c., chooses to adopt the substitution, and tells us, "*Sure*" is "evidently the true text"!

[b] I have lov'd thee,—] These words, though forming a part of Camillo's speech in the old copies, are sometimes assigned to Leontes in modern editions.

[c] For to yourself, what you do know, you must
And cannot say you dare not.]

That is,—For what you know, you must not and cannot say you dare not tell yourself.

[d] *In whose success we are gentle,*—] By *succession* from whom we derive gentility.

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Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.
CAM. I may not answer.
POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
CAM. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry *lost*, and so good night!
POL. On, good Camillo.
CAM. I am appointed him to murder you![a]
POL. By whom, Camillo?
CAM. By the king.
POL. For what?
CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice[b] you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
POL. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best![c]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
CAM. Swear his thought over[d]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
POL. How should this grow?
CAM. I know not: but I am sure 't is safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,

[a] *I am appointed him to murder you!*] I am the agent fixed upon to murder you.

[b] *To vice you to't,—*] To *screw* you to it. So in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"—— I partly know the instrument
That *screws* me from my true place in your favour."

[c] *Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!*] That is, with the name of Judas.

[d] *Swear his thought over—*] Theobald suggested,—"Swear *this thought* over," which, besides being foreign to the mode of expression in Shakespeare's time, is a change quite uncalled for; to swear over=over-swear, is merely to *out* swear.

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Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

POL. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places[a] shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![b] Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAM. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away!
[*Exeunt.*(4)

[a] — places—] By "places" are perhaps meant *dignities*, or *honours*.

[b] Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!]
Warburton gives,—
"—— and comfort
The gracious *queen's*;"
Hanmer and Mr. Collier's annotator,—
"Good expedition be my friend! Heaven comfort," &c.;
the latter substituting "dream" for "*theme*." But we are still wide—*toto cœlo, tota regione*—of the genuine text, now, it may be feared, irrecoverable.



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *The Palace.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me
'Tis past enduring.
1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 Lady. Who taught you this?[a]
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?—Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—

[a] Who taught you this?] It has been customary, since the time of Rowe, to read,—"Who taught *you* this?" though in the old text the pronoun is only indicated by an apostrophe.

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HER. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
HER. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and others.*

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him? [never
1 LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
LEON. How blest am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,[a] and one may drink, depart,[b]
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:[c]—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[d] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?
1 LORD. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.
LEON. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy;—I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
HER. What is this? sport?
LEON. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him!—and let her sport herself
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS, *with some of the* Attendants.
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
HER. But I'd say he had not,—
And I'll be sworn,—you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'T is pity she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight
The shrug, the *hum*, or *ha*,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest:* but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress!
HER. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
LEON. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O, thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary[e] with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
HER. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this! How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
LEON. No! if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

[a] A spider steep'd,—] It was a prevalent belief anciently that spiders were venomous, and that a person might be poisoned by drinking any liquid in which one was infused. From the context it would appear, however, that to render the draught fatal, the victim ought to see the spider. So, in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,
Even then to see the spider?"

[b] — *and one may drink*, depart, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"and one may drink *a part*;" but what Shakespeare wrote, we are persuaded, was,—

"—— and one may drink *deep o't*,
And yet partake no venom."

[c] — hefts:—] "Hefts" are *heavings*.

[d] — *a pinch'd thing;*] That is, a *restrained, nipped, confined* thing.

[e] A federary—] A supposed corruption of *feodary*, and signifying a *confederate, or accomplice*. See note (3), p. 608, Vol. II.

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HER. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspéct more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are,—the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities,—but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

LEON. Shall I be heard? [*To the* Guards.

HER. Who is 't that goes with me?—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me, for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now [leave.
I trust I shall.(1)—My women, come; you have

LEON. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies, *with* Guards.

1 LORD. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANT. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 LORD. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

ANT. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;[a]
Than when I feel and see her, no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

1 LORD. Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,[b]
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[c] him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

LEON. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.[d]

ANT. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEON. What! lack I credit?

1 LORD. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

LEON. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you (or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill[e]) cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

ANT. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

LEON. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,

a *If it prove*
She 's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;]
A prodigious amount of nonsense has been written on this unfortunate passage but not a single editor or critic has shown the faintest perception of what it means. The accepted explanation, that by "I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife," &c. Antigonus declares that he will have his stables in the same place with his wife; or, as some writers express it, he will "make his stable or dog-kennel of his wife's chamber"! sets gravity completely at defiance. What he means—and the excessive grossness of the idea can hardly be excused—is, unquestionably, that if Hermione be proved incontinent he should believe every woman is unchaste; his own wife as licentious as Semiramis, ('*Equum adamatum a Semiramide*,' &c.—*Pliny*, l. viii. c. 42,) and where he lodged her he would "keep," that is, *guard*, or *fasten* the entry of his stables. This sense of the word "keep" is so common, even in Shakespeare, that it is amazing no one should have seen its application here. For example:—
"Dromio, *keep* the gate."—*Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. 2.
"*Keep* the door close, sirrah."—*Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

"I thank you: *keep* the door."—*Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 5.
"Gratiano, *keep* the house," &c.—*Othello*, Act V. Sc. 2.

b — *and by some* putter-on,—] "Putter-on" appears to have been a term of reproach, implying an *instigator*, or *plotter*. It occurs again in "Henry VIII." Act I. Sc. 2. See note (b), p. 650, Vol. II.

c — land-damn *him*.] "Land-damn" may almost with certainty be pronounced corrupt. The only tolerable attempt to extract sense from it, as it stands, is that of Ritson, who conjectured that it meant "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth"—a torture mentioned in "Titus Andronicus," Act V. Sc. 3,—
"Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him," &c.

d —— and see withal
The instruments that feel.]
A stage direction of some kind is required at these words. Hanmer gives, "Laying hold of his arm;" Dr. Johnson, "Striking his brows."

e — in skill)—] That is, *cunning*, *design*.

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Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation;*
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others: such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

* That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation;] The meaning is,—That wanted, seeing excepted, nothing for proof.

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter Paulina *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou, then, in prison?

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and hónour from [you,
The access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attendants.

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GAOL. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
PAUL. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Gaoler.
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
EMIL. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
PAUL. A boy?
EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.
PAUL. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes[a] i' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
EMIL. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living [ship
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.
EMIL. Now be you bless'd for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer. [the babe,
GAOL. Madam, if 't please the queen to send
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

PAUL. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great Nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
GAOL. I do believe it.
PAUL. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants, *in waiting behind.*

Enter LEONTES.

LEON. Nor night nor day no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus;—mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level[b] of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?
1 ATTEND. [*Advancing.*] My lord!
LEON. How does the boy?
1 ATTEND. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
LEON. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a* Child.

1 LORD. You must not enter.
PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

[a] These dangerous unsafe lunes—] To remedy the apparent tautology in this line, Mr. Collier's annotator would have us read, —still more tautologically,—

"These dangerous *unsane* lunes," &c.

But the old text needs no alteration; "dangerous," like its synonym "perilous," was sometimes used for *biting, caustic, mischievous;* and in some such sense may very well stand here.

[b] —— *out of the* blank
And level *of my brain,*—]

"Blank" and "level" are terms in gunnery; the former means *mark*, the latter *range*.

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Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas.
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

ANT. That 's enough.

2 ATTEND. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

PAUL. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What* noise there ho?

(*) First folio, who.

PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
LEON. How!—
Away with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
ANT. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
LEON. What, canst not rule her?
PAUL. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
ANT. La you now! you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting[a] your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.
LEON. *Good queen!*
PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
LEON. Force her hence.
PAUL. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the* Child.
LEON. Out!
A mankind[b] witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
PAUL. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest[c]
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
LEON. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard [*To* ANTIGONUS.], thou art woman-tir'd,[d] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
PAUL. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness[e]
Which he has put upon 't!
LEON. He dreads his wife!
PAUL. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
LEON. A nest of traitors!
ANT. I am none, by this good light.
PAUL. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
LEON. A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!
PAUL. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.[f]—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father,—eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
LEON. A gross hag!—
And, losel,[g] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
ANT. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
LEON. Once more, take her hence!
PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
LEON. I 'll have thee burn'd.
PAUL. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;

[a] — in comforting *your evils*,—] "Comforting" is here employed in the old and forensic sense of *encouraging*, *abetting*, &c.

[b] *A* mankind *witch!*] See note (s), p. 167.

[c] — honest—] That is, *chaste*.

[d] — woman-tir'd,—] As we say, *hen-pecked*.

[e] — by that forced baseness—] By that *false* appellation, *bastard*.

[f] And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—]
Overbury quotes this "old proverb" in his character of "A Sargeant": —"The devill cals him his white sonne; *he is so like him, that he is the worse for it*, and hee lokes after his father."—OVERBURY'S *Works*, *Ed* 1616.

[g] — losel,—] Said to be derived from the Saxon *Leolan*, to lose, and to mean an abandoned, worthless fellow.

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [savours
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
LEON. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
PAUL. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove
send her [hands?—
A better guiding spirit!—What needs these
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony) or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
ANT. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
1 LORD. We can:—my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
LEON. You 're liars all. [credit:
1 LORD. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech[a]
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,[b]—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

ANT. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose:—at least, thus much,
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent:—anything possible.
LEON. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
ANT. I will, my lord.
LEON. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it[c] own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend[d] it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
ANT. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!—and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! (2)
[*Exit, with the* Child.
LEON. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.
2 ATTEND. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 LORD. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
LEON. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

[a] — and beseech —] Here again in the old text the elision of *you* is marked by an apostrophe; thus, beseech '.

[b] So sure as this beard 's grey,—] Unless we read according to a marginal annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, —"*thy* beard," we must suppose the king to point to, or touch the beard of Antigonus; he himself, who twenty-three years before the play began was unbreeched, could hardly have a grey beard.

[c] — *to* it own *protection*—] Although the pronoun "its" occurs more frequently in this piece than in any other of Shakespeare's plays, showing it to have been one of his last works, that now indispensable vocable was still only in its infancy; for in this drama we have "it" in the instance above, and again in Act III. Sc. 2,—
"The innocent milke in *it* most innocent mouth."

[d] — commend—] To *commend* was to *commit*.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Street in some Town.*

Enter Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be it so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

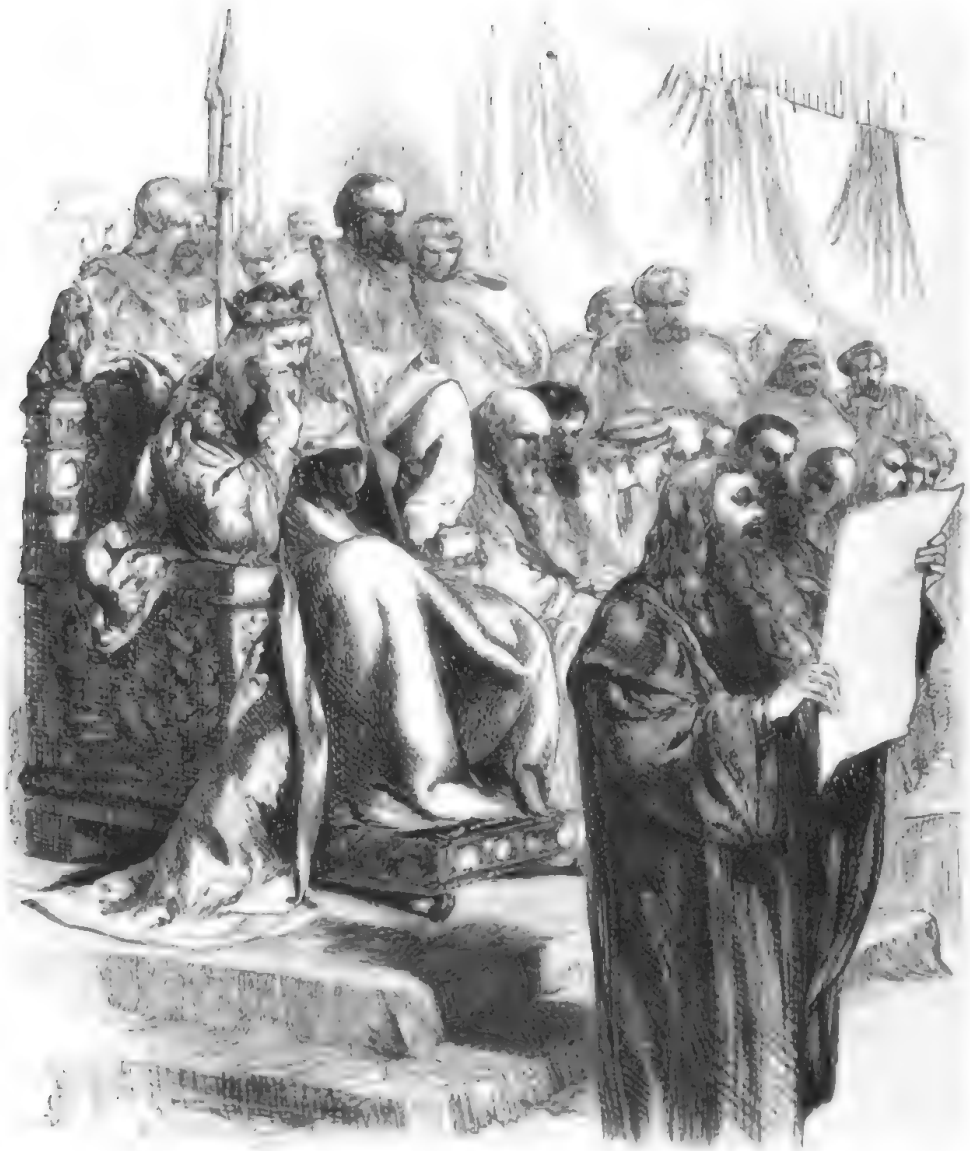
SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers *discovered, properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart; the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.——
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence![a]

[a] Silence!] In the old copies this word stands as a stage direction; but that it was intended for a command, to be spoken by the officer, or by the ordinary crier, is evident. Compare the opening of the scene of Queen Katharine's trial in "Henry VIII."

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Enter HERMIONE, *guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies, *attending.*

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. [Reads.] *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence*[a] *whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

[a] — pretence—] That is, *plot, design,* &c. So, in "Macbeth," Act II. Sc. 1, —

"—— and thence
Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight
Of treasonous malice."

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Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe

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A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief,[a] which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus:[b] if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry *Fie!* upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

HER. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess
I lov'd him,—as in honour he requir'd,—
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

HER. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,[c]
Which I 'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact[d] are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.(1)

HER. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it[e] most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,—
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge! (2)

1 LORD. This your request
Is altogether just:—therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

HER. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

[a] —— *For life, I prize it*
As I weigh grief, *which I would spare:*]

It is surprising this passage should have passed without question, for "grief" must surely be an error. Hermione means that life to her is of as little estimation as the most trivial thing which she would part with; and she expresses the same sentiment shortly after, in similar terms,—

"—— no life,—
I prize it *not a straw.*"

Could she speak of "grief" as a trifle, of no moment or importance?

[b] With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus:]

This is not remarkably perspicuous; the sense appears to be,—By what unwarrantable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should be made to stand as a public criminal thus?

[c] — in the level—] To be *in the level* is to be within the range or compass;—"and therefore when under his covert or pertision he is gotten within his *level* and hath the Windle fit and certaine, then hee shall make choice of his marke," &c.—MARKHAM'S *Hunger's Prevention*, 1621, p. 45.

[d] (*Those of your fact*—] Those of your *crime*. Thus, in "Pericles," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"Becoming well thy *fact*."

[e] — *in* it *most innocent mouth*,—] See note (b), p. 214.

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Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

CLEO. *and* DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFI. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*(3)

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFI. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter an Attendant, *hastily.*

ATTEN. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

ATTEN. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[a] is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

ATTEN. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there!

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—

[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and* Ladies, *with* HERMIONE.

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended.
No richer than his honour, how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker![b]

Re-enter PAULINA.

PAUL. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing,—
That did but show thee of a fool,[c] inconstant
And damnable[d] ingrateful; nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king;—poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little,—though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't;
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords,

[a] *Of the queen's speed,—*] Of the queen's *fate, hap, fortune.*

[b] No richer than his honour, how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!]

The force of this is miserably enfeebled by the punctuation heretofore adopted,—

"—— and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. How he glisters," &c.

[c] That did but show thee of a fool,—] Theobald proposed to read,—"of a *soul:*" and Warburton,—"show thee *off*, a fool;" but any change would be to destroy a form of speech characteristic of the author's time; "*of* a fool," is the same as "*for* a fool."

[d] *And* damnable *ingrateful;*] That is, "*damnably* ingrateful."

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When I have said, cry, *Woe!*[a]—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet!

1 LORD. The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I say, she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O, thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEON. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 LORD. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What 's gone, and what 's past help,
Should be past grief; do not receive affliction
At my petition;[b] I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—
Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

LEON. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the* Babe; *and a* Mariner.

ANT. Thou art perfect[c] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

MAR. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters; in my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

ANT. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

ANT. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming:[d] in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,

[a] When I have said, cry, *Woe!*] When I have done, do you cry, *Woe!*

[b] —— *do not* receive *affliction*
At my petition;]

We should perhaps read,—"do not *revive* affliction," &c., but certainly not,—

"—— do not receive affliction
At repetition;"

as suggested by Mr Collier's annotator.

[c] *Thou art* perfect, *then*,—] "Perfect" is commonly used by our old writers for *confident, well assured*: thus in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 1,—"I am *perfect* that the Pannonians and Dalmatians are—" &c.

[d] So fill'd, and so becoming:] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, and Mr. Collier adopts, an alteration which at once destroys the meaning of the poet, and converts a beauteous image into one pre-eminently ludicrous:—

"So fill'd, and so o'er-running"!

"So *becoming*" here means, so *self-restrained*: not as it is usually explained, so *decent, or so dignified*. Compare the following in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what *becomed* love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

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Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it, crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!—
[*Laying down the* Child.
There lie; and there thy character:[a] there these;—
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee, (pretty!)
And still rest thine.[b]—The storm begins:—poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more:—thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough:—I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—
[*Noise without of* Hunters *and Dogs.*
A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—[*Sees a Bear.*] This is the chase!
I am gone for ever! [*Exit, pursued by the Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

SHEP. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browzing of ivy.(4) Good luck, an 't be thy will!—What have we here? [*Taking up the* Babe.] Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child,[c] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

CLO. [*Without.*] Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLO. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore!—but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—but to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it[d]:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

CLO. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under

[a] — *thy* character:] Some ciphers and the name, "Perdita," by which the child hereafter might be recognised.

[b] Blossom, speed thee well!—
There lie; and there thy character: there these;—
Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee, (pretty!)
And still rest thine.]

The meaning is manifestly,—"Poor Blossom, good speed to thee! which may happen, despite thy present desolate condition, if Fortune please to adopt thee, (thou pretty one!) and remain thy constant friend;" the intermediate line,—"There lie," &c. being, of course, parenthetical. From the punctuation hitherto adopted,—

"Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie; and there thy character; there these;
Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine,"

the editors, one and all, must have supposed Antigonus to anticipate that the rich clothes, &c. which he leaves with the child, might breed it beautiful and prove of permanent utility to it in its after course of life.

[c] A boy or a child, I wonder?] "I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry,—a *child*."—STEEVENS.

In support of this, Mr. Halliwell quotes the following from Hole's MS. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780, "A child, a female infant."

[d] — *the sea* flap-dragoned *it*:—] This may mean,—swallowed it as our old revellers did a flap-dragon.

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water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman, —he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing cloth* for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:—open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made* old man; if the sins of

* — a bearing cloth—] The mantle in which an infant was wrapped when carried to the font to be baptized.

(*) Old text, *mad*.

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your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with it, keep it close;[a] home, home, the next[b] way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go: —come, good boy, the next way home.

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst[c] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

SHEP. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLO. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

SHEP. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

[a] This is fairy gold,——keep it close;] To divulge the possession of fairies' gifts was supposed to entail misfortune. Thus, Ben Jonson,—

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,
Wholesome if kept; but poison if discover'd."

[b] — *the* next *way*.] "The next way" meant the *nearest* way.

[c] — curst—] That is, *malicious, dangerous*.



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ACT IV

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

TIME. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad;—that make and unfold error;—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself;—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;[a] and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

[a] Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia,]

It is hardly credible that, in every edition, not excepting even that of Mr. Dyce, which is immeasurably superior to most others in the article of punctuation, these lines should stand thus,—

"— Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me," &c.!

If the absurdity of representing Leontes as 'leaving' the consequences of his foolish jealousies, and at the same time as so "grieving" over them that he shuts himself up, were not enough to indicate the poet's meaning, how could any editor possibly miss it who had bestowed a moment's reflection on the parallel passage in the original story!—"This epitaph being ingraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaints bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowes, nor no other harmonie but repentance. *But tearing him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to theare the tragicall discourse of the young infant.*" Compare, too, the corresponding lines in Sabie's "Fisherman's Tale," 1595,—

"He having thus her funerals dispatcht,
Liv'd in vast dolour, and perpetuall griefe,
Sighing, and crying out against the Fates;
And those were whome now I meane to leave,
And make recourse vnto this little babe," &c.



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SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly[a] noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence;—that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence; but[b] I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.

a — *but I have missingly noted,*—] Hanmer, with some plausibility, reads — "*musingly* noted," and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same substitution.

b — but *I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.*] "But," in this place, is the Saxon *Bolan=to boot*, and the King's meaning, — The attractions of that girl form part of my intelligence, and they are, I apprehend, the angle which draws the prince there.

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Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging[a] *tooth on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—
With hey! with hey![b] *the thrush and the jay,—*
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[c] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [Singing.
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat:[d] gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

CLO. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods;[e] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT. If the springe hold, the cock 's mine. [*Aside.*

CLO. I cannot do 't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? [Reads.] *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers,—three-man song-men[f] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden[g] pies; mace,—dates,—none, that 's out of my note; [Reads.] *nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger;* but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

CLO. I' the name of me——

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

CLO. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLO. What by, a horse-man or a foot-man?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a foot-man by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

AUT. O, good sir! tenderly, O!

CLO. Alas, poor soul!

AUT. O, good sir! softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO. How now! canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you,—that kills my heart.

CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:(1) I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

CLO. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[h]

AUT. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer;(2) then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son,(3) and married

[a] — pugging *tooth*—] Pugging was a cant term equivalent to *prigging*.

[b] *With hey!* with hey!] The second "with hey!" was added in the folio of 1632.

[c] — three-pile:] That is, *three-piled velvet*.

[d] — the silly cheat:] A technical phrase in rogues' parlance, meaning *petty theft*.

[e] — every 'leven wether tods;] He means, every eleven wethers *yields a tod, i. e.* twenty-eight pounds of wool.

[f] — three-man song-men—] Singers of songs in three parts.

[g] — warden *pies*:] Wardens was the old name for a species of pears.

[h] — and yet it will no more but abide.] Equivalent to,—And yet it will barely, or with difficulty, remain.

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a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[a] and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Singing.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent[b] *the stile-a:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.(4) [*Exit.*

[a] — *let me be* unrolled,—] Struck off the roll of vagabonds, and entered on the book of true men.

[b] hent *the stile-a*:] "Hent" is from the Saxon *hentan*,—*to take*.

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SCENE III.—*The same. Before a* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.
PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me,—
O, pardon, that I name them!—your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon,[a] I think,
To show myself a glass.
FLO. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.(5)
PER. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
FLO. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now:(6)—their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
PER. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak,—that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
FLO. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say *No*. Be merry, gentle![b]
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
PER. O, lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
FLO. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised;* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
PER. Sir, welcome!
[*To* POLIXENES.
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—You're welcome, sir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,

[a] —— swoon, *I think,*
To show myself a glass.]

So Hanmer: and to our mind the emendation is so convincingly true, that we are astonished it should ever have been questioned.

The old copies have, "— *sworne*, I think."

[b] Be merry, gentle!] Mr. Collier's annotator, in his r.go for reformation, changes this to, "Be merry, *girl*." The meaning is obviously,—Be merry, gentle *one!*

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For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.[a]

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—

[a] — well *you fit our ages*
With flowers of winter.]

From the reply of Perdita, we might conjecture that Polixenes had asked reproachfully,—"*Will* you fit our ages with flowers of winter?"

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Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,[a]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
PER. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.
POL. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
PER. So it is.
POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
PER. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold,[b] that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: ye're very welcome.
CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
PER. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,(7)
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids;—bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
FLO. What! like a corse?
PER. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
FLO. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
PER. O, Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,[c]
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
FLO. I think you have
As little skill[d] to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
PER. I'll swear for 'em.
POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
CAM. He tells her something

[a] —gillyvors,—] An ancient and popular form of "gilly-flowers."

[b] The marigold,—] The sun-flower. "Some calle it, *Sponsus Solis*, the Spowse of the Sunne, because it sleepes and is awakened with him."—LYTE'S *Book of Notable Things*.

[c] And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,—] Mr. Collier's annotator, as "necessary to the measure," proposes,—"which peeps so fairly," &c. But the rhythm does not require the addition; we need only make a slight transposition, and read,—

"And the true blood which through it fairly peeps."

[d] *As little* skill—] As little *reason*, &c.

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That makes her blood look out: [a] good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
CLO. Come on, strike up!
DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.
MOP. Now, in good time!
CLO. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up! [*Music.*

Here a Dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
SHEP. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
POL. She dances featly.
SHEP. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings: jump her and thump her;* and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap [b] into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man:* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided [c] wares?

SERV. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points,[d] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[e] cambrics, lawns; why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square [f] on 't.

CLO. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

PER. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit* Servant.

CLO. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel; (8)
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come, buy.

CLO. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

MOP. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

[a] *That makes her blood look* out:] Theobald's correction: the old text having,—"look *on 't*." The misprint was not uncommon: thus, in "Cymbeline,' Act II. Sc. 3,—

"Must wear the print of his remembrance *out*,"

and in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 4,—

"And laid mine honour too unchary *out*,"

where, in both instances, the old editions have "on 't."

[b] — *a foul* gap—] Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—a foul *jape*, that is, a broad jest; but a "foul gap" means a gross parenthesis. See Puttenham's "Arte of Poesy," Lib. III. c. xii., under *Parenthesis*, or the Insertour.

[c] — unbraided *wares?*] That is, *unspoiled, unfaded*, sterling goods.

[d] — points,—] A quibble on "points," the laces with metal tags by which the dress was fastened up, and themes for argument

[e] — inkles, caddisses,—] *Inkle* is a kind of tape; and *caddis* a narrow worsted galloon.

[f] — *the* square *on 't.*] The "square" appears to have signified the bosom part of the chemise, which, as we see in old pictures and engravings, was frequently ornamented with embroidery.

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Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more;—which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour[a] your tongues, and not a word more.

[a] Clamour *your tongues,*—] Some will have this to be a corruption of *chamour* or *chaumbre*, from the French *chàmer*, to *refrain*: others suspect it to be only a misprint for *charm*: but from the following line in Taylor, the Water Poet, first cited by Mr Hunter,—

"*Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues,"

it would seem to have been a familiar phrase.

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MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace[a] and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLO. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLO. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

AUT. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP. Pray you now, buy it.

CLO. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids:(9) it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing[b] merry one, and goes to the tune of '*Two maids wooing a man:*' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where it fits not you to know.

D. *Whither?*

M. *O, whither?*

D. *Whither?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.*

D. *What, neither?*

A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then whither go'st? say, whither?

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad[c] talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

[*Exit with* MOPSA *and* DORCAS.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[Singing.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair;(10) they call themselves Saltiers:[d] and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

SHEP. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[e]

SHEP. Leave your prating: since these good

[a] — a tawdry lace—] A sort of ornament worn by women round the neck or waist, and so called, it is said, after St. Audrey (Etheldreda).

[b] — a passing *merry one*,—] As we should now call it, a *surpassingly* merry one, an *exceeding* merry one.

[c] — sad—] For *grave, serious*.

[d] — Saltiers:] The rustic's blunder for *Satyrs*.

[e] — *the* squire.] The foot-*rule*: French, *esquierre*. See note (h), p. 92, Vol. I.

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men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve* Rustics, *habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—[a]
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.
[*Aside.*] He 's simple and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand,—this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That 's bolted[b] by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to 't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more
Than he, and men,—the earth, the heavens, and all:—
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge [them,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize
Without her love; for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition!

POL. Fairly offer'd.

CAM. This shows a sound affection.

SHEP. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain!—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;[c]
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEP. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

POL. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

FLO. I have: but what of him?

POL. Knows he of this?

FLO. He neither does nor shall.

POL. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[d]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did, being childish?

FLO. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

POL. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

FLO. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

[a] O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—] This we must suppose to be a continuation of some discourse begun between Polixenes and the old Shepherd while the dance proceeded.

[b] — bolted—] *Sifted.*

[c] —— *more than you can dream of* yet;
Enough then for your wonder.]
We have shown before, in several instances, that "yet" was frequently used in the sense of *now*. In the present passage that meaning is indispensable to the antithesis.

[d] — dispute his own estate?] That is, reason upon his affairs or condition. The phrase is found again in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*."

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POL. Let him know 't.
FLO. He shall not.
POL. Pr'ythee, let him.
FLO. No, he must not.
SHEP. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
FLO. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.
POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—
SHEP. O, my heart!
POL. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never *
I mean thou shalt) we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off;—mark thou my words:—
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop* his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*
PER. Even here undone! [b]
I was not much afeard: for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAM. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.
SHEP. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet,—yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones! but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
FLO. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.
CAM. Gracious my lord,
You know your * father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which I do guess
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
FLO. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
CAM. Even he, my lord.
PER. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
FLO. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
CAM. Be advis'd.
FLO. I am,—and by my fancy: [c] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
CAM. This is desperate, sir.
FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,[d]
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

(*) Old text, *hoop.*

a That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never I mean thou shalt)—]

The first "never" appears to have crept in by the inadvertence of the compositor, whose eye caught it from the end of the line.

b Even here undone!] This is the accepted punctuation, and it ought not to be lightly tampered with; yet some readers may possibly think with us that the passage would be more in harmony with the high-born spirit by which Perdita is unconsciously sustained in this terrible moment, if it were read,—

"Even here undone,
I was not much afeard; for once or twice," &c.

(*) First folio, *my.*

c — by my fancy:] That is, by my *love.*

d — but it does fulfil my vow,—] *As*, is understood, "but *as* I does fulfil my vow, I needs must think it honesty."

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Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most oppórtune to our[a] need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—
[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.

CAM. He's irremoveable[b]
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

CAM. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

FLO. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you 'll go?

FLO. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the[*] son, forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

FLO. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

CAM. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

CAM. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors: who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PER. One of these is true:

[a] — *to* our *need*,—] Theobald's correction, the old copies reading, "*her* need."

[b] *He's* irremoveable
Resolv'd for flight.]

(*) Old text, *there*.

"Irremoveable" is here employed adverbially; "He's *irremoveably* resolved," &c. So in Act III. Sc. 2,—"And *damnable* ungrateful."

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I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
CAM. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
FLO. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear of our birth.[a]
CAM. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
PER. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.
FLO. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son:
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.[b]
CAM. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word. [*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[c] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing[d] of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM. FLO. *and* PER. *come forward.*

CAM. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.
FLO. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—
CAM. Shall satisfy your father.
PER. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.
CAM. Who have we here?— [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.
AUT. [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now, ——why, hanging.
CAM. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.
AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.
CAM. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [*Giving money.*
AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.
CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.
AUT. Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside.*] I smell the trick on't.
FLO. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.
AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.
CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over[e]) to shipboard
Get undescried.
PER. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

[a] — i' the rear of our birth.] The original has,—"i' th' reare' 'our Birth."

[b] Nor shall appear in Sicilia.] It is usual to print this with a break after "Sicilia;" the proper remedy, we believe, is to insert "so," which appears to have dropped out at press,—"Nor shall appear *so* in Sicilia."

[c] — pomander,—] A *pomander* was a ball of perfumes, "*Pomme d'ambre*," carried in the pocket, worn round the neck, or suspended from the wrist.

[d] — *the* nothing *of it.*] It has been suggested that "nothing" in this place is a misprint for *noting;* but like *moth* for *mote*, it is only the old mode of spelling that word.

[e] (*For I do fear eyes over*)] Rowe reads,—"*eyes over you;*" a MS. note in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio has, "*eyrs over;*" and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same alteration.

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CAM. No remedy.—
Have you done there?
FLO. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
AUT. Adieu, sir.
FLO. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*
CAM. [*Aside.*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
FLO. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
CAM. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt* FLO. PER. *and* CAM.

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.—Aside, aside!—here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.
SHEP. Nay, but hear me.
CLO. Nay, but hear me.
SHEP. Go to, then.
CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too,—who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.
CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.
AUT. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!
SHEP. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel[a] will make him scratch his beard.
AUT. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.
CLO. Pray heartily he be at palace.
AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[b]—[*Aside. Taking off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?
SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.
AUT. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.
CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir.
AUT. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.
CLO. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.
SHEP. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?
AUT. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or* toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.
SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.
AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?
SHEP. I know not, an 't like you.
CLO. [*Aside to the* Shepherd.] Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.
SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.
AUT. How blest'd are we that are not simple men!

a — fardel—] A *bundle, pack, or burden.*
b — excrement.] He means *beard.* We have a similar application of the word in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1,—"and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my *excrement*, with my mustachio."

(*) Old text, *at.*

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Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I 'll not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

AUT. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king: and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir?

AUT. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

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SHEP. So 't is said, sir,—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[a] let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLO. Think you so, sir?

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

CLO. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

AUT. He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication[b] proclaims, shall be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him,—where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLO. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,—stoned, and flayed alive!

SHEP. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promised?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

CLO. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUT. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son; —hang him, he 'll be made an example.

CLO. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLO. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

SHEP. Let 's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, —gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

[a] *If that shepherd be not in* hand-fast, *let him fly;*] The only critic who has noticed the term "hand-fast" is Mr. R. G. White; and he quite mistakes its meaning. To be in "hand-fast"=*main-prize*, is to be at large only on security given.

[b] — prognostication *proclaims*,—] The hottest day predicted by the almanac. "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title, 'An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God 1595.'"—MALONE.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:[a]
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. *Kill'd!*
She I *kill'd!* I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy

[a] True, too true, my lord:] A correction of Theobald; the old editions have me.—

[b] "Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.
Paul. Too true (my Lord;)"

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Than to rejoice the former queen is well?[a]
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?
PAUL. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
LEON. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
PAUL. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
LEON. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and on this stage
(Where we offenders now) appear,[b] soul-vex'd,
And begin, *Why to me?*
PAUL. Had she such power,
She had just cause.[c]
LEON. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
PAUL. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'd shriek, that even your
ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine!*
LEON. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
PAUL. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
LEON. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
CLEO. You tempt him over-much.
PAUL. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
CLEO. Good madam,—
PAUL. I have done.[d]
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
LEON. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.
PAUL. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

GENT. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.
LEON. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
GENT. But few,
And those but mean.
LEON. His princess, say you, with him?
GENT. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
PAUL. O, Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave[e]
Give way to what 's seen now. Sir, you yourself

[a] — *the former queen* is well?] An expression applied to the dead: thus in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II. Sc. 5,—

"*Mess.* First, madam, he is *well*.
Cleop. Why there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say *the dead are well*," &c.

See also Malone's note in the Variorum edition, Vol. XIV. p. 400.

[b] —— and on this stage
(Where we offenders now) appear, &c.]

Theobald reads,—

"—— and on this stage
(Where we *offend her* now) appear," &c.

[c] She had just cause.] The first and second folios have,—"She had just *such* cause."

[d] PAUL. I have done.] In the old editions, the words, "I have done," form part of the preceding speech; they were properly assigned by Capell.

[e] —— *so must thy grave*
Give way to what's seen now.]

"Grave" has been changed by some editors to *grace*, by other to *graces*: to the destruction of a very fine idea.

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Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd ;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once ; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam ;
The one I have almost forgot ; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL. How ! not women ?

GENT. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,

[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.

He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess,—goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

FLO. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia ; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[a]
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person ?

FLO. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father 's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

[a] — *that a king*, at friend,—] This has been variously and needlessly altered : the most recent change is,—"a king *as* friend ;" but "a king at friend" means a king on terms of friendship, and is as much the phraseology of Shakespeare's age as "*to* friend."—"I know that we shall have him well to friend."—*Julius Cæsar*, Act III. Sc. 1 ; "Had I admittance and opportunity to friend,"—*Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. 4.

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Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where 's Bohemia? speak!

LORD. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay 't so to his charge;
He 's with the king your father.

LEON. Who? Camillo?

LORD. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

PER. O, my poor father!—
The heavens set spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married?

FLO. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low 's alike.

LEON. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO. She is,
When once she is my wife.

LEON. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

FLO. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,[a]
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

AUT. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

AUT. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

GENT. I make a broken delivery of the business;—but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[b] were joy or sorrow,—but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.—Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more:

Enter ROGERO.

The news, Rogero?

ROG. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a

[a] Sir, my liege,—] See note (a), p. 204.

[b] —*if the* importance *were joy or sorrow*,—] The meaning seems to be,—A mere spectator could never have said whether their emotion were of joyful or sorrowing significance.

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deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.—Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—

Enter Paulina's Steward.

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Stew. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding;—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Rog. No.

Stew. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,—for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping* her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Rog. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Stew. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Stew. Wrecked the same instant of their

* — *with* clipping *her;*] That is, embracing her. So in "Coriolanus," Act 1. Sc. 6,—

"O! let me *clip* ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd."

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master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

STEW. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears,—for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

GENT. Are they returned to the court?

STEW. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, —a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer:—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

ROG. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

GENT. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLO. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLO. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLO. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept,—and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEP. We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLO. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEP. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLO. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLO. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEP. You may say it, but not swear it.

CLO. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLO. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,[a] and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

[a] — a tall fellow of thy hands,—] See note (*), p. 237, Vol. II.

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Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Chapel in* Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O, grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouch-saf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your[a] contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble:—but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely,* apart. But here it is—prepare

[a] *With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted*—] This verse reads so uncouthly that we suspect the second "your" to be an interpolation of the compositor.

(*) Old text, *Lonely.*

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To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and discovers* HERMIONE *as a statue.*

I like your silence,—it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

LEON. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione, or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding,—for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged as this seems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;

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Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
LEON. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd,—does not the stone rebuke me,—
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!
PER. And give me leave;
And do not say 't is superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
PAUL. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
POL. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
PAUL. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have show'd it.

a Let be! let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it!—]

To a reader of taste and sensibility, the art by which the emotions of Leontes are developed in this situation, from the moment when with an apparent feeling of disappointment he first beholds the "so much wrinkled" statue, and gradually becomes impressed, amazed, enthralled, till at length, borne along by a wild, tumultuous throng of indefinable sensations, he reaches that grand climax where, in delirious rapture, he clasps the figure to his bosom and faintly murmurs,—

"O, she's warm!"

must appear consummate. Mr. Collier and his annotator, however, are not satisfied. To them the eloquent abruption,—

"— but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?"

is but a blot, and so, to add "to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes," they stem the torrent of his passion in midstream and make him drivel out,—

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone."!

Can anything be viler? Conceive Leontes whimpering of himself as "dead," just when the thick pulsation of his heart could have been heard! and speaking of the statue as a "stone" at the very moment when, to his imagination, it was flesh and blood! Was it thus Shakespeare wrought! The insertion of such a line in such a place is absolutely monstrous, and implies, both in the forger and the utterer, an entire incompetence to appreciate the finer touches of his genius. But it does more, for it betrays the most discreditable ignorance of the current phraseology of the poet's time. When Leontes says,—

LEON. Do not draw the curtain!
PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEON. Let be! let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—a
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord!
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
POL. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art!
PAUL. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.
LEON. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone!
PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
LEON. Do, Paulina!
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her! What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
PAUL. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;(1)
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—"

Mr. Collier's annotator, and Mr. Collier, and all the advocates of the intercalated line, assume him to mean,—"I should desire to die, only that I am already dead or holding converse with the dead;" whereas, in fact, the expression, "*Would I were dead*," &c. is neither more nor less than an imprecation, equivalent to—"*Would I may die*," &c.; and the king's real meaning, in reference to Paulina's remark, that he will think anon it moves, is, "May I die, if I do not think it moves *already*." In proof of this, take the following examples, which might easily be multiplied a hundred-fold, of similar forms of speech:—

"—— and, *would I might be dead*,
If I in thought—" &c.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Sc. 4.

"*Would I had no being*,
If this salute my blood a jot."
Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. 3.

"*The gods rebuke me, but* it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. 1.

"*Would I with thunder presently might die*
So I might speak."
Summer's Last Will and Testament.

"—— *Let me suffer death*
If in my apprehension—" &c.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Play of The "Night-Walker,"* Act III. Sc. 6.

"*Would I were dead*," &c.
"If I do know," &c.
BEN JONSON'S *Tale of a Tub*, Act II. Sc. 1.

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LEON. No, not these twenty years!
PER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
PAUL. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move; indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
LEON. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
PAUL. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or * those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
LEON. Proceed!
No foot shall stir.
PAUL. Music, awake her, strike!—
[*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel! Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to Death your numbness, for from him
Dear Life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;
[HERMIONE *slowly descends from the pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor!
LEON. O, she 's warm!
[*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
POL. She embraces him!
CAM. She hangs about his neck!
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
POL. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead!
PAUL. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.
HER. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.
PAUL. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake[a] to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
LEON. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match, [mine;
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
But how, is to be question'd,—for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand:—whose[b] worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What!—look upon my brother:[c]—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *On.*

a Partake—] That is, *participate.*

b — whose *worth and honesty*, &c.] "Whose" refers to Camillo, not to Paulina.

c What!—look upon my brother:—] This unfolds a charming and delicate trait of action in Hermione; remembering how sixteen sad years agone her innocent freedoms with Polixenes had been misconstrued, and keenly sensible, even amidst the joy of her present restoration to child and husband, of the bitter penalty they had involved, she now turns from him, when they meet, with feelings of mingled modesty and apprehension.

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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene II.—

—— Still virginalling
Upon his palm!]

By "virginalling," Leontes meant that Hermione was tapping or fingering on the hand of Polixenes, in the manner of a person playing on the "Virginals." This instrument, which, with the spinet and harpsichord, Mr. Chappell tells us was the precursor of the modern pianoforte, was stringed, and played on with keys, formerly called *jacks*:—

> "Where be these rascals that skip up and down,
> Faster than *virginal jacks*?"
> *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, Act IV. Sc. I.

It was of an oblong shape, somewhat resembling a small square pianoforte, and, from the repeated mention of it in books of Shakespeare's age, as well as long afterwards, must have been in general vogue among the opulent. The name, as Nares supposed, was most probably derived from its being chiefly used by young girls.

(2) Scene II.—*Are you mov'd, my lord?*] In Greene's novel, the theme of which, it will be seen from our extracts, Shakespeare pretty closely followed, except in the repulsive catastrophe, the scene of action is reversed; Pandosto [Leontes] being King of Bohemia, and Egistus [Polixenes] King of Sicilia. After describing the visit paid by the latter to Pandosto, and the "honest familiarity" which sprang up between him and Bellaria [Hermione], the novelist proceeds to expatiate on the effects of this familiarity upon the mind of Pandosto:—

"He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowly to see if he coulde gette any true and certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meanynges, they two seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a frantieke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowring countenance to Bellaria; who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience ceassed to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumpe. In the meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play."

(3) Scene II.—

—— I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. *I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.*]

Compare the corresponding circumstances as related in the novel:—"Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to geve him a thousande crownes of yearely revenues.

"His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloudy request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, showing him what an offence murther was to the Gods; how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did sildome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them; that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance; how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmity between the Sycilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit prevaile to diswade him from his devellish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baites, preferment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented as soone as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus; wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restles sorrow."

(4) Scene II. — *Come, sir, away!* [*Exeunt.*] The betrayal of the king's jealous design is thus related in the story:—"Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commanded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reportes or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causelesse mischiefe, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his maisters credite. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limnes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shaddow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller,

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and saide that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet beene any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his landa, to conspire with his enemies, to disswade his subjects from their allegiance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should moove Pandosto to seeke his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to oldes.

"Franion staying him in the middst of his talke, told him that to dally with princes was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischiefe, it might have beene better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie; therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaneng, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor; and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. Egistus hearing the solemne protestations of Franion, begann to consider that in love and kingdomes neither faith nor lawe is to bee respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sicilia. These and such doubtes throughly weyghed he gave great thankes to Franion, promising if hee might with life returne to Syracusa, that he would create him a duke in Sycilia, craving his counsell how hee might escape out of the countrie."

ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—

—— Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.]

"Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure; in so much that incensed with rage he commaundes that his wife should be carried straight to prison untill they heard further of his pleasure. The guarde, unwilling to lay their hands one such a vertuous princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall.

"But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled follie was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be ravied on, but not revenged, determined to wreake all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the queene and Egistus had, by the help of Franion, not only committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death: whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumstances throughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pittyed her case, as sorrowful that so good a ladye should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would remit no pitty, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wives falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should never be glutted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the treachery of Egistus with a totall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him if needs should serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia."
—*Pandosto. The Triumph of Time*, 1588.

(2) Scene III.—*Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!*] In the novel, as in the play, the unhappy queen, while in prison, gives birth to a daughter, which the king at first determines shall be burnt, but being diverted from this bloody purpose by the remonstrance of his nobles, he resolves to set the hapless infant adrift upon the sea:—"The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who quite devoide of pity commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor other [*rudder!*] to guid it and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune; but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bowes made a homely cabben to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves that the ship men thought it could not continue long without sincking; yea, the storm grew so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare."

ACT III.

(1) Scene II.—*Look for no less than death.*] "But leaving the childe to her fortunes, againe to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge desired which way he should best increase his wives calamities. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, feeling in herselfe a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde and desired that

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she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousie was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their wordes were sufficient witnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her state countenaunce should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited."—*Pandosto. The Triumph of Time*, 1588.

(2) SCENE II.—

—— Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!]

The extracts here given will show that in most of the incidents connected with the arraignment of the queen, the great dramatist varies but little from the story. He has made one important change, however, without which we should have lost the finest scene in the play; for in the novel the unfortunate lady, overcome with grief for the death of her eldest child, expires in the public court shortly after the response of the oracle is declared.

"The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined and sworne, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, (for seeing she was a prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres) then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answere that in this case he might and would dispence with the law, and that the jury being once panneld they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetual infamie than momentarie death, told the king if his furie might stand for a law that it were vaine to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee would graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whom he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus or conspired to poyson him with Franion? and if the god Apollo, who by his divine essence knew al secrets, gave answere that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadores dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison."

(3) SCENE II.—*And the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*] The answer of the oracle in the play is almost literally the same as that in the tale:—

"THE ORACLE.

"Suspition is no proofe: Jealousie is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: His babe innocent, and the king shall live long without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde."

(4) SCENE III.—*They have scared away two of my best sheep,—— if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy.*] This is one of the instances, proving that Shakespeare had the novel before him while composing his drama, in which the identical expression of the original is transferred to the copy. After recounting how the babe, which had been left to the mercies of the "gastfull seas," "floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffe to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coaste of Sycilia, where sticking uppon the sandes it rested," the novelist proceedsto toll that, "It fortuned a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchaunce the sheepe was *browsing on the sea ivy*, whereon they greatly doe feede; but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke hee heard a child crie, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleatyng of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowely, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spyed a little boate, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*Trol-my-dames.*] A game more anciently known as "Pigeon-holes," because the balls were driven through arches on the board resembling the apertures in a dove-cote. It is mentioned in a treatise, quoted by Farmer, on "*Buckstone Bathes*;"—"The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed;" and an illustration, showing the board and mode of play, will be found prefixed to Emblem No. II. in Quarles' "Emblems," 1635, which begins:—

"Prepost'rous fool, thou *troul'st* amiss:
Thou err'st: that's not the way, 'tis this."

(2) SCENE II.—*An ape-bearer.*] In explanation of a passage in Massinger's play of "The Bondman," Act III. Sc. 3, Gifford has an amusing note on the excellence displayed by our ancestors in the education of animals:—"Banks's horse far surpassed all that have been brought up in the academy of Mr. Astley; and the apes of these days are mere clowns to their progenitors. The apes of Massinger's time were gifted with a pretty smattering of politics and philosophy. The widow Wild had one of them: 'He would *come over* for all my friends, but was the dog-

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god'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon his tale before them, and frown like John-a-napes when the pope is named.'"—*The Parson's Wedding.*

Another may be found in *Ram Alley*:—

> "Men say you've tricks; remember, noble captain,
> You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,
> What can you do for the great Turk?
> What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
> Lo!
> He stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not.
> What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?
> [*Captain holds up his hand*," &c.
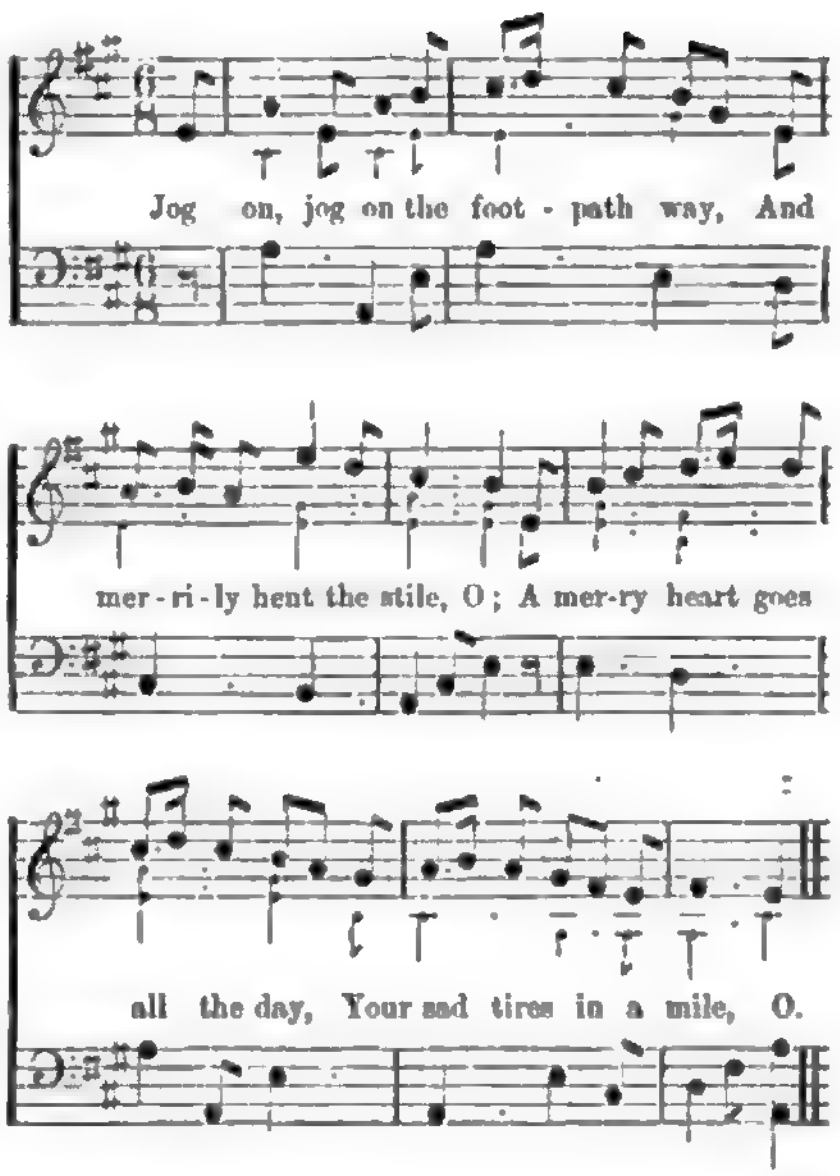
The occupation of the ape-bearer, then, was to instruct apes in their tumbling, and to exhibit the learned animals for a consideration to the public. The course of tuition must have required no little patience on the part of the teacher, and great docility in the pupil; for it usually ended in giving to the ape-bearer an absolute control over the creature, which, by means of some secret correspondence between them, could be made to express either anger or good-humour at the keeper's will. This perfect mastery gave occasion for a saying attributed to James I.—"If I have Jack-a-napes, I can make him bite you; if you have Jack-a-napes, you can make him bite me." In the Induction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," the stage-keeper speaks of "a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the prince; and sit still for the Pope and the King of Spain." This evolution of *coming over*, &c. was performed by the animal's placing his forepaws on the ground, and turning over the chain on his head, and going back again in the same fashion, as the feat is represented in an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century.

(3) Scene II.—*Then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son.*] A "Motion," though sometimes used to denote a *puppet*, more frequently signified a *puppet-show*. In these exhibitions, the successors of the ancient Mysteries, scriptural subjects appear to have been the most attractive. In Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," Act V. Sc. I., the master of a puppet-show ejaculates,—"O, the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to in my time since my master, Pod, died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich, and Solom and Gomorrah," &c. Mr. Halliwell has given an engraving representing the performance of a *Motion* of the Prodigal Son, copied from an English woodcut of the seventeenth century; and Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," reprints a Bartholomew Fair showman's bill, which affords a lively picture of what a *Motion* was in later times:—"At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels ringing of bells.—Likewise Machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom," &c.

(4) Scene II.—

> *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*
> *And merrily hent the stile-a:*
> *A merry heart goes all the day,*
> *Your sad tires in a mile-a.*]

These lines are part of a song found in a collection of "Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches," called "An Antidote against Melancholy;" 1661. It is said to have been set as a round for three voices by John Hilton; and the melody, a base and accompaniment being added, is given as follows from "The Dancing Master," 1650, by Mr. Knight in his "Pictorial Shakespeare:"—



(5) Scene III.—

> *I bless the time,*
> *When my good falcon made her flight across*
> *Thy father's ground.*]

So in the tale:—"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepheards use. As the evening grew on, and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and kilde store of game) incountred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia he was halfe afraid fearing that with Acteon he had seene Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature."

(6) Scene III.—

> —— *The gods themselves,*
> *Humbling their deities to love, have taken*
> *The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter*
> *Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune*
> *A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,*
> *Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,*
> *As I seem now.*]

Literally, this is from the novel; but mark the change effected by the few but admirably chosen epithets:—"And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepheards weede; the heavenly godes have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepheard: they godes, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love."

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(7) Scene III.—

——*O, Proserpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!

See the passage in Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. v.

"—— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis,—"

and the following translation by Shakespeare's contemporary, Golding:—

"Neare Enna walles there stands a lake Pergusa is the name,
Cayster heareth not more songs of swannes than doth the same.
A wood environs every side the water round about,
And with his leaves as with a veile doth keepe the sun heat out.
The boughes doo yeeld a coole fresh aire: the moistnesse of the ground
Yeelds sundrie flowers: continuall spring is all the yeare there found.
While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either violets blew, or lillies white as lime,
And while of maidenlie desire she fild her maund and lap
Endevouring to out gather her companions there. By hap
Dis spide her, lov'd her, caught her up, and all at once well neere:
So hastie, hot, and swift a thing is love, as may appeere.
The ladie with a wailing voice affright did often call
Her mother and her waiting maids, but mother most of all.
And as she from the upper part her garment would have rent
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out the flowers went."

(8) Scene III.—*Poking-sticks of steel.*] "These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's 'Malcontent' Act V. Sc. 3] 1604, is the following instance: 'There is such a deale a pinning these ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth all; and again, if you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form,' &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of 'Blurt, Master Constable' [Act III. Sc. 3], 1602: 'Your ruff must stand in print; and for that purpose, get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your [lily sweating] hands.' Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, 8vo. no date: 'They (*poking-sticks*) be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe,' &c."—Steevens.

(9) Scene III.—*Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, &c.*] "The Shakesperian era was the age of ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders, which were either gross exaggerations of facts or mere inventions. The present dialogue seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—'The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east cost of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566.' In 1569 was published a prose broadside, containing,—'A true description of this marveilous straunge Fishe, which was taken on Thursday was sennight, the 16. day of June, this present month, in the yeare of our Lord God, 1569.—Finis, Qd. C. R.—Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreete, beneath the conduit, at the signe of Saint John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell.' In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: 'A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the forme of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea;' and in May of the same year, 'a ballad called a ballad of a strange and monstruous fishe seene in the sea on Friday the 17 of Febr. 1603.' In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a licence to Francis Sherret to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635.'"—Halliwell.

(10) Scene III.—*Men of hair.*] A dance in which the performers were disguised as satyrs, not unusually formed a feature of the entertainment on festival occasions in olden time, and this species of masquerade is connected with a very tragic incident, graphically told by Froissart, which occurred at the French court in 1392: —

"It fortuned that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles, and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph: there was the Dukes of Orléans, Berry, and Bourgoyne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry: and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreymen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the earl of Valentenois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthorillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses,* full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were apparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—'Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said,—'Juan, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised;' and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orléans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them: five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

"When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm, to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orléans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world: but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called

* Savages.

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Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen. And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried over with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix and the Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

ACT V.

(1) Scene III.—*The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.*] However general the distaste for colouring sculpture in the present day, there can be no denying that the practice is of very high antiquity; since the painted low reliefs found in such profusion in the Egyptian tombs are usually assigned to the period B.C. 2400. In those remains there appears to have been the same intention as that shown in the coloured Monumental Effigies of the later middle-ages and the sixteenth century; namely, the production of a perfect and substantial image of the person represented, painted with his natural complexion and apparelled "in his habit as he lived." In this view of the custom it may be divested of much of its bad taste; especially if we suppose that really eminent artists were frequently employed as well on the painting of the figure as on the modelling and carving it. The later commentators only have taken this the true view of the statue of Hermione; though they have all pointed out the poet's error in representing Giulio Romano as a sculptor. We are inclined to doubt, however, whether Shakespeare committed any mistake upon the subject: when he calls the statue "A piece many years in doing, and now newly performed," he may have remembered that Vasari, Romano's contemporary, has recorded that "over his paintings he sometimes consumed months and even years, until they became wearisome to him." And when he represents this artist as colouring sculpture, he may have recollected the same authority states, that Giulio Romano built a house for himself in Mantua, opposite to the church of St. Barnaba. "The front of this he *adorned with a fantastic decoration of coloured stuccoes; causing it at the same time to be painted and adorned with stucco-work within.*" It will be readily admitted that when the practice of making painted effigy portraits and busts was established, the greatest talent as well as the most inferior might be employed on the colouring; and Vasari adds further, that Giulio Romano would not refuse to set his hand to the most trifling matter, when the object was to do a service to his lord or to give pleasure to his friends.

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE WINTER'S TALE.

"'The Winter's Tale' is as appropriately named as 'The Midsummer Night's Dream.' It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, and are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, while, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, and invested with the embellishments of poetry, lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, they transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, when all end at last in universal joy: and, accordingly, Shakspeare has here taken the greatest licence of anachronisms and geographical errors; not to mention other incongruities, he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Giulio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle. The piece divides itself in some degree into two plays. Leontes becomes suddenly jealous of his royal bosom-friend Polyxenes, who is on a visit to his court; makes an attempt on his life, from which Polyxenes only saves himself by a clandestine flight;—Hermione, suspected of infidelity, is thrown into prison, and the daughter which she there brings into the world is exposed on a remote coast;—the accused queen, declared innocent by the oracle, on learning that her infant son has pined to death on her account, falls down in a swoon, and is mourned as dead by her husband, who becomes sensible, when too late, of his error: all this makes up the first three acts. The last two are separated from these by a chasm of sixteen years; but the foregoing tragical catastrophe was only apparent, and this serves to connect the two parts. The princess, who has been exposed on the coast of Polyxenes' kingdom, grows up among low shepherds; but her tender beauty, her noble manners, and elevation of sentiment, bespeak her descent; the Crown Prince Florizel, in the course of his hawking, falls in with her, becomes enamoured, and courts her in the disguise of a shepherd; at a rural entertainment Polyxenes discovers their attachment, and breaks out into a violent rage; the two lovers seek refuge from his persecutions at the court of Leontes in Sicily, where the discovery and general reconciliation take place. Lastly, when Leontes beholds, as he imagines, the statue of his lost wife, it descends from the niche: it is she herself, the still living Hermione, who has kept herself so long concealed; and the piece ends with universal rejoicing. The jealousy of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, developed through all its causes, symptoms, and variations; it is brought forward at once full grown and mature, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion whose effects the spectator is more concerned with than its origin, and which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece. In fact, the poet might perhaps have wished slightly to indicate that Hermione, though virtuous, was too warm in her efforts to please Polyxenes; and it appears as if this germ of inclination first attained its proper maturity in their children. Nothing can be more fresh and youthful, nothing at once so ideally pastoral and princely, as the love of Florizel and Perdita; of the prince, whom love converts into a voluntary shepherd; and the princess, who betrays her exalted origin without knowing it, and in whose hands nosegays become crowns. Shakspeare has never hesitated to place ideal poetry side by side of the most vulgar prose: and in the world of reality also this is generally the case. Perdita's foster-father and his son are both made simple boors, that we may the more distinctly see how all that ennobles her belongs only to herself. Autolycus, the merry pedlar and pickpocket, so inimitably portrayed, is necessary to complete the rustic feast, which Perdita on her part seems to render meet for an assemblage of gods in disguise."—SCHLEGEL.

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Act IV. Sc. 4.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

FOURTEEN years before the appearance of the folio of 1623, a quarto edition of this play was published under the title of "The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, over against the great North doore. 1609." In the same year, another edition, or rather a second issue of the above, was printed with a different title-page,—"The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London," &c. Nor is this the only diversity between the two issues, for the first contains the following curious prefatory address, which was omitted in all the subsequent copies,—

"*A never Writer to an ever Reader.* NEWES.

"Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the Stage, never clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing commicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of Commodies changde for the titles of commodities, or of Playes for Pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this author's Commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common Commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with Playes are pleasd with his Commodies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-wittied then they came; feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had brain to grinde it on. So much and such savoured salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best Commedie in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his Commodies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and Judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude: but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills, I beleeve, you should have prayd for them rather then been prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.—VALE."

From this address we may conclude that, when first published, the piece had not been acted, or only acted at court, and that, being shortly after represented on the stage, it was thought necessary to withdraw the preface, and substitute another title-page.

In Henslowe's Diary is an entry, showing that in April, 1599, Decker and Chettle were occupied in writing a play, called "Troilus and Cressida," and this may have been the "booke" recorded on the Stationers' Registers, February 7th, 1602-3,—

"Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men."

Farther, as the company to which Shakespeare belonged was entitled the "Lord Chamberlain's Servants" until the year 1603, and as some parts of his "Troilus and Cressida" are evidently the production of an inferior writer, it is not at all improbable that the earlier piece formed the basis of the later one.

In the preface to his alteration of the present play, Dryden remarks that, "The original story was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English." "'Twere to consider too curiously," perhaps, to enter here upon the question whether "Myn auctor Lollius" were a tangible personage, or the mere creation of the old bard's fancy; we may be satisfied the plot of the drama is immediately founded upon the poem of "Troylus and Cryseyde." Upon this point there can be no reasonable doubt; and Mr. Godwin, in his "Life of Chaucer," complains, with reason, that the commentators have dealt ungenerously towards the elder poet in not acknowledging the honour conferred upon him by the immortal dramatist,—

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"It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Cresseide,' without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakespear. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakespear against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, 'Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.' Mr. Steevens asserts that 'Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the Troye Boke of Lydgate.' And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the 'History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,' as 'Shakspeare's authority' in the composition of this drama. * * * * * The fact is, that the play of Shakespear we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. * * * * *

"We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakespear of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman's translation of Homer, the 'Troy Book' of Lydgate, and Caxton's 'History of the Destruction of Troy.' It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of 'Troilus and Cresseide' among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakespear and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakespear has taken the story of Chaucer with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity;—an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer."

Persons Represented.

PRIAM, *King of* Troy.

HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, — *His Sons.*

MARGARELON, *a natural Son of* Priam.

ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, — Trojan *Commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a* Trojan *Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to* Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, *the* Grecian *General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES, ULYSSES, NESTOR, AJAX, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, — Grecian *Commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous* Grecian.

ALEXANDER, *Servant to* Cressida.

Servant *to* Troilus.

Servant *to* Paris.

Servant *to* Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to* Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* Hector.

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* Priam; *a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan *and* Grecian *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—TROY; *and the* Grecian *Camp before it.*

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PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[a] their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks* do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides,[b] with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr[c] up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,[d]—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[e] and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

(*) First folio, *Barke.*

a *The princes* orgulous,—] "Orgulous," from the French *Orgueilleux*, means *proud, haughty*.

b Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides,—]

So these names are exhibited in the folio 1623, (with the exception of the last, which is there "*Antenonidus,*") a circumstance that leads us to conjecture Shakespeare had consulted Lydgate's poem called, "The hystorye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye,"—

"The firste of all and strengest eke withall
* * * * * *
Was by the Kynge called *Dardanydes;*
And in storye lyke as it is founde,
Tymbria was named the seconde;
And the thirde called *Helyas;*
The fourthe gate highte also *Cethens;*
The fyfte *Troiana*, the syxth *Anthonydes,*" &c.—

as well as Caxton's "Recuyell of the historyes of Troye," &c., where, in the chapter headed, "How the Kynge Priam reedified the cyte of troye," it is said, "In this Cyte were sixe pryncipall gates, of whome that one was named *dardane*, the seconde *tymbria*, the third *helyas*, the fourthe *chetas*, the fifthe *troyenne*, and the sixthe *antenorides*."

c Sperr *up the sons of Troy.*] The folio, where alone of the old editions this Prologue is given, reads, "*Stirre* up." Theobald first proposed "Sperr," an old word signifying *to shut up*, which is occasionally used by Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our early writers.

d — arm'd,—] From this it appears that the speaker of the Prologue, instead of wearing the customary black cloak, was dressed in armour,—"In like conditions as our argument."

e — *the* vaunt—] That is, the *van*, the *fore-going*, the *beginning*.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

TRO. Call here my varlet;* I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

PAN. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

PAN. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

* — varlet;] A "varlet" anciently signified a *footman* or *servant.*

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TRO. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

TRO. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

TRO. Still have I tarried.

PAN. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word *hereafter*, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TRO. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench[a] at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—when is she thence?[b]

PAN. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TRO. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm*)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PAN. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,†—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

TRO. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, *she is fair;*
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice:
Handlest in thy discourse,—*O, that her hand,*[c]
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PAN. I speak no more than truth.

TRO. Thou dost not speak so much.

PAN. Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.[d]

TRO. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PAN. Because she 's kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.[e] But what care I? I care not an she were a blackamoor; 't is all one to me.

TRO. Say I she is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

TRO. Pandarus,—

PAN. Not I.

TRO. Sweet Pandarus,—

PAN. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit. An alarum.*

TRO. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

(*) Old text, *a-scorne*, corrected by Rowe. (†) First folio, *it*.

[a] — blench—] To *blench* meant to *flinch*, or *start off*. The word is found again in "The Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 2; in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2; and in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 5.

[b] — when she comes!—when is she thence!] So Rowe; the old editions having,—

"—— *then* she comes when *she is* thence."

[c] Handlest in thy discourse,—*O, that her hand*, &c.] This line, we surmise, has suffered from a compositor's transposition: the genuine reading, apparently, being,—

"Handlest in thy discourse her hand,—*O, that,*
In whose comparison," &c.

Unless, indeed, the words, "her hand," were intended to be repeated,—

"Handlest in thy discourse her hand—*O, that her hand,*" &c.

In any case, it is evident from what follows,—"this thou tell'st me," &c.—that Troilus is repeating, or pretending to repeat, what Pandarus had said in praise of Cressida's hand; and the lines should be marked as a quotation.

[d] — she has the mends in her own hands.] This was a proverbial expression; the meaning,—She must make the best of it. So Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy,"—"— and if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their own hands*—they must thank themselves."

[e] — she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.] We are not sure we understand this; it perhaps means,—She would be considered as fair in ordinary apparel as Helen in holiday finery.

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Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

TRO. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,[a]
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

ÆNE. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TRO. By whom, Æneas?

ÆNE. Troilus, by Menelaus.

TRO. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

ÆNE. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

TRO. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But to the sport abroad;—are you bound thither?

ÆNE. In all swift haste.

TRO. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

CRES. Who were those went by?

ALEX. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRES. And whither go they?

ALEX. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid* Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,[b]
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

CRES. What was his cause of anger?

ALEX. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

CRES. Good; and what of him?

ALEX. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

CRES. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

ALEX. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions;[c] he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair:[d] he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind* Argus, all eyes and no sight.

CRES. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

ALEX. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain† and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

CRES. Who comes here?

ALEX. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

CRES. Hector's a gallant man.

ALEX. As may be in the world, lady.

PAN. What's that? what's that?

CRES. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PAN. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

CRES. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRES. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

PAN. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

CRES. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRES. So he says here.

(*) First folio, *chides*.

[a] — sorts,—] That is, *suits, fits, is appropriate*. As in "Henry V." Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"It *sorts* well with thy fierceness."

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,—] Some corruption has been suspected here: and it is noticeable, that both

(*) First folio, *purblinded*. (†) First folio, *disdaind*.

in the quartos and folio the disputed word is spelt *lyte*, not *light*. yet the obvious meaning, that Hector was lightly armed, is sufficiently intelligible.

[c] — additions;] *Qualities*, or *characteristics*.

[d] — against the hair:] As we now say,—*against the grain*. The French have still the expression,—*à contrepoil*.

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Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor* Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself,—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

(*) First folio, not.

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PAN. He is elder.

CRES. Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN. The other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit* this year.

CRES. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

PAN. Nor his qualities,—

CRES. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRES. 'Twould not become him,—his own 's better.

PAN. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither—

CRES. No, but brown.

PAN. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRES. To say the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She praised his complexion above Paris.

CRES. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRES. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

PAN. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRES. Then she 's a merry Greek,[a] indeed.

PAN. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,—and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

CRES. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRES. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[b]

PAN. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

CRES. Juno have mercy!—how came it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRES. O, he smiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRES. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

CRES. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

PAN. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRES. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

CRES. Without the rack.

PAN. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRES. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

CRES. With mill-stones.

PAN. And Cassandra laughed,—

CRES. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And Hector laughed.

CRES. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRES. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

PAN. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

CRES. What was his answer?

PAN. Quoth she, *Here 's but one and fifty hairs*[c] *on your chin, and one of them is white.*

CRES. This is her question.

PAN. That 's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck 't out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

CRES. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

PAN. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

CRES. So I do.*

PAN. I 'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

CRES. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

PAN. Hark! they are coming from the field:

(*) Old text, *will*.—Rowe's correction.

a — a merry Greek,—] This expression, which seems to have meant a *wag*, or *humourist*, is frequently met with in old books. Our earliest English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," has a character, who is the droll of the piece, called "Matthewe Merygreeke." See, too, Act IV. Sc. 4, of the present play,—

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the *merry Greeks*."

b — *so old a* lifter?] A "lifter" was anciently a cant term for a thief; and we still retain it in *shop-lifter*.

c — *one and fifty hairs*—] The old text has, "— *two* and fifty hairs," &c., which Theobald changed, to make out the number of Priam and his fifty sons.

(*) First folio, *does*.

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shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

CRES. At your pleasure.

PAN. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

CRES. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

PAN. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell* you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR passes over.

CRES. Who's that?

PAN. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments† in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRES. Will he give you the nod?[a]

PAN. You shall see.

CRES. If he do, the rich[b] shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

PAN. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—there's a brave man, niece!—O, brave Hector!(1)—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

CRES. O, a‡ brave man!

PAN. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's§ laying on, take't off who will,‖ as they say: there be hacks!

CRES. Be those with swords?

PAN. Swords! any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—

PARIS passes over.

Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see* Troilus anon.

HELENUS passes over.

CRES. Who's that?

PAN. That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

CRES. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus! no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, *Troilus?*—Helenus is a priest.

CRES. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

PAN. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

CRES. Peace, for shame, peace!

PAN. Mark him; note† him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O, admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O, admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye‡ to boot.

CRES. Here come more.

Forces pass over the stage.

PAN. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRES. There is among the Greeks, Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

PAN. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRES. Well, well.

PAN. *Well, well?*—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, dis-

(*) First folio omits, *tell.* (†) First folio, *judgement.*
(‡) First folio omits, *a.* (§) First folio omits, *there's.*
(‖) First folio, *ill.*

(*) First folio omits, *see.* (†) First folio, *not.*
(‡) First folio, *give money.*

[a] *Will he give you the* nod?] To *give the nod* meant, we apprehend, like *to give the dor*—the using some gesture which turned the party against whom it was directed into ridicule.

[b] *If he do, the* rich *shall have more.*] If "rich" is the genuine word, it must have conveyed some allusion now lost to us; possibly, however, it may be only a misprint for *wretch.*

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course, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like,* the spice and salt that seasons a man?

CRES. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

PAN. You are such a† woman! a man knows not at what ward you lie.

CRES. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie,‡ at a thousand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRES. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

PAN. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

BOY. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PAN. Where?

BOY. At your own house; there he unarms him.[a]

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit* Boy.
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

CRES. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRES. To bring,[b] uncle.

PAN. Ay, a token from Troilus. [*Exit.*

CRES. By the same token—you are a bawd.—
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:[c]
Then* though my heart's content† firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian *Camp. Before* Agamemnon's *Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

AGAM. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;[d]
And call them shames,‡ which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad§ and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

(*) First folio, *so forth.* (†) First folio, *such another woman.*
(‡) First folio, *I lye at, at,* &c.

[a] — there he unarms him.] These words are only in the quartos.

[b] PAN. I'll be with you, niece, &c.
CRES. To bring, *uncle.*]

Mr. Dyce has supplied some examples of the peculiar expression, *to be with a person to bring,*—

"And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promis'd me, and then *I'll be with him to bring.*"
PEELE's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.*

"And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, Balthazar, *I'll be with thee to bring.*"
KYD's *Spanish Tragedy,* Act IV.

(*) First folio, *That.* (†) First folio, *Contents.*
(‡) First folio, *thinke them shame.* (§) First folio, *lowd.*

But the particular meaning it conveyed has yet to be disclosed.

[c] Achievement is *command; ungain'd,* beseech:] There is so much obscurity in the construction of this "maxim," that, although to us, in its terse irregularity, it appears conformable to Shakespeare's style, we are not surprised that Mr. Harness's neat substitution,—

"*Achiev'd men* as command," &c.

should be generally preferred.

[d] — *behold our* works;] Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—"— behold our *wrecks*,"—perhaps rightly.

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Nest. With due observance of thy godlike* seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient† breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,

(*) First folio, *godly*. (†) Quartos, *ancient*.

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Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of Fortune: for in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,[a]
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Re-chides[b] to chiding Fortune.

ULYSS. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty, for thy place and sway,— [*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou, most reverend, for thy stretch'd-out life,— [*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears[c]
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great, and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

AGAM. Speak, prince of Ithaca;[d] and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff (*) jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

ULYSS. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And look how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other;(*) whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,(2)
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The[f] enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive[g] and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their(*) names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with(†) a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick

(*) Old text, *masticke*.

[a] — *the* brize,—] The *horse-fly*, or *gad*.

[b] Re-chides *to chiding Fortune*.] The old text has *Relires*: for which Pope substituted *Returns*: Hanmer, *Replies*; and Mr. Dyce, *Retorts*: the two former are not sufficiently expressive, but the last will perhaps be more readily accepted than the word we have ventured to adopt.

[c] On *which* heaven rides) *knit all* the Greekish *ears*—] So the quartos: the folio reads,—

"*In* which *the Heavens ride*, knit all *Grecian* ears."

[d] Speak, prince of Ithaca; &c.] This speech is omitted in the quarto.

(*) First folio, *her*. (†) First folio, *in*.

[e] *Amidst the* other;] Mr. Singer reads speciously, but certainly in error,—

"Amidst the *ether*."

[f] The *enterprise is sick!*] Hanmer has,—

"*Then* enterprise," &c.

[g] The primogenitive—] Mr. Collier asks, "Might we not read, *primogeniture?*"—forgetful that Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Hanmer, and Capell all read, *primogeniture*.

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands,* not in her strength.
NEST. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.
AGAM. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?
ULYSS. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he *imitation* calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested* seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd, [dropp'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem† hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'t is Agamemnon just!—*
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'dress'd[b] *to some oration.*
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! enough, Patroclus;*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,[c]
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.
NEST. And in the imitation of these twain
(Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles:* keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.
ULYSS. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls† them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.
NEST. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*
AGAM. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
MEN. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

AGAM. What would you 'fore our tent?
ÆNE. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
AGAM. Even this.

(*) First folio, *lives.* (†) First folio, *seemes.*

* — o'er-wrested *seeming*—] "O'er-wrested" means *overwound*: the image being taken from the instrument called a *wrest*, which was used for tuning the harp. In the old copies we have, "o'er rested," and the same mistake occurs in a subsequent passage, Act III. Sc. 3, where Calchas says,—

"—— But this Antenor,
I know is such a *wrest* in their affairs," &c.—

the old text reading,—

"—— a *rest* in their affairs," &c.

(*) First folio inserts, *and.* (†) First folio, *call.*

[b] — *being* 'dress'd—] That is, *address'd, prepared.*

[c] Severals and generals of grace exact,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"Severals and generals *all* grace *extract*," &c.;—

and Mr. Singer,—

"—— *are* of grace extract."

We should prefer,—

"Severals and generals of grace *and act*," &c.—

but are not quite convinced that any change is needed.

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ÆNE. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
AGAM. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
ÆNE. Fair leave and large security.—How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
AGAM. How?
ÆNE. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
AGAM. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair; unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord,*
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the* prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.[b]
AGAM. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
ÆNE. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
AGAM. What's your affair, I pray you?
ÆNE. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
AGAM. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
ÆNE. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

AGAM. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
ÆNE. Trumpet, blow loud;
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud;
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.(3) Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
AGAM. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.*
NEST. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host†
One noble man that hath one spark of fire

(*) First folio, *he.*

(*) First folio, *I'll be he.* (†) First folio, *mould.*

* ——— *and Jove's accord,*
Nothing so full of heart.]

Mr. Malone had not "the smallest doubt" that the poet wrote,—

"——— and Jove's *a god*
Nothing so full of heart."

We have very grave doubts whether he wrote anything of the kind; and are equally sceptical of "*Jove's accord*" being, like Horace's "*Jove probante*," an ablative absolute, as Steevens surmised. To us, "accord" appears to be a depravation of some word signifying of old a membraneous covering or receptacle for the heart; but this word we must admit our inability to supply.

[b] *But what the repining enemy commends,*
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.]

With the exception of Mr. Collier's annotator, who substitutes the senseless compound *soul-pure*, for "sole pure," the scholiasts appear to be perfectly satisfied with this passage as it stands in the ancient copies, and it would seem presumptuous, therefore, to disturb the text. At the same time, we entertain a firm conviction that Shakespeare has suffered here, as in other places, by a silly transposition of his words, and that he must have written,—

"But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise *pure Sol* transcends."

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To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

ÆNE. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth![a]

ULYSS. Amen.

AGAM. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.*
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all except* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.

ULYSS. Nestor,—

NEST. What says Ulysses?

ULYSS. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NEST. What is't?

ULYSS. This 'tis:—
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

NEST. Well, and how?

ULYSS. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NEST. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

ULYSS. And wake him to the answer, think you?

NEST. Yes, 't is most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour* off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation[b] shall be oddly[c] pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are† his instruments,[d]
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

ULYSS. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.* Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NEST. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

ULYSS. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax(4) draw
The sort[f] to fight with Hector: among ourselves,

(*) First folio, *first*.

[a] *Now heavens* forbid *such scarcity of* youth!] The quarto reads,—Now heavens *forfend* such scarcity of *men!*

[b] — imputation—] Mr. Collier, following his annotator, reads, "reputation," neither being aware that "imputation" was often used in that sense: see "Hamlet," Act V. Sc. 2,—"I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the *imputation* laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed."

[c] — oddly—] That is, *unequally*.

[d] Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,—] This and the two following lines are omitted in the quarto.

(*) Quarto, *those honours*. (†) Old text inserts, *in*.

* The lustre of the better *yet to show*,
Shall show the better.]

So the folio: the quarto reads,—

The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first.

[f] The sort—] That is, the *lot*.

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Give him allowance as the worthier man,[a]
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NEST. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;[b]
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre[c] the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] — *as the worthier man,*—] The quarto reads,—*for the better man.*

[b] Ulysses,
Now *I begin to relish thy advice;*]
The old text reads,—
"*Now, Ulysses,* I begin," &c.

[c] — tarre—] To *tarre* means to *provoke.* See note (*), p. 311, Vol. I.



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.(1)

AJAX. Thersites,—

THER. Agamemnon—how if he had boils, full, all over, generally?—

AJAX. Thersites,—

THER. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then?* were not that a botchy core?[a]—

AJAX. Dog,—

THER. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

AJAX. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

THER. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

AJAX. Speak then, thou vinewedst[b] leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

THER. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

AJAX. Toadstool! learn me the proclamation.

THER. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

AJAX. The proclamation,—

THER. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

(*) First folio omits, *then.*

[a] — *a botchy* core?—] Query, "a botchy *cur*"?

[b] — vinewedst *leaven*,—] *Vinewed* is mouldy or decayed. In the folio the word is misprinted *whinid'st*: the quarto reads, "unsalted."

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AJAX. Do not, porcupine,[a] do not; my fingers itch.

THER. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.[b]

AJAX. I say, the proclamation,—

THER. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

AJAX. Mistress Thersites!

THER. Thou shouldst strike him.

AJAX. Cobloaf!

THER. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

AJAX. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

THER. Do, do![c]

AJAX. Thou stool for a witch!

THER. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[d] may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold[e] among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX. You dog!

THER. You scurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur! [*Beating him.*

THER. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness! do, camel! do, do!

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHIL. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?[*]
How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

THER. You see him there, do you?

ACHIL. Ay; what's the matter?

THER. Nay, look upon him.

ACHIL. So I do; what's the matter?

THER. Nay, but regard him well.

ACHIL. *Well!* why, I do so.

THER. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHIL. I know that, fool.

THER. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THER. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

ACHIL. What?

THER. I say, this Ajax—

[AJAX *offers to beat him*, ACHILLES *interposes.*

ACHIL. Nay, good Ajax.

THER. Has not so much wit—

ACHIL. Nay, I must hold you.

THER. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHIL. Peace, fool!

THER. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

AJAX. O, thou damned cur! I shall—

ACHIL. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THER. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PATR. Good words, Thersites.

ACHIL. What's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THER. I serve thee not.

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THER. I serve here voluntary.

ACHIL. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

THER. Even so?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a[*] were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHIL. What, with me too, Thersites?

THER. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your † grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.‡

ACHIL. What, what?

THER. Yes, good sooth; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to![f]

AJAX. I shall cut out your tongue.

THER. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

(*) First folio, *this*.

[a] — porcupine,—] Here, as in other passages where the word occurs, it is spelt "porpentine," the old form, which ought perhaps to have been retained.

[b] When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.] This is omitted in the folio.

[c] Do, do!] An expression of contempt, which was probably accompanied by some mocking gesture or grimace.

(*) First folio, *he*. (†) Old text, *their*.
(‡) First folio, *warre*.

[d] — an assinego—] "Assinego" is a Portuguese word for an ass.

[e] — bought and sold—] That is, *out-witted, betrayed*. See note (*), p. 318, Vol. II.

[f] — to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!] *To! to!* are words of encouragement which ploughmen of old employed to their draught horses and oxen.

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PATR. No more words, Thersites; peace![*]
THER. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach† bids me, shall I?
ACHIL. There's for you, Patroclus.
THER. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*
PATR. A good riddance.
ACHIL. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain,—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.
AJAX. Farewell. Who shall answer him?
ACHIL. I know not, 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.
AJAX. O, meaning you?—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

PRI. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?
HECT. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth‡ my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure;[a] but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[b]
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
TROIL. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
HEL. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,[c]
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
TROIL. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,[d]
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare*-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
HECT. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
TROIL. What's aught, but as 'tis valued?
HECT. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad† idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive‡
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
TROIL. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

(*) First folio omits, *peace.* (†) Old text, *brooch.*
(‡) First folio, *touches.*

[a] Surety secure;] In other words, over-confident assurance.
[b] — dismes,—] *Tenths.*
[c] No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, &c.] Shakespeare repeats this poor quibble on *reasons* and *raisins* more than once. See note (*), p. 144, Vol. II.
[d] And fly like chidden Mercury, &c.] This and the following line are transposed in the folio.

(*) First folio, *hard.* (†) First folio, *made.*
(‡) First folio, *inclinable.*

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Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd* them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve†
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt,[a] whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale[b] the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—*Go, go!*)
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,—
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Without.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troil. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Without.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

(*) First folio, *spoyl'd*. (†) First folio, *same*.

[a] — an old aunt,—] This was Hesione, Priam's sister.

[b] — *makes* stale *the morning.*] The quarto reads,—"makes *pale* the morning," &c.

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Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*(2)

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
HECT. Peace, sister, peace!
CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,[a]
Soft infancy, that nothing canst[*] but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother,[b] Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[*Exit.*

HECT. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
TROIL. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
PAR. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass[c] the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRI. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
PAR. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
HECT. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:[d]
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners; now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations[*] speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,

(*) First folio, *can.*

[a] — *wrinkled* eld,—] The quarto has *elders*; the folio, *old.*

[b] Our fire-brand brother,—] An allusion to Hecuba having dreamed, when pregnant with Paris, she should bring forth a burning torch,—

"—— *et face pregnans*
Cisseis regina Parin creat."
Æneid, X. v. 705.

[c] — pass *the difficulties*,—] A very doubtful expression. Mr. Collier's annotator reads *poise* for "pass."

(*) First folio, *Nation.*

[d]
—— not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:]
Did Shakespeare find this observation in the earlier play on which he based his "Troilus and Cressida," or borrow it from Bacon, or obtain it immediately from Aristotle? The inquiry is of some importance. Aristotle speaks of politics—τῆς πολιτικῆς οὐκ ἔστιν οἰκεῖον ἀκροατὴν ὁ νέον—though in the passage above, as in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," the remark is applied to morals.

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My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TROIL. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revénue.

HECT. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

THER. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him:

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O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *caduceus;* if ye* take not that little-little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their† massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen.—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

PATR. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THER. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation:[a] but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue, heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

PATR. What, art thou devout? wast thou in‡ prayer?

THER. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Who's there?

PATR. Thersites, my lord.

ACHIL. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what's Agamemnon?

THER. Thy commander, Achilles:—then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATR. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THER. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATR. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

ACHIL. O, tell, tell.

THER. I'll decline the whole question:—Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

PATR. You rascal!

THER. Peace, fool! I have not done.

ACHIL. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHIL. Derive this; come.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

PATR. Why am I a fool?

THER. Make that demand of the prover.[b]—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

ACHIL. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

THER. Here is such patchery,[c] such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous* factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

AGAM. Where is Achilles?

PATR. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

AGAM. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent[d] our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest[e] perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

PATR. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *thou.* (†) First folio, *the.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *a.*

[a] *If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have* slipped *out of my contemplation:*] A similar play on *slip* and *counterfeit*, the cant names for false pieces of money, occurs in "Romeo and Juliet:" see note (b), p. 179, Vol. I. By "contemplation," he refers to his previous devout imprecations.

[b] — of the prover.—] The folio reads, *to the creator.*

[c] — patchery.—] "Patchery" meant *roguery, villany:* not *folly*, as Mr. Collier persists in explaining it.

(*) First folio, *emulations.*

[d] *He* shent *our messengers:*] An emendation of Theobald; the quarto reading,—

"He *sate* our messengers," &c.;—

the folio,—

"He *sent* our messengers," &c.

[e] *Let him be told* so; lest *perchance he think*, &c.] From the quarto; the folio having,—

"Let him be told *of, so* perchance," &c.

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ULYSS. We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

AJAX. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you* will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us a† cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSS. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NEST. Who? Thersites?

ULYSS. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

ULYSS. No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

NEST. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.[a]

ULYSS. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

NEST. No Achilles with him.

ULYSS. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.‡

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

PATR. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

AGAM. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on§ his own part beheld,—
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea,‖ like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We came to speak with him: and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,[b] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

PATR. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

AGAM. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

AJAX. What is he more than another?

AGAM. No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAM. No question.

AJAX. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAM. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.*

AGAM. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

AJAX. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

NEST. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

ULYSS. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGAM. What's his excuse?

ULYSS. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

AGAM. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

ULYSS. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth†
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

(*) First folio omits, *you*. (†) First folio, *the*.
(‡) First folio, *flight*. (§) First folio, *of*.
(‖) First folio inserts, *and*.

[a] *A strong* composure *a fool could disunite.*] The folio reads,—a strong *counsell that* a Foole could disunite.

(*) First folio, *what it is*. (†) First folio, *wroth*.

[b] *His pettish* lunes,—] A correction of Hanmer; the folio reading,—

"His pettish *lines*," &c.

In the quarto, the passage runs,—

"His *course and time*, his ebbe and flowes, and if," &c.

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That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy-proud, that the death-tokens(3) of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

AGAM. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

ULYSS. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles go to him!*

NEST. [*Aside.*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

DIO. [*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

AJAX. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

AGAM. O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze[a] his pride:
Let me go to him.

ULYSS. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

NEST. [*Aside.*] How he describes himself!

AJAX. Can he not be sociable?

ULYSS. [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.

AJAX. I'll let his humours' blood.

AGAM. [*Aside.*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

AJAX. An all men were o' my mind,—

ULYSS. [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

AJAX. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

NEST. [*Aside.*] An 'twould, you'd carry half.

ULYSS. [*Aside.*] 'A would have ten shares.

AJAX. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

NEST. [*Aside.*] He's not yet through warm:[b] force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

ULYSS. [*To* AGAMEMNON.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

NEST. Our noble general, do not do so.

DIO. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSS. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;—
I will be silent.

NEST. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

ULYSS. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

NEST. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

ULYSS. If he were proud,—

DIO. Or covetous of praise,—

ULYSS. Ay, or surly borne,—

DIO. Or strange, or self-affected!

ULYSS. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd* be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond† all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

AJAX. Shall I call you father?

NEST. Ay, my good son.[c]

DIO. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

ULYSS. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great‡ general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAM. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats§ sail swift, though greater hulks‖ draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

(3) First folio omits, *of*.

[a] *I'll pheeze his pride:*] I'll *tickle* his pride. See note [b], p. 217, Vol. I.

[b] *He's not yet through warm:*] In the old copies these words are inadvertently ascribed to Ajax.

(*) First folio. *Fame.*
(†) First folio repeats, *beyond.*
(‡) First folio omits, *great.*
(§) First folio inserts, *may.*
(‖) First folio, *hulkes.*

[c] *Ay, my good son.*] In the folio, these words are attributed to Ulysses.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

PAN. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord Paris?

SERV. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You depend upon him, I mean?

SERV. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

PAN. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

SERV. The lord be praised!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

SERV. Faith, sir, superficially.

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PAN. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

SERV. I hope I shall know your honour better.

PAN. I do desire it.

SERV. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*

PAN. *Grace!* not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.*—What music is this?

SERV. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

PAN. Know you the musicians?

SERV. Wholly, sir.

PAN. Who play they to?

SERV. To the hearers, sir.

PAN. At whose pleasure, friend?

SERV. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PAN. Command, I mean, friend.

SERV. Who shall I command, sir?

PAN. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

SERV. That's to't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who 's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

PAN. Who, my cousin Cressida?

SERV. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

SERV. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken[a] music.

PAR. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HELEN. O, sir,—

PAN. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PAR. Well said, my lord! well you say so, in fits.[b]

PAN. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

HELEN. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

PAN. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,— [melody;

HELEN. You shall not bob us out of our If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PAN. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

HELEN. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PAN. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HELEN. My lord Pandarus,—

PAN. What says my sweet queen?—my very-very sweet queen?

PAR. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

HELEN. Nay, but my lord,—

PAN. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.[c] [sida.[d]

PAR. I'll lay my life,* with my disposer Cres-

(*) First folio, *litle.*

[a] — *good* broken *music.*] *Broken* music signified the music of stringed instruments. See note (1), p. 120, Vol. II.

[b] — well *you say so, in* fits.] Paris means you speak *in music*, alluding to the "Rude, in sooth: in good sooth, very rude." "Fits" was sometimes used to denote the divisions of a song; at others, the song itself; and, occasionally, a strain of harmony.

[c] You must not know where he sups.] Both the quarto and folio give these words to Helen; indeed, we suspect the distribution of the speeches in this scene is in several instances [illegible].

[d] — with my disposer Cressida.] No scholiast has been fortunate enough to discover why Paris terms Cressida his "disposer"; and some editors transfer the speeches in which she is so called to Helen, who, it is thought, might apply the epithet in the sense of "handmaid." It seems, however, more suitable to Paris; and possibly in Shakespeare's day may have been a colloquial term for a wild, forward damsel, since we know that "*dispos'd*," among other meanings, bore that of—inclined to wantonness. Thus, in Peele's "Edward I."—

"*Longsh.* Say any thing but so.
Once, Nell, thou gav'st me this.

(*) First folio omits, *I'll lay my life.*

Q. Elinor. I pray, let go:
Ye are *dispos'd*, I think."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"*Rut.* You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman; I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.
Arm. You are *dispos'd*."

And in the same author's "Valentinian," Act II. Sc. 4,—

"*Chi.* No;
I'll make you no such promise.
Clau. If you do, sir,
Take heed you stand to't.
Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!
Lucina. The wenches are *dispos'd*."

Mr. Dyce, who has furnished the above and other examples of this peculiar employment of the word, is probably right in supposing the Princess, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1, so uses it, and in that case there should be no break after "*dispos'd*,—"

"*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is *dispos'd*."

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PAN. No, no, no such matter; you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

PAR. Well, I'll make excuse.

PAN. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

PAR. I spy.

PAN. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

HELEN. Why, this is kindly done.

PAN. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PAN. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

HELEN. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PAN. Ay, you may, you may.[a]

HELEN. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—O! O! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho.

HELEN. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PAR. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PAN. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

PAR. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HELEN. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus?

PAN. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PAR. To a hair.

PAN. Farewell, sweet queen.

HELEN. Commend me to your niece.

PAN. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

PAR. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

HELEN. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

PAR. Sweet, above thought I love thee![b]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.* Pandarus' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

PAN. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

SERV. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

PAN. O, here he comes.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now?

TROIL. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

PAN. Have you seen my cousin?

TROIL. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

[a] Ay, you may, you may.] See note (b), p. 149.

[b] Sweet, above thought I love thee!] In the folio mistakenly assigned to Helen.

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PAN. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

TROIL. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes* indeed
Love's thrice-repured† nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd‡ too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

TROIL. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched[a] ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.[b]—Why do you not speak

(*) Old text, *pallate taste.* (†) First folio, *thrice-reputed.*
(‡) First folio, *and.*

[a] — watched—] See note (a), p 683, Vol. II.
[b] — fills.—] "Fills," or *phills*, are the *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

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to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.(1) How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,[a] for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

TROIL. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's —*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably* —Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

TROIL. O, Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

CRES. Wished, my lord?—the gods grant!—O, my lord!

TROIL. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRES. More dregs than water, if my fears* have eyes.

TROIL. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

CRES. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer† footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.

TROIL. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRES. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TROIL. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

CRES. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TROIL. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

CRES. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PAN. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

TROIL. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PAN. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

CRES. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

TROIL. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win? [lord,

CRES. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown*
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning† in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel:[b] stop my mouth.

TROIL. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PAN. Pretty, i'faith.

CRES. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:

(*) Old text, *tearer.* (†) First folio, *safe.*

(*) First folio, *grow.* (†) Old text, *Cunning.*

[a] **The falcon as the tercel,—]** The meaning of this is,—The falcon (the female hawk) I'll wager to be as good as the tercel (the male hawk); in other words, I'll back my niece to be as staunch at that game as Troilus. So, in Day's old play of "The Isle of Gulls," where the characters are playing bowls,—

"*Dut.* Come, the last macke; this cast is worth all the rest.
Viol. The leader as the follower.
Lisa. Dad's the best."

Again, in "Lingua," Act I. Sc. last,—

"*Tactus.* Next after me, *I as yourself* at any time."

[b] ***My* very *soul of* counsel:]** The folio reads,

"My soule of counsell *from me*," &c.

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I am asham'd;—O, heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
TROIL. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
PAN. *Leave!* an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—
CRES. Pray you, content you.
TROIL. What offends you, lady?
CRES. Sir, mine own company.
TROIL. You cannot shun yourself.
CRES. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit?[a] I know not what I speak.
TROIL. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely. [than love;
CRES. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not;[b] for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
TROIL. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;(2)
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then unlifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
CRES. In that I'll war with you.
TROIL. O, virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,[c]
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
CRES. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or[*] sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.(3)
PAN. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, *Amen.*
TROIL. Amen.
CRES. Amen.
PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed,[d] which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber,[†] Pandar to provide this gear!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian *Camp.*

Flourish. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

CAL. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,[*]

a I would be gone:—
Where is my wit?]
The folio transposes these sentences.

b *Or else you love not:*] "Or, *in other words*, you love not." Such is the simple and obvious meaning, though the commentators have all overlooked it. See the notes *ad l.* in the *Variorum* Shakespeare, and in more recent editions.

c — as plantage to the moon,—] The belief in the influence of the moon upon vegetation was universally prevalent in Shakespeare's day. Farmer has illustrated this by an apt quotation from Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584,—"The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* and living creatures frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in best strength, decaieing in the *wane*, and in the *conjunction* doo utterlie wither and vade."

d — and a bed.—] Capell added these words, which, or something equivalent, appear to have been inadvertently omitted from the original text.

(*) First folio, *as Winde, as.* (†) First folio inserts, *and.*

* Appear it to your mind, &c.] In Chapman's translation of "The Iliads of Homer," Book I., we meet a similar form of expression,—

"—— 'affoord
Impression of it in thy soule.'"

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That, through the sight I bear in things from Jove,[a]
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.(4)

AGAM. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest[b] in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.[c]

AGAM. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIO. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

ULYSS. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:[d]
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGAM. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

ACHIL. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGAM. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

NEST. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHIL. No.

NEST. Nothing, my lord.

AGAM. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.

ACHIL. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

ACHIL. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX. How now, Patroclus?

ACHIL. Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX. Ha?

ACHIL. Good morrow.

AJAX. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*

ACHIL. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?

PATR. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

ACHIL. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

[a] *That, through the sight I bear in things* from Jove, &c.] The old copies read, "— *to* Jove," or, "— *to* love,"—it being difficult to determine whether the latter word is intended for "Jove" or "love." Rowe printed,—

"That, through the sight I bear in things to *come*," &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"—— *Appeal* it to your mind,
"That through the sight I bear in things *above*," &c.

The substitution of "*from*" for "to," which we have taken the liberty to make, supposing the compositor misread "frō" as *to*, receives some support from the passage in Chapman's "Iliads of Homer," Book I., where Chalcas is sent for to discover why Apollo has struck the Greeks with the plague,—

"—— Let us aske, some Prophet, Priest, or prove
Some dreame interpreter (for dreames, are often sent from Jove)," &c.

[b] — a wrest—] See note (o), p. 273.

[c] In most accepted pain.] Hanmer and Warburton read,—

"In most accepted *pay*."

[d] Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:] "If the eyes were *bent* on him, they were *turn'd* on him. This tautology, therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer,—

'Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him.'"

STEEVENS.

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Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour* for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given.—Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!

ULYSS. Now, great Thetis' son!

ACHIL. What are you reading?

ULYSS. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,[a]
How much in having, or without or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

ACHIL. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes:[b] nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there[c]
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

(*) First folio, *honour'd*.

a — how dearly ever parted,—] That is, *however richly endowed*.

b To others' eyes: &c.] This and the next line are omitted in the folio.

c — and is mirror'd there—] A correction made both by Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's annotator; and the word "speculation" in the preceding line, which there imports *vision, reveal*, and the like, renders it almost indisputably necessary. The old text reads,—

"—— and is *married* there."

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ULYSS. I do not strain* at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance,[a] expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be† much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O, heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting‡ in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.
ACHIL. I do believe it;
For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,—
Neither gave to me good word, nor look:
What, are my deeds forgot?
ULYSS. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past;
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,[b]
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,*
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give† to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt[c] o'erdusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner‡ catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once§ on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
ACHIL. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
ULYSS. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
ACHIL. Ha! known?
ULYSS. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus'‖ gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.[d]

(*) First folio inserts, *it*. (†) First folio, *is*.
(‡) First folio, *feasting*.

[a] — *in his* circumstance,—] "In the detail or circumduction of his argument."—JOHNSON.

[b] — forthright,—] A *forthright* means a *strait path*: thus in the "Tempest," Act III. Sc. 3,—

" —— here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through *forthrights* and meanders!"

[c] — gilt—] Query, "— than *gold* o'erdusted"?

[d] *Does thoughts unveil in their* dumb cradles.] "Dumb cradles," the silent *incunabula* of thoughts, may be right, but

(*) Old text, *abject, neere*. (†) Old text, *goe*.
(‡) First folio, *begin to*. (§) First folio, *out*.
(‖) Old text, *Plutoes*.

the doubtful expression and the limping measure of the line instruct us to suspect some error lurks under the word "cradles," which, indeed, we once believed a misprint for *oracles*. Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to restore the sense and rhythm by reading,—

" Does thoughts unveil in their dumb *crudities*,"

and Mr. Collier actually adopts "*crudities*," and terms it a valuable emendation!

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There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commérce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands* sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

PATR. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.†

ACHIL. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATR. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHIL. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

PATR. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHIL. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

THER. A wonder!

ACHIL. What?

THER. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

ACHIL. How so?

THER. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

ACHIL. How can that be?

THER. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—There were wit in this* head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow, Ajax;* and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

ACHIL. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

THER. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make† demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of Ajax.

ACHIL. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

PATR. Jove bless great Ajax!

THER. Hum!

PATR. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

THER. Ha!

PATR. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent;—

THER. Hum!

PATR. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

THER. Agamemnon?

PATR. Ay, my lord.

THER. Ha!

PATR. What say you to't?

THER. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

(*) First folio, *her Hand.* (†) First folio, *ogrie ogre.*

(*) First folio, *Ais.* (†) First folio inserts, *Ais.*

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PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHIL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THER. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none, —unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

ACHIL. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THER. Let me bear* another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. [stirr'd;

ACHIL. My mind is troubled, like a fountain And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

THER. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *carry*.



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant, *with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches.*

PAR. See, ho! who is that there?
DEI. 'Tis the lord Æneas.
ÆNE. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
DIO. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas. [hand,—
PAR. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
ÆNE. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think or courage execute,
DIO. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force,[a] pursuit, and policy.
ÆNE. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

[a] *With all my force, pursuit, and policy.*] "Force," to express physical vigour, was a word of common use in Shakespeare's day,—

"*My force* the Erymanthean bore
Should bravely overmatch."
Albions England, c. xxxvi.

but Mr. Collier's annotator, in unaccountable ignorance of its signification in this place, and in "The Winter's Tale," Act III. Sc. 3,—

(*) First folio, *within*.

"—— had *force* and knowledge
More than was ever man's:"

proposes in the above case to read,—

"With all my *fierce* pursuit," &c.

and in the other,—

"—— had *sense* and knowledge."

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With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently!

DIO. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

ÆNE. We know each other well.

DIO. We do; and long to know each other worse.

PAR. This is the most despiteful* gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

ÆNE. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PAR. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore:† I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

ÆNE. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PAR. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

ÆNE. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

PAR. And tell me, noble Diomed—'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself or Menelaus?

DIO. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the‡ heavier for a whore.

PAR. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIO. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PAR. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of* Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

TROIL. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

CRES. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

TROIL. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

CRES. Good morrow then.

TROIL. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

CRES. Are you a-weary of me?

TROIL. O, Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys* no longer,
I would not from thee.

CRES. Night hath been too brief.

TROIL. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously† as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRES. Pr'ythee, tarry;
You men will never tarry.—
O, foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

PAN. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

TROIL. It is your uncle.

CRES. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

(*) First folio, *despightful'st.* (†) First folio, *whereof.*
(‡) First folio, *which.*

* *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] Warburton proposed,—
"—— what we intend *not* sell;"
and Mr. Collier's annotator,—
"We'll *but* commend what we intend to sell."
The former, in all probability, is what the poet wrote.

(*) First folio, *eyes.* (†) First folio, *hidiously.*

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Enter PANDARUS.

PAN. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

CRES. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

CRES. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

PAN. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah poor capocchio![a]—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him![1] [*Knocking.*

[a] —ah poor capocchio!—] The old text has, "a poor chipochia." "Capocchio" is an Italian word, signifying *simpleton, innocent*, and the like.

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CRES. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd i' the head!
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:—
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
TROIL. Ha, ha!
CRES. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

PAN. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
PAN. Who's there? my lord *Æneas*? By my troth, I knew you not! what news with you so early?
ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?
PAN. Here! what should he do here? [him;
ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny
It doth import him much to speak with me.
PAN. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?
ÆNE. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, re-enter* TROILUS.

TROIL. How now! what's the matter? [you,
ÆNE. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.
TROIL. Is it concluded so?
ÆNE. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it. [me!—
TROIL. [*Aside.*] How my achievements mock
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

ÆNE. Good, good, my lord; the secrets[a] of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.
PAN. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

CRES. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
PAN. Ah, ah!
CRES. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
PAN. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!
CRES. O, the gods!—what's the matter?
PAN. Pr'ythee, get thee in; would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!
CRES. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?
PAN. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.
CRES. O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.
PAN. Thou must. [father;
CRES. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus.—O, you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes[*] you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I will go in and weep;—
PAN. Do, do.
CRES. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus! I will not go from Troy!
[*Exeunt.*

a *Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature*
Have not more gift in taciturnity.]

Mr. Collier's annotator, to correct the faulty measure, reads,—

"—— the secret *laws* of nature," &c.

The error, we believe, however, is in the word "secrets," which appears to have been a misprint for "*secretaires*," or *secretaries*, meaning *confidants*. Thus, in Heywood's "The Four Prentises of London," 1632,—"Prince Tancred is our royall *secretary*." Again, in Greene's "Farewell of a Friend,"—"If thy wife be wise make her thy *secretary*." Again, in Drayton's "Poly-olbion" (Notes to Song IX.)—"But in that true *secretary* of divinity and nature, Solomon," &c. So also in Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"If you have but a *secretary* laundress," &c.

And in the play of "The Antiquary," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"—— unless you were Time's *secretary*," &c.

(*) First folio, *extremitie*.

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SCENE III.—*The same. Before* Pandarus' *House.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Troil. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own* heart.
[*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in* Pandarus' *House.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth† in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;‡
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—

Enter Troilus.

Ah sweet ducks!§
Cres. O, Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. *O, heart,*—as the goodly saying is,—

——*O, heart, O,*‖ *heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?
Troil. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd* a purity,
That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?
Troil. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus too?
Troil. From Troy and Troilus.
Cres. Is it possible?
Troil. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.†
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd* kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted‡ with the salt of broken tears.
Æne. [*Without.*] My lord, is the lady ready?
Troil. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!
[*Exit.*
Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?
Troil. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?ᵇ
Troil. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,— [this?
Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is
Troil. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I speak not, *be thou true,* as fearing thee;

First folio omits, *our*. (†) First folio, *And no lesse in*.
(‡) First folio, *crosse*. (§) First folio, *a sweet ducke*.
(‖) Old text omits, *O*.
* — consign'd—] *Sealed*, from *consigno*.

(*) First folio, *strange*. (†) First folio, *our*.
(‡) First folio, *Distasting*.
ᵇ When shall we see again?] In the folio, this inquiry is wrongly ascribed to Troilus.

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For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee. [dangers
CRES. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.
TROIL. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve. [you?
CRES. And you this glove. When shall I see
TROIL. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.
CRES. O, heavens!—*be true*, again?
TROIL. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,[a]
And flowing[b] o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.[*]
CRES. O, heavens! you love me not.
TROIL. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
CRES. Do you think I will?
TROIL. No.
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
ÆNE. [*Without.*] Nay, good my lord,—
TROIL. Come, kiss; and let us part.
PAR. [*Without.*] Brother Troilus!
TROIL. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
CRES. My lord, will you be true?
TROIL. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain and true;—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
DIO. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage;[*] and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
TROIL. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal[†] of my petition to thee,[‡]
In[§] praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat!
DIO. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:[c] and know you,[‖] lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—Be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—No.
TROIL. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.(2)
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, *and* DIOMEDES.
[*Trumpet heard.*
PAR. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
ÆNE. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to[¶] the field.
PAR. 'T is Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
DEI. Let us make ready straight.[d]
ÆNE. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *afraid*.

[a] *They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,*—] The folio reads, *guift*: the line is omitted in the quarto.

[b] And flowing o'er, &c.] The folio reads, "*Flowing and swelling o'er*," &c: but one or other of the words was certainly intended to be cancelled.

[c] *I'll answer to my lust*:] "Lust," in its ancient sense of *pleasure*, is intelligible; but it looks very like a misprint for *trust*.

[d] DEI. Let us make ready straight.] In the folio, where alone this line is found, the prefix is "*Dio.*"

(*) First folio, *visage*.
(†) Old text, *seale*.
(‡) First folio, *towards*.
(§) First folio, *I*.
(‖) First folio, *my*.
(¶) First folio, *in*.

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SCENE V.—*The* Grecian *Camp.* *Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

AGAM. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage]
In the old copies, the passage is pointed thus absurdly,—
Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,

Anticipating time with starting courage.[a]
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

AJAX. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias[b] cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:

Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give," &c.

[b] — *sphered* bias *cheek*—] "Swelling out," Johnson says, "like the bias of a bowl."

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Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
ULYSS. No trumpet answers.
ACHIL. 'Tis but early days.
AGAM. Is not yond* Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
ULYSS. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, *with* CRESSIDA.

AGAM. Is this the lady Cressid?
DIO. Even she.
AGAM. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
NEST. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
ULYSS. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.
NEST. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor. [lady:
ACHIL. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
Achilles bids you welcome.
MEN. I had good argument for kissing once.
PATR. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.[a]
ULYSS. O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
PATR. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
MEN. O, this is trim!
PATR. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
MEN. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.
CRES. In kissing, do you render or receive?
PATR. Both take and give.
CRES. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
MEN. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one. [none.
CRES. You're an odd man; give even, or give
MEN. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
CRES. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
MEN. You fillip me o' the head.
CRES. No, I'll be sworn.
ULYSS. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
CRES. You may.
ULYSS. I do desire it.
CRES. Why, beg, then.[b]
ULYSS. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
CRES. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
ULYSS. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
DIO. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [*Exit with* CRESSIDA.
NEST. A woman of quick sense.
ULYSS. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting[c] welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish* reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet without.*
ALL. The Trojans' trumpet!
AGAM. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants.

ÆNE. Hail, all the† state of Greece! what shall be done [pose,
To him that victory commands? Or do you pur-
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they‡ be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
AGAM. Which way would Hector have it?
ÆNE. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
ACHIL. 'Tis done like Hector;[d] but securely* done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The knight oppos'd.
ÆNE. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
ACHIL. If not Achilles, nothing.

(*) First folio, *pong*.

a And parted thus you and your argument.] A line omitted in the folio.

b Why, beg, then.] Johnson proposed, for the sake of rhyme, to read,—

"Why, beg *two*;"—

and Mr. Dyce suggests,—

"Why, beg, then, *do*."

c *That give* a coasting *welcome*, &c.] Mason conjectured we should read,—

"That give *accosting* welcome," &c.;

and Mr. Collier's annotator has,—

"That give *occasion* welcome," &c.

(*) First folio, *tickling*. (†) First folio, *you*.
(‡) First folio omits, *they*.

d 'Tis done like Hector, &c.] This speech, in the old copies, is assigned to Agamemnon.

e — securely *done*,—] *Over-confidently* done.

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ÆNE. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
ACHIL. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

AGAM. Here is sir Diomed:—go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath:[a] the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*
ULYSS. They are oppos'd already.
AGAM. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy? [knight;
ULYSS. The youngest son of Priam, a true
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair[b] thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*(3)
AGAM. They are in action.
NEST. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
TROIL. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
AGAM. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
DIO. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

ÆNE. Princes, enough, so please you.
AJAX. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
DIO. As Hector pleases.
HECT. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud! But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
AJAX. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
HECT. Not Neoptolemus[c] so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st *O-yes*
Cries, *This is he,*) could* promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
HECT. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
AJAX. If I might in entreaties find success
(As seld I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
DIO. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
HECT. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
AJAX. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here. [name;
HECT. The worthiest of them tell me name by

[a] *Or else a* breath:] That is, a *breathing*; a combat merely for exercise. The folio reads "breach."

[b] *Nor dignifies an* impair *thought*—] Mr. Dyce, perhaps rightly, reads,—"an *impure* thought."

[c] *Not* Neoptolemus—] By Neoptolemus was meant Achilles; the author, as Johnson conjectured, supposing, as that hero's son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, Neoptolemus must have been the *nomen gentilitium*.

(*) First folio, *could'st*.

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
AGAM. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks,
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome!
HECT. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
AGAM. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To* TROILUS.
MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
HECT. Whom must we answer?
ÆNE. The noble Menelaus.
HECT. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
MEN. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
HECT. O, pardon; I offend.
NEST. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way [thee,
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,*
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my* standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee! Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
ÆNE. 'Tis the old Nestor.
HECT. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
NEST. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HECT. I would they could.
NEST. Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow!—
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
ULYSS. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
HECT. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
ULYSS. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
HECT. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
ULYSS. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
ACHIL. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
HECT. Is this Achilles?
ACHIL. I am Achilles. [thee.
HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
ACHIL. Behold thy fill.
HECT. Nay, I have done already.
ACHIL. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
HECT. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
ACHIL. Tell me you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
HECT. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

(*) First folio, *unto my*.

* Despising many *forfeits and subduements*,—] So the quarto: the folio reads, *And seene thee scorning* forfeits, &c.

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As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
ACHIL. I tell thee, yea.
HECT. Wert thou an* oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
AJAX. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
You may have† every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
HECT. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
ACHIL. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
HECT. Thy hand upon that match.
AGAM. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we:* afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat[a] him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know!
[*Exeunt all except* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.
TROIL. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep.
ULYSS. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
TROIL. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you† so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
ULYSS. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence? [scars,
TROIL. O, sir, to such as boasting show their
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *the*. (†) First folio omits, *have*.

[a] — entreat him.] "Entreat" here signifies *entertain*; it is used by Achilles just above in its ordinary sense of *solicit*.

(*) First folio, *you*. (†) First folio, *thee*.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.[a]

Patr. *Male varlet*, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the[*] guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies,[b] raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.[†]

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive-silk,[‡] thou green

[a] — *male* varlet.] Some editors have seriously proposed to read, "male *harlot*," not being aware that the former word often represented the latter one: thus, in Middleton's "Roaring Girl," Act I. Sc. 1,—"She's a *varlet*." In Decker and Middleton's play called "The Honest Whore," Act I. Sc. 10, we have, indeed, the very expression of the text,—

"—— 'tis a *male varlet* sure, my lord."

[b] Cold palsies,—] The remainder of this unsavoury catalogue is dismissed in the folio, which reads, "cold Palsies, *and the like*."

(*) First folio omits, *the*. (†) First folio omits, *no*.
(‡) First folio, *Sleyd*.

sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies—diminutives of nature!

PATR. Out, gall!

THER. Finch egg!

ACHIL. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

THER. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced[a] with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hoyday! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

AGAM. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the lights.*

HECT. I trouble you.

AJAX. No, not a whit.

ULYSS. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

AGAM. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECT. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

MEN. Good night, my lord.

HECT. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

THER. [*Aside.*] Sweet draught:[b] *sweet*, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

ACHIL. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those that go, or tarry.

AGAM. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.

ACHIL. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIO. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

HECT. Give me your hand.

ULYSS. [*Aside to* TROIL.] Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

TROIL. Sweet sir, you honour me.

HECT. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*

ACHIL. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.

THER. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it;* it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CAL. [*Within.*] Who calls?

DIO. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's your daughter?

CAL. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

(*) First folio, *light.*

a — forced—] *Stuffed.*

(*) First folio inserts, *that.*

b *Sweet* draught:] See note (c), p. 605, Vol. II.

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Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

ULYSS. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

TROIL. Cressid comes forth to him!
DIO. How now, my charge?
CRES. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*
TROIL. Yea, so familiar!
ULYSS. She will sing any man at first sight.
THER. [*Aside.*] And any man may sing* her, if he can take her cliff;† she's noted.
DIO. Will you remember?
CRES. Remember! yes.
DIO. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
TROIL. What should she remember?
ULYSS. List!
CRES. Sweet honey-Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
THER. [*Aside.*] Roguery!
DIO. Nay, then,—
CRES. I'll tell you what,—
DIO. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: you are‡ forsworn.—
CRES. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do? [open.
THER. [*Aside.*] A juggling trick,—to be secretly
DIO. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
CRES. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do§ anything but that, sweet Greek.
DIO. Good night.
TROIL. Hold, patience!
ULYSS. How now, Trojan?
CRES. Diomed,—
DIO. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
TROIL. Thy better must.
CRES. Hark, one word in your ear.
TROIL. O, plague and madness!
ULYSS. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
TROIL. Behold, I pray you!
ULYSS. Now, my good lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
TROIL. I pr'ythee, stay.
ULYSS. You have not patience; come.
TROIL. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,*
I will not speak a word.
DIO. And so, good night.
CRES. Nay, but you part in anger.
TROIL. Doth that grieve thee?
O, wither'd truth!
ULYSS. Why, how now, lord?
TROIL. By Jove,
I will be patient.
CRES. Guardian!—why, Greek!
DIO. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
CRES. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
ULYSS. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
TROIL. She strokes his cheek!
ULYSS. Come, come.
TROIL. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
THER. [*Aside.*] How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
DIO. But will you then?
CRES. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
DIO. Give me some token for the surety of it.
CRES. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
ULYSS. You have sworn patience.
TROIL. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

THER. [*Aside.*] Now the pledge; now, now, now!
CRES. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.(1)
TROIL. O, beauty! where's thy faith?
ULYSS. My lord,—
TROIL. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
CRES. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O, false wench!—Give't me again.
DIO. Whose was't?
CRES. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
THER. [*Aside.*] Now she sharpens;—well said, whetstone.
DIO. I shall have it.
CRES. What, this?
DIO. Ay, that.

(*) First folio, *finde*.
(†) First folio, *life*.
(‡) First folio inserts, *a*.
(§) First folio inserts, *not*.
(*) First folio, *and hell torments*.

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CRES. O, all you gods!—O, pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me: and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;*
He, that takes that, doth take* my heart withal.
DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.
TROIL. I did swear patience.
CRES. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
DIO. I will have this; whose was it?
CRES. It is no matter.
DIO. Come, tell me whose it was.
CRES. 'T was one's† that lov'd me better than you will:
But, now you have it, take it.
DIO. Whose was it?
CRES. By all Diana's waiting-women youd,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
TROIL. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd!
CRES. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
DIO. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again. [word,
CRES. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a
But it straight starts you.
DIO. I do not like this fooling.
THER. [*Aside.*] Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,‡ pleases me best.
DIO. What, shall I come? the hour?
CRES. Ay, come:—O, Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
DIO. Farewell till then.
CRES. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
[*Exit* DIOMEDES.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O, then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
THER. [*Aside.*] A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say,—My mind is now turn'd whore.

ULYSS. All's done, my lord.
TROIL. It is.
ULYSS. Why stay we then?
TROIL. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest* of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
ULYSS. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
TROIL. She was not, sure.
ULYSS. Most sure she was.
TROIL. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
ULYSS. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
TROIL. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics[b]—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.(2)
ULYSS. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
TROIL. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
THER. [*Aside.*] Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?
TROIL. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be† sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O, madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!‡
Bi-fold§ authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce[c] a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof,[d] to enter.
Instance, O, instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O, instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;

(*) First folio omits, *doth*, and reads, *takes*. (†) First folio, *one*.
(‡) First folio, *me*.

(*) First folio, *that test*. (†) First folio, *ore*.
(‡) First folio, *thy selfe*. (§) First folio, *By fowle*.

[a] *Nay, do not snatch it from me;*] In the old text these words are ascribed to Diomedes.
[b] — *critics*—] That is, *cynics*.
[c] *Within my soul there doth* conduce *a fight*—] Rowe prints *commence* for "conduce;" and certainly, the latter word, in its usual sense, is questionable.
[d] *As is* Arachne's *broken woof*, &c.] The quartos read, "*Ariachne's*" and "*Arithna's;*" the folio, "*Ariachne's* broken woof," &c. Capell, we believe, first introduced "is," though the credit of supplying it is given to Steevens.

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And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
ULYSS. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
TROIL. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—as much as I do Cressid love,*
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,*
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
THER. [*Aside.*] He 'll tickle it for his concupy.
TROIL. O, Cressid! O, false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.
ULYSS. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
TROIL. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
ULYSS. I 'll bring you to the gates.
TROIL. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt* ULYSSES, TROILUS, *and* ÆNEAS.
THER. Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *Penne.*

a — *as much* as *I do* Cressid *love*,—] The reading now usually adopted. In the quarto we have, "— as much I do Cressid love," &c., and in the folio, "— as much I doe *Cresrida* love," &c.

b —— it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts, &c.]

The folio, in which alone this passage is found, has,—

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

AND. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
HECT. You train me to offend you; get you in:*
By all† the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
HECT. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

CAS. Where is my brother Hector?
AND. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
CAS. O, 't is true.
HECT. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
CAS. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother!
HECT. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
AND. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,*
And rob in the behalf of charity.
CAS. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
HECT. Hold you still, I say
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:*
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

(*) First folio, *gone.* (†) First folio omits, *all.*

"—— it is as lawful.
For we would *count* give much to *use* violent thefts," &c.
We adopt the emendation proposed by Tyrwhitt; understanding "to *use* violent thefts," as, "to *practise* violent thefts."

c Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: &c.] Equivalent to, My honour holds supremacy o'er my fate. "To keep the weather, or weather-gage," is a nautical phrase, which means, to keep to windward, and thus have the advantage.

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Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* Cassandra.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troil. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troil. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Troil. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

Hect. How now! how now!

Troil. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troil. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troil. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

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Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
PRI. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
HECT. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
PRI. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
HECT. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
CAS. O, Priam, yield not to him!
AND. Do not, dear father.
HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
TROIL. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
CAS. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—*Hector! Hector's dead!* O, Hector!
TROIL. Away! away!
CAS. Farewell.—Yet,* soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

HECT. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth* praise, and tell you them at night.
PRI. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*
TROIL. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

PAN. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
TROIL. What now?
PAN. Here's a letter from yond poor girl.
TROIL. Let me read.
PAN. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed,[a] I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?
TROIL. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.[b]
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains between* Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

THER. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other

(*) First folio, yes.

(*) First folio, *deeds of praise.*

[a] — cursed,—] That is, under the influence of a malediction.

[b] But edifies another with her deeds.] In the folio, after this couplet we have,—

"*Pand.* Why, but heare you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

These lines, however, are found again towards the end of the play, and there can be no doubt were inserted here inadvertently.

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side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry!—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin* to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

TROIL. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after!
DIO. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
THER. [*Aside.*] Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?
THER. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
HECT. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
THER. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle:—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

DIO. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
SERV. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAM. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

NEST. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled[a] sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy* Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes:[b]
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

ULYSS. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

(*) Old text, *began.*

a — *like* scaled sculls—] That is, like *dispersed shoals.*
b *Here, there, and every where,* he leaves and takes;] *To take* was used in the sense of to *paralyze*, to *incapacitate:* so in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 1,—
"—— then no planets strike,
No fairy *takes*," &c.:

(*) First folio, *straying.*

so, also, in "Coriolanus," Act II. Sc. 2,—
"—— his sword, Death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it *took*;"
and we ought possibly to read,—
"Here, there, and every where, he *clooses* and takes."

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Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
DIO. Ay, there, there.
NEST. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
AJAX. What wouldst thou?
DIO. I would correct him. [my office
AJAX. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

TROIL. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
DIO. Ha! art thou there?
AJAX. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed!
DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
TROIL. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Now do I see thee, ha!—Have at thee, Hector!
HECT. Pause, if thou wilt.
ACHIL. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence defends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
HECT. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

TROIL. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

HECT. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all, [abide?
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast,
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.*
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting; then* THERSITES.

THER. [*Aside.*] The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

MAR. Turn, slave, and fight.
THER. What art thou?
MAR. A bastard son of Priam's.
THER. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.
MAR. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *arme.*

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SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*(3)

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
HECT. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
ACHIL. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek. [HECTOR *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next!* now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and† cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire‡ upon our Grecian part.

(*) First folio omits, *next.* (†) First folio omits, *and.*
(‡) First folio, *retreat.*

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MYR. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

ACHIL. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like,* the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait,* thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts without.*

AGAM. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NEST. Peace, drums!

[*Without.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIO. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

AGAM. March patiently along:—let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

TROIL. Hector is slain.

ALL. Hector!—The gods forbid!

TROIL. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail, [field.—
In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

ÆNE. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TROIL. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—*Hector's dead:*
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold* statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—and thou great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

PAN. But hear you, hear you! [shame
TROIL. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit.*

PAN. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! —O, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved,† and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes half out weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *bed*.

(*) First folio, *Coole*.

(†) First folio, *desir'd*.

* And, stickler-like, the armies separates.] "A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodshed."—MALONE. They were so called, according to Minsheu, because they carried *sticks* or staves to interpose between the opponents.

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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*O, brave Hector!*] The hint for this scene was probably derived from the conversation in Chaucer's poem between Pandarus and Cryseide, on the qualifications of Hector and Troilus:—

"So after this, with meny wordis glade,
And frendly talis, and with mery chere,
Of this and that they pleyd, and gonnen wade
In meny an uncouthe* glad and depe matere,
As frendis done, whan they be met yfere;
Til she gan aske hym how that Hector ferd,
That was the tounys wall, and Gerkis yerd. †

"'Ful wele I thonk it God,' quod Pandarus,
'Save in his arme he hath a lytil wound;
And eke his fresh brothir Troylus,
The wyse worthy Ector the secound,
In whom that every vertu list abound,
In al trouthe and al gentilnes,
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthines.'

"'In good faith, eme,'‡ quod she, 'it likith me
They faryn wele, God save hem bothe two!
For truly I hold it grete deynte,
A kyngis sone in armys wele to do,
And to be of good condicions therto;
For grete power and moral vertu here
Is seldom sene yn o persone yfere.'

"'In good faith, that is soth,' quod Pandarus;
'But, be myn heed, the kyng hath sonis twey,
That is to mene Ector and Troylus,
That certeynly, thogh that I shold dey,
They be as voyd of vices, dare I sey,
As eny man that lyvith undir the Sonne,
Her§ myght is wyde know, and what they konne.

"'Of Ector nedith no thing for to telle;
In al this world ther nys a better knyght
As he, that is of worthynes welle,
And he wel more vertu hath than myght:
This knowith meny a wyse and worthy knyght:
The same prys of Troilus I say,
God help me so, I note not such twey.'

"'By God,' quod she, 'if Ector that is sothe,
Of Troylus the same thing trow I;
For dredles,‖ men telle that he dothe
In armys day by day so worthily,
And berith hym here so gentilly
To every wighte, that al pris hath he
Of hem that me were levest praised be.'

"'Ye sey right wele ywis,'¶ quod Pandarus;
'For yesterday, who so had with hym bene,
Might have wondrid upon Troylus,
For never yet so thik a swarm of bene**
Ne flyen, ra Greekis fro hym did flene;
And thurgh the feld in every wightis ere,
Ther was no cry but, "Lo Troylus is here!"

"'Now here, now there, he huntyd hem so fast,
Ther nas but Grekys blood; and Troylus,
Now hym he hurt, and hym al doun he cast,
Ay wher he wist hit was arayed thus:
He was her dethe, and sheld of lyf for us.
That as that day ther durst none withstond,
Whil that he held his blody swerd in hond.'"

* Unknown. † Scourge. ‡ Uncle. § Their.
‖ Doubtless. ¶ Certainly. ** Bees.

(2) SCENE III.—

—— but, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander.]

In the language of astrology, by the "evil mixture" of the planets, was understood what we should now express by their *malignant conjunction*. Steevens surmised that the poet was indebted for the allusion in this passage to Spenser:—

"For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting foorth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares,
For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their step-dames feare,
Hath now forgot where he was plac't of yore,
And shouldred hath the bull which faire Europa bore.

"And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
So now all *range*, and do at *random rore*
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Faerie Queene, Introduction to B. V. c. i.

(3) SCENE III. —

—— he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.]

Compare the challenge of Hector as given in Chapman's *Homer*:—

"Hector, with glad allowance gave, his brothers counsell eare;
And (fronting both the hosts) advanc't, just in the midst, his speare.
The Trojans instantly surceasse; the Greeks Atrides staid:
The God that beare the silver Bow, and warres triumphant Maide,
On Joves Beech, like two vultures sat, pleasd to behold both parts,
Plow in, to heare; so sternly arm'd with huge shields, helmes and darts.
And such fresh horror as you see, driven through the wrinkled waves
By rising Zephyre, under whom, the sea growes blacke, and raves:
Such did the hastie gathering troupes, of both hosts make, to heare;
Whose tumult settl'd, twixt them both, thus spake the challenger:

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'Heare Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind (diffusde
Through all my spirits) commands me speake; Saturnius hath not usde
His promist favour for our truce, but (studying both our ils)
Will never ceasse till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomacke fils,
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume, your mightie Sea borne fleet.
Amongst you all, whose breast includes, the most impulsive mind,
Let him stand forth as combattant, by all the rest designde.
Before whom thus I call high Jove, to witnesse of our strife:
If he, with home-thrust iron can reach, th' exposure of my life,
(Spoiling my armes) let him at will, convey them to his tent;
But let my body be returnd; that Troys two-sext descent
May waste it in the funerall Pile; if I can slaughter him,
(Apollo honoring me so much) Ile spoile his conquerd lim,
And beare his armes to Ilion, where in Apollos shrine
Ile hang them, as my trophies due his body Ile resigne
To be disposed by his friends, in flamie funerals,
And honourd with erected tombe, where Hellespontus fals
Into Egæum; and doth reach, even to your navall rode;
That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their period;
Survivers, sailing the blacke sea, may thus his name renew:
This is his monument, whose bloud, long since, illustrate Hector slew.
This shall posteritie report, and my fame never die."

(4) SCENE III.—*Blockish Ajax.*] From the subjoined description of the Ajaxes as portrayed by Lydgate, it would appear that Shakespeare, for dramatic effect, had purposely confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax *Oileus* —

"Oileus Ayax was right corpulent,
To be well cladde he set al his entent
In rych aray he was ful curyous,
Although he were of body corayous.
Of armes great with shoulders square and brode;
It was of him almost a horse lode.
High of stature, and boystous in a pres,
And of his speche rude and reckles.
Ful many worde in ydel hym asterte,
And but a coward was he of his herte.

"An other Ayax Thelamonyous
There was also dyscrete and vertuous,
Wonder fayre and semely to beholde,
Whose heyr was black and vpward ay gan folde,
In compas wise rounde as any sphere,
And of musyke was there non his pere.
Having a voyce full of melodye,
Right well entuned as by Hermonye.
And was inventife for to counterfete,
Instrumentes aswell smal as grete,
In sundry wise longyng to musyke.
And for all this yet had he good practicke
In armes eke, and was a noble knyght,
No man more orped nor hardyer for to fight.
Nor desyrous for to have vyctorye,
Devoyde of pompe, hatyng all vayngloryc,
All ydle laude spent and blowe in vayne."

"The auncient Historie and onely trewe and syncere Cronicle of the warres betwixt the Grecians and the Troyans," &c. fol. 1555. Book II. chap. 15.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—THERSITES.] Hideous in person, impious and gross in speech, cowardly and vindictive by disposition, this remarkable character, by sheer intellectual vigour, seems to tower high above all the mere corporeal grace and strength by which he is surrounded; and the portrait is essentially Shakespeare's own creation, for the Thersites of Homer, on which we may suppose it founded, is nothing better than a vulgar, waspish railer, without a spark of wit or of intelligence to redeem his moral and physical obliquity:—

"—— All sate, and audience gave;
Thersites onely would speake all. A most disorderd store
Of words, he foolishly powrd out; of which his mind held more
Than it could manage, any thing, with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could containe. He should have yet been
To touch no kings. T'oppose their states, becomes not jesters parts.
But he, the filthiest fellow was, of all that had deserts
In Troyes brave siege: he was squint-eyd, and lame of either foote:
So crooke backt, that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoote
(Here and there sperst) thin moosie haire. He most of all envide
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleene would chide:
Nor could the sacred king himselfe, avoide his saucie vaine,
Against whom, since he knew the Greekes, did vehement hates sustaine
(Being angrie for Achilles wrong) he cride out; railing thus:
'Atrides! why complainst thou now? what wouldst thou more of us?
Thy tents are full of brasse, and dames; the choice of all are thine:
With whom, we must present thee first, when any townes resigne
To our invasion. Wantst thou then (besides all this) more gold
From Troyes knights, to redeeme their sonnes? whom, to be dearely sold,
I, or some other Greeke, must take? or wouldst thou yet againe,
Force from some other Lord his prise; to sooth the lusts that raigne
In thy encroching appetite? it fits no Prince to be
A Prince of ill, and governe us; or leade our progenie
By rape to ruine. O base Greekes, deserving infamie,
And ils eternall: Greekish girls, not Greekes, ye are; Come file
Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with his preys,
And trie if we helpt him, or not: he wrong'd a man that weys
Farre more then he himselfe in worth: he forc't from Thetis sonne
And keepes his prise still: nor think I, that mightie man hath wonne
The stile of wrathfull worthily; he's soft, he's too remisse,
Or else Atrides, his had bene, thy last of injuries.'

Thus he the peoples Pastor chid; but straight stood up to him
Divine Ulysses; who with lookes, exceeding grave and grim,
This bitter checke gave: 'Ceasse, vaine foole, to vent thy railing vaine
On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou canst restraine,
With that thy railing facultie, their wils in least degree,
Put not a worse, of all this hoast, came with our king then thee
To Troys great siege.'"—*The Iliads of Homer, &c. Done according to the Greeke, by Geo. Chapman, &c.* Book II.

(2) SCENE II.—*Enter* CASSANDRA, *raving.*] Of this circumstance, we find no hint either in Chapman's *Homer* or in Chaucer; it was probably taken, as Steevens conjectured, from a passage in Lydgate's "Auncient Historie," &c. 1555:—

"This was the noise and the pyteous crye
Of *Cassandra* that so dredefully
She gan to make aboute in every strete
Through ye towne," &c.

(3) SCENE III.—*The death-tokens of it.*] "Dr. Hodges, in his "Treatise on the Plague," says:—'Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of *death*, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface.'"—REID.

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ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*] The small bowl aimed at in the game of *Bowling*, it has before been mentioned, was occasionally termed the *Mistress*. See note (*), p. 722, Vol. II. Perhaps the best illustration of this popular amusement and its technical phraseology, as practised in our author's day, is that given in Quarles' "Emblems" (Emb. 10, b. 1.):—

"Here's your right ground; wag gently o'er this black:
'T is a short cast; y' are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowl's side: blow wind, 't is fairly thrown:
The next bowl 's worse that comes; come, bowl away:
Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd play:
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,
Which, without pastime, flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and screw
Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The other bends his beetle brows and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black Santo's to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:
But where 's a palm that fortune's hand allows
To bless the victor's honourable brows?
Come, reader, come; I 'll light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:
Close by the jack, behold, Jill Fortune stands
To wave the game: see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To cheer the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
The world 's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious fiend,
That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls
Are sinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.
Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to-day?
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry sinner
Has play'd his rubbers: every soul 's a winner.
The vulgar proverb 's crost, he hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honest man.
Good God! turn thou my Brazil* thoughts anew;
New-sole my bowls, and make their bias true.
I 'll cease to game, till fairer ground be given;
Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heav'n."

(2) SCENE II.—*To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love.*] Here, as in other passages where Troilus exhibits a presentiment of his lady's inconstancy, we can trace the influence of the "Troylus and Cryseyde:"—

"But natheles, myn owene ladi bright!
Yit were it so that I wist utterly,
That I youre humble servaunt and your knyght
Were in youre herte yset so fermely,
As ye in myn, the whiche thing truly
Me lever were than this worldis tweyne,
Yit schulde I the better endure al my peyne."

And this:—

"Ye shal ek seen so many a lusti knyght,
Amonge the Grekes, ful of worthynesse;
And ech of hem, with herte, wit, and myght,
To plesen yow don alle his bisynesse,
That ye shal dullen of the rudenesse
Of us sely Troians, but if routhe
Remorde you, or vertu of your trouthe."

* The *bowls* were formerly made of what was called *Brazil* wood.

(3) SCENE II.—*As false as Cressid.*] The protestations of the fickle beauty in the old poem are not less confident; compare the following:

"To that Cryseyde answerid right anoone,
And with a sigh sche seide, 'O herte dere!
The game, ywis, so ferforthe now is gone,
That furste schal Phebus falle from his spere,
And hevene erthe be as the douves fere,
And every rock out of his place sterte,
Er Troylus out of Cryseydis herte.'"

And her declaration subsequently:—

"For thylke day that I for cherisynge,
Or dr ede of fader, or of other wight,
Or for estat, delit, or for weddynge,
Be fals to yow, my Troylus, my knygthe,
Saturnes doughter Juno, thorugh hyre myghte,
As wood as Athamante do me dwelle
Eternalichc, in Stix, the put of Helle!

"And this, on every god celestial
I swere it yow, and ek on ech goddesse,
On every nymphe, and deyte infernal,
On satiry and fawny more and lesse,
That halve goddes ben of wildernesse;
And Attropos my thred of life to-breste,
If I be fals! Now trowe me if yow leste."

(4) SCENE III.—*Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.*] This appeal of Calchas to the Greeks recals the corresponding circumstance in Chaucer:—

"Then seyd he thus, 'Lo! lordis myn, I was
A Troyan, as it is knowe, out of drede;
And, if that yow remembre, I am Calcas,
That altherferst yaf comfort to your neede,
And tolde wele how ye shuldyn spede;
For, dredeles, thurgh you, shall, in a stound,
Ben Troy ybrent, and drewyn doun to ground.

"'And in what forme, and yn what maner wise
This toun to shent, and al your lust acheve,
Ye have, or this, wele herd me yow devise:
This knowyn ye, my lordis, as I leve;
And, for the Grekys weryn me so leve;
I come my self, in my proper persone,
To teche yow what you was best to done.

"'Havyng unto my tresour, ne my rent,
Right no regard in respect of your ese;
Thus al my good I lost, and to yow went,
Wenyng in this, my lordis, yow to plese;
But al my losse ne doth me no disese,—
I vouchesaaf, al so wisely have I joy,
For yow to lese al that I had in Troy,—

"'Save of a doghter that I left, alas!
Slepyng at home, whan out of toun I stert.
O sterne, O cruel fadir, that I was!
How myght I in that have so hard an hert?
Alas! that I ne had her broght in her shert!
For sorow of which I wole not lyve to-morow,
But if ye, lordis, wole ruwe on my sorow.

"'For by that cause I sawe no tyme or now
Her to delivere, iche holden have my pees;
But now or nevere, if it likith you,
I may her have, for that is douteles:
O, help and grace! among all this pres,
Rewith on this old caytif in distresse,
Thurgh yow seth I am brought in wrecchidnes!

* * * * * * *

"Tellyng his tale alwey, this olde gray,
Humbleiy in his speche and loking eke,
The salte teris from his eyen tway,
Ful faste ronnen doun on either cheke;
So longe of mercy he gan hem byseke,
That, for to help hym of his sorowis sore,
They than gave hym Antenore without more."

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ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*A bugbear take him!*] In the banter of Pandarus here, we have arch reminiscences of his prototype in "Troylus and Cryseyde:"—

"Pandare, on morwe whiche that comen was
Unto his nece, gon hir faire to grete,
And seide, 'Al this night so reyned it, allas!
That al my drede is, that ye, nece swete,
Have litel leyser hade to slepe and mete:
Al night,' quod he, 'hath rain so do me wake,
That some of us, I trowe, her hedis ake.'

"And nigh he come and seid, 'How stant it now?
This Mey morwe, nece, how kunne ye fare?'
Cryseide answerde, 'Never the bet for yow!
Fox that ye ben, God yeve yow hertis care!
God helpe me so, yow causeth al this fare,
Trowe I,' quod sche, 'for alle youre wordis white;
O, ho so seeth you, knoweth you but alite!'"

(2) SCENE IV.—*To our own selves bend we our needful talk.*] The parting of the lovers, if not more natural, is managed with more pathos and delicacy in the elder poet:—

"Cryseyde, when she redy was to ride,
Ful sorwfully she sighte, and seyde, 'Allas!'
But forth she mot for ought that may betide,
And forth she rite ful sorwfully a pas;
There is non other remedy in this cas.
What wonder is, though that hyre soore smerte,
When she forgothe hire owne swete herte?

"This Troylus, in gise of curteysie,
With hauke on hond, and with an huge route
Of knyghtes, rood, and dide hyre compaynye,
Passynge alle the valeye fer without;
And ferther wold han riden, out of doute,
Ful fayne, and wo was hym to gon so soone,
But tourne he moote, and it was eke to done.

"And right with that was Antenor ycome
Oute of the Grekes oste, and every wight
Was of it glad, and seyde he was welcome;
And Troylus, al nere his herte lighte,
He peyned hym with al his fulle myght
Hym to with holde of wepynge at the leeste,
And Antenor he kyste, and made feeste.

"And therwithal he moot his leve take,
And caste his eye upon hire pitously,
And nerre he rode, his cause for to make,
To take hire by the honde al sobrely:
And, Lorde! so she gan wepen tendrely!
And he ful soft and sleighely gan hire seye,
'Now hold youre day, and do me not to deye.'

"With that his courser turned he about,
With face pale, and unto Dyomede
No worde he spak, ne non of al his route;
Of wh che the soue of Tideus toke hede,
As he that konthe moore than the crede
In swiche a craft, and by the reyne hire hente,
And Troylus to Troye homwarde wente."

(3) SCENE V.—HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*] In Chapman's *Homer*, the combat is described with uncommon pomp and spirit:—

"—— This said, in bright armes shone
The good strong AJAX: who, when all his warre attire was on,
Marcht like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Jupiter,
With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre
Wreakfull contention; and comes on, with presence full of feare;
So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did twixt the hosts appeare:
Smil'd; yet of terrible aspect; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly stalkt, and shooke aloft his dart with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shooke the joynts
Of all the Troians; Hectors selfe felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold bosome; but he now, must make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuse, that had provokt the fight.
Ajax came neare; and like a towre his shield his bosome hard;
The right side brasse, and seven oxe hides within it quilted hard:
O'd Tychius the best currier, that did in Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous well.
With this stood he to Hector close, and with this Brave began:
Now Hector thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,
What other leaders arme our hoast, besides great Thetis sonne:
Who, with his hardie Lions heart, hath armies overunne.
But he lies at our crookt-sternd fleet a Rivall with our king
In height of spirit: yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,
Corquall with Eacides; all able to sustaine
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.
The Helme-grac't Hector answerd him: Renowned Telamon,
Prince of the souldiers came from Greece; assay not me like one,
Yong and immartiall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;
I have the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame
Of every slaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;
I know the left, and every sway, of my securefull targe;
I triumph in the crueltie of fixed combat fight,
And manage horse to all designes; I think then with good right,
I may be confident as farre as this thy challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with emptie showes.
But (being a souldier so renownd) I will not worke on thee,
With least advantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me;
And so with privitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive:
But at thy best (even open strength) if my endevours thrive,
Thus sent he his long Javelin forth; it strooke his foes huge shield,
Neere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eighth it held.
Sixe folds th' untamed dart strooke through, and in the seventh tough hide
The point was checkt; then Ajax threw: his angry lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, shirt of maile;
And did his manly stomache mouth with dangerous taint assaile:
But in the bowing of himselfe, black death too short did strike.
Then both to pluck their Javelins forth, encountred Lion-like;
Whose bloudie violence is increast, by that raw food they eate:
Or Bores, whose strength, wilde nourishment, doth make so wondrous great,
Againe Priamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,
Yet pierc't not through the upper plate, the head reflected was:
But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,
And stayd bold Hector rushing in; the Lance held way outright,
And hurt his necke; out gusht the bloud; yet Hector ceast not so,
But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards go)
Blacke, sharpe and big, layd in the field: the sevenfold targe it smit,
Full on the bosse; and round about the brasse did ring with it.
But Ajax a farre greater stone lift up, and (wreathing round
With all his bodie layd to it) he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasur'd force to it; the round stone broke within
His rundled target: his lov'd knees to languish did begin;
And he leand, stretcht out on his shield; but Phœbus raised him streight.
Then had they layd on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight;
Unless the Heralds (messengers of Gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other of Greece; had held betwixt them then
Imperiall scepters: when the one (Idæus, grave and wise)
Said to them; Now no more my sonnes: the Soveraigne of the skies
Doth love you both; both souldiers are, all witnesse with good right:
But now night lays her mace on earth; tis good t'obey the night."

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ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—*Heve, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*] Steevens cites several passages from our old writers to show that it was customary for warriors to wear a lady's *sleeve* for a favour; the sleeve which Cressida bestows on Diomed, however, was that she had received from Troilus at their parting. Malone supposes it to have been such a one as was formerly used at tournaments:—"Also the deepe smocke *sleeve*, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the *manche*, which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive."—SPENSER'S *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633.

(2) SCENE II.—*Rather think this not Cressid.*] The grief of Troylus for his "light o' love" is beautifully told by the elder poet:—

"Than spak he thus:—'O, lady myn Cryseyde,
Wher is youre feith, and wher is youre beheste?
Wher is youre love, wher is youre trouth?' he seyde,
'Of Diomede have ye now al this feste!
Allas! I wold han trowed at the leste,
That, syn ye hold in trouthe to me stonde,
That ye thus holde han holden me in honde.

"'Who shal nowe trowe on any other mo?
Allas! I nevere wolde han wende, or this,
That ye, Cryseide, koude han chaunged so,
Ne but I hadde agilt, and don amys;
So cruel wende I nought youre herte, ywis,
To sle me thus! allas! youre name of trouthe
Is now fordon, and that is al my routhe.

"'Was there non other broche yow liste lete
To fetle with youre newe love,' quod he,
'But thilke broche that I, with teris wete,
You yaf, as for a remembraunce of me?
None other cause, allas! ne hadde ye,
But for despit; and ek for that ye mente
Al outrely to shewen youre entente.

"'Thorwgh which I se, that clene out of youre minde
Ye han me caste, and ne kan nor may
For al this world withinne myn herte fynde,
To unloven yow a quarter of a day;
In cursed tyme I borne was, walawey!
That yow, that dothe me al this wo endure,
Yet love I best of any creature.'"

(3) SCENE IX.—*And hangs his shield behind him.*] The circumstance of Hector being overpowered by Achilles and his followers when unarmed, the author is believed to have taken from Lydgate's poem:—

"And in this while a grekishe kinge he mette,
Were it of hap or of adventure,
The which in sothe on his cote armure
Embrouded had full many ryche stone,
That gave a lyght, when the sonne shone,
Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to sene,
For Perles white and Emerawdes grene
Full many one were therin sette.—
Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,
Towardes him fast gan him drawe.
And fyrst I fynde how he hath hym slawe,
And after that by force of his manheade,
He hente him up afore him on his stede,
And fast gan wyth him for to ryde
From the wardes a lytell out of syde,
At good leyser playnly, if he maye,
To spoyle him of his ryche arraye.—
On horsebacke out whan he him ladde,
Reklesly the storye maketh mynde,
He caste his sheilde at his backe behynde,
To welde him selfe at more lyberte,—
So that hys brest disarmed was and bare."

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

"The 'Troilus and Cressida' of Shakspeare can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman history; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories. There is no one of Shakspeare's plays harder to characterise. The name and the remembrances connected with it prepare us for the representation of attachment no less faithful than fervent on the side of the youth, and of sudden and shameless inconstancy on the part of the lady. And this is, indeed, as the gold thread on which the scenes are strung, though often kept out of sight and out of mind by gems of greater value than itself. But as Shakspeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving or eliciting some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject which he does not moralize or intellectualize,—so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

> 'There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.'

"This Shakspeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the name of love;—affection, passionate indeed, swoln with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature;—but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence, with excellent judgment, and with an excellence higher than mere judgment can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and the basis of his love, while the restless pleasures and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface,—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighbourhood with her dishonour, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets, whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected flood. Yet another secondary and subordinate purpose Shakspeare has inwoven with his delineation of these two characters,—that of opposing the inferior civilization, but purer morals, of the Trojans, to the refinements, deep policy, but duplicity and sensual corruptions, of the Greeks.

"To all this, however, so little comparative projection is given,—nay, the masterly group of Agamemnon, Nestor, and Ulysses, and, still more in advance, that of Achilles, Ajax, and Thersites, so manifestly occupy the foreground, that the subservience and vassalage of strength and animal courage to intellect and policy seems to be the lesson most often in our poet's view, and which he has taken little pains to connect with the former more interesting moral impersonated in the titular hero and heroine of the drama. But I am half inclined to believe, that Shakspeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry,—and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer.

"The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse;—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters;—one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition, that he shall be called on to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable."—COLERIDGE.

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HAMLET.

Act V. Sc 2.

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HAMLET.

On the 26th of July, 1602, a memorandum was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company,—

"James Roberts.] A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes."

This entry unquestionably refers to our author's "Hamlet," the publication of which Roberts desired to secure. As, however, an edition of the play appeared in the following year, "printed for N. L. and John Trundell," Mr. Collier conjectures that Roberts was unable to obtain such a copy of the piece as he could creditably associate his name with, but that some inferior and nameless printer, not so scrupulous, contrived to possess himself of an imperfect manuscript of it, and brought out the edition of 1603. Of this impression, one copy of which is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and another recently discovered has been purchased for the British Museum, the title is, "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603."

But, as Mr. Dyce observes, we have no proof that Roberts was not the "nameless printer" of the quarto of 1603: on the contrary, there is reason to suspect that he was, since we find that he printed the quarto of 1604 for the same Nicholas Ling who was one of the publishers of the quarto of 1603. It is of no material consequence, however, who printed that maimed and surreptitious version. What really concerns us is to know whether, making large allowance for omissions and corruptions due to the negligence of those through whose hands the manuscript passed, the edition of 1603 exhibits the play as Shakespeare first wrote it and as it was "diverse times acted." We believe it does. The internal evidence is to our judgment convincing that in this wretchedly printed copy we have the poet's first conception (written probably at an early stage of his dramatic career) of that magnificent tragedy which, remodelled and augmented, was published in 1604, under the title of, "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was*, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet, 1604."

Prefixed to Greene's "Menaphon. Camillas alarum to slumbering Euphues," &c. 1589, is an Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," by Nash, in which occurs the following passage,—"Ile turne backe to my first text, of studies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triviall translators. It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Blould is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches."

Here, the "shifting companions, that runne through every arte," brings so distinctly to mind the epithet, "an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*," which Nash's sworn brother, Greene, in his

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"Groats-worth of Wit," &c. 1593, applied to Shakespeare, and "the trade of *Noverint*" so well tallies with the received tradition of his having passed some time in the office of an attorney, that, *primâ facie*, the allusion to *Hamlet* would seem directly levelled at our author's tragedy. But, then, interposes a difficulty on the score of dates. Shakespeare, in 1589, was only twenty-three years of age,—too young, it may be well objected, to have earned the distinction of being satirized by Nash as having "run through every art." It is asserted, too, on good authority, that an edition of the "Menaphon." was published in 1587; and if that earlier copy contained Nash's Epistle, the probability of his referring to Shakespeare is considerably weakened. Again, in "Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse," &c. 1596, Lodge, describing a particular fiend, says, "he walks for the most part in black under colour of gravity, and looks as pale as the vizard of y° ghost which cried so miserally at y° theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet, revenge.*"

After duly weighing the evidence on either side, we incline to agree with Mr. Dyce, that the play alluded to by Lodge and Nash was an earlier production on the same subject; though we find no cause to conclude that the first sketch of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," as published in 1603, was not the piece to which Henslowe refers in the entry connected with the performances at Newington Butts,—

"*9. of June* 1594 *at hamlet* • • • —viii. *s.*"

The original story of "Hamlet," or "Amleth," is related by the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus, and was adopted by Belleforest in his collection of novels, 1564. From the French of the novelist, it was rendered into English at an early date, and printed under the title of "The Hystorie of Hamblet." If there were really a tragedy of "Hamlet" anterior to the immortal drama by Shakespeare, we may reasonably assume that he derived the outline of his plot from that source. If no such play existed, he probably constructed it entirely from the rude materials furnished by "The Historie of Hamblet."

Persons Represented.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to* Hamlet.

LAERTES, *Son to* Polonius.

VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, *Courtiers.*

A Gentleman

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, *Officers.*

REYNALDO, *Servant to* Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, *Grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of* Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.

OPHELIA.

Ghost of Hamlet's *Father.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—ELSINORE.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on guard.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?
FRAN. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
BER. *Long live the king!*[a]
FRAN. Bernardo?
BER. He.
FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.
BER. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
FRAN. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
BER. Have you had quiet guard?
FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.
BER. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[b] of my watch, bid them make haste.
FRAN. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho![*] Who's there?

(*) The first folio omits, *ho!*

[a] *Long live the king!*] This was the watchword of the night.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

HOR. Friends to this ground.
MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.
FRAN. Give you good night.
MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
FRAN. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
MAR. Holla! Bernardo!
BER. Say, what, is Horatio there?
HOR. A piece of him.
BER. Welcome, Horatio;—welcome, good Marcellus.
MAR. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
BER. I have seen nothing.
MAR. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

[b] *The rivals*—] That is, the *associates, partners*, &c. In the quarto of 1603, the reading, indeed, is "partners"

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Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve[a] our eyes, and speak to it.
HOR. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.
BER. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
HOR. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
BER. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating[b] one,—
MAR. Peace! break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

BER. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
MAR. Thou art a scholar,[c] speak to it, Horatio.
BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
HOR. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.
BER. It would be spoke to.
MAR. Question it, Horatio.
HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven, I charge thee, speak!
MAR. It is offended.
BER. See! it stalks away!
HOR. Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee, speak! [*Exit* Ghost.
MAR. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
BER. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
MAR. Is it not like the king?
HOR. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he[*] the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks[d] on the ice.
'Tis strange.
MAR. Thus twice before, and jump[e] at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he passed through[f] our watch.
HOR. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine[†] opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
MAR. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
HOR. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of,[‡] to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

[a] — approve—] *Corroborate, confirm, make good.*
[b] — beating—] The quarto, 1603, has,—

"The bell then *tolling* one,"—

which, perhaps, imparts additional solemnity to this impressive preparation for the appearance of the spectre.

[c] Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.] As exorcisms were usually pronounced by the clergy in Latin, the notion became current, that supernatural beings regarded only the addresses of the learned. In proof of this belief, Reed quotes the following from "The Night Walker" of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act II. Sc. 2, where Toby is scared by a supposed ghost, and exclaims,—

"Let's call the butler up, for *he speaks Latin*,
And that will daunt the devil."

[d] — the sledded Polacks—] The *sledged Polanders;* though it may be doubtful whether the original "Pollax" was intended as the singular or plural: many editors read, "Polack."

(*) First folio omits, *he*. (†) First folio, *my*.
(‡) First folio, *on*.

[e] — *and* jump *at this dead hour.*—] So the quartos: the folio substitutes the more modern word, *just:* but in Shakespeare's day, "jump" was the familiar term. So in Act. V. Sc. 2, of this play,—

"But since, so *jump* upon this bloody question."

So, also, in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"—— bring him *jump* when he may Cassio find."

[f] *With martial stalk* he passed through *our watch.*] The reading of the earliest quarto, and presenting a finer image than that of the subsequent editions, which have,—

"—— *hath he gone by* our watch."

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To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,
And carriage of the article design'd,[a]
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved[b] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless* resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As † it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands

[a] — design'd,—] So the second folio; the previous editions having, *designe*

[b] *Of* unimproved *mettle hot and full.*—] By *unimproved*=*unreproved*, we apprehend is meant, *insatiable, ungovernable*, as in Chapman's "Homer's Iliads," Book the Eleventh,—

(*) First folio, *Landlesse.* (†) First folio, *And.*

"—— the King still cride, Pursue, pursue,
And all his *unreproued* hands, did blood and dust embrue."

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So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage[a] in the land.
BER. I think it be no other, but e'en so:[b]
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.
HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; (1) and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.[c]—Stay, illusion![d]
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
HOR. Do, if it will not stand.
BER. 'Tis here!
HOR. 'Tis here!
MAR. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghost.
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,[*]
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat[e]
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring[f] spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.
MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.(2)
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir[†] abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,[g] nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle[h] clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:[i]
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
MAR. Let's do't, I pray: and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.
[*Exeunt.*

a — romage—] *Commotion, turmoil.*

b I think it be no other, but e'en so:) This and the seventeen succeeding lines are not in the folio.

c I'll cross it, though it blast me.—] It was an ancient superstition, that any one who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subjected to its malignant influence. See Blakeway's note *ad l.* in the *Variorum* edition.

d Stay, illusion!) Attached to these words in the 1604 quarto, is a stage direction,—"*It spreads his arms.*"

e *Doth with his* lofty and shrill-sounding throat—] This is the text of the folio and all the quartos, except the first, which reads, perhaps preferably,—

"—— *early* and shrill-*crowing* throat."

f — extravagant and erring—] *Wandering* and *erratic.*

g *No fairy* takes,—] The folio inadvertently prints *talkes. To take* has before been explained to mean, *to paralyze, to deaden, to benumb.*

h — *in* russet mantle *clad*,—] In the recapitulation of his labours at the conclusion of the Æneid, Gawin Douglas says,—

"Quhen pale Aurora with Face lamentabill

(*) First folio, *day.* (†) First folio, *can walke.*

Her *Russet Mantill* bordourit all with sabill."

i — yon high eastern hill:) The earliest quarto has,—

"—— yon hie *mountaine top*;"—

the later quartos,—

"—— yon high *eastward* hill."

We adopt the lection of the folio, as more in accordance with the poetical phraseology of the period. Thus, in Chapman's translation of the Thirteenth Book of Homer's Odyssey,—

"—— Ulysses still
An eye directed to the *eastern hill.*"

And Spenser charmingly ushers in the morn by telling us that—

"—— chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery Car
In haste was climbing up the *Eastern Hill*,
Full envious that Night so long his room did fill."

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SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,—
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.—
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is:—we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

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Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers* of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

COR., VOL. In that and all things will we show our duty.

KING. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.—
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAER. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.(3)

KING. Have you your father's leave?—What says Polonius?

POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.[a]

KING. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

HAM. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.[b]

KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAM. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.* [off,

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust: [die,
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that lives must
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee? [seems.

HAM. *Seems*, madam! nay, it is; I know not
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of fore'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes,* shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious[d] sorrow: but to persever,
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility* of love

(*) First folio, *bearing*.

[a] I do beseech you, give him leave to go.] In the folio this speech is abbreviated to,—

"He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you give him leave to go."

[b] A little more than kin, and less than kind.] The meaning may perhaps be gathered from what appears to have been a proverbial saying, in Rowley's "Search for Money:"—"I would he were not so neere to us in *kindred*, then sure he would be neerer in *kindnesse*."

— I am too much i'the sun.] By this, Hamlet may mean, I am too much in the way; a mote in the royal eye: but his reply is purposely enigmatical.

(*) Old text, *moods*.

[d] — obsequious sorrow:] The *customary funereal* sorrow: thus, in "Titus Andronicus," Act V. Sc 3,—

"To shed *obsequious* tears upon his trunk."

* — with no less nobility of love—] So the Ghost,—"To me, whose *love was of that dignity*." Dr. Badham, however, proposes to read,—

"—— with *nobility no less* of love
Than that."

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Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse* the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.(4)

[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.

* —*the king's* rouse—] See note on the drinking terms at the end of this play.

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HAM. O, that this too too[a] solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O, God! O, God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem[b] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O, God![*] a beast, that wants discourse of reason,[c]
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing[d] of her galled eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

HOR. Hail to your lordship!

HAM. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make[e] you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

MAR. My good lord,—

HAM. I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir,—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not hear[*] your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.[f]

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats (5)
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest (6) foe in heaven
Ere ever I had[†] seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

HOR. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye,[g] Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw who?

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. The king my father!

HOR. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive[h] ear; till I may deliver,

(*) First folio, *heaven*.

[a] *O, that this* too too *solid flesh would melt,*—] Mr. Halliwell has proved by numberless examples, culled from our early writers, that where *too too* occurred, in the generality of cases it formed a compound word, *too-too*, and when thus connected bore the meaning of *exceeding*. The present instance, however, must be regarded as an exception to the rule. Here the repetition of *too* is not only strikingly beautiful, rhetorically, but it admirably expresses that morbid condition of the mind which makes the unhappy prince deem all the uses of the world but "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

[b] — beteem —] That is, *vouchsafe*, *allow*, *suffer*, and the like.

[c] — discourse of reason,—] By "*discourse* of reason" was meant the comprehensive *range*, or *discursiveness* of reason, the retrospective and foreseeing faculties; thus in Act IV. Sc. 4, Hamlet remarks,—

"Sure he that made us with such *large discourse*,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd."

[d] *Had left* the *flushing*—] The quarto, 1603, reads, "— *their* flushing."

(*) First folio, *hace*.

[e] *And what* make *you*—] We should now ask,—"What *do* you?" but the above was a household form of speech in Shakespeare's day; in the same manner, Hamlet subsequently demands of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,—"What *make* you at Elsinore?" in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 2, Cassio inquires of Iago,—

"—— ancient, what *makes* he here?"

and in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3, the king questions Costard,—

"—— what *makes* treason here?"

[f] We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.] The reading of the 1603 quarto and of the folio 1623: the other old copies have,—

"We'll teach you *for to drink* ere you depart."

[g] *In my* mind's eye, *Horatio*.] The expression was not unusual: "Ah why were the *Eyes of my Mynde* so dymmed wyth the myste of fonde zeal, that I could not consyder the common Malyce of men now a dayes."—PILKINGTON'S *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to. 1567. Again,—"Let us consider and behold with the *eyes of our soul* his long suffering will."—1 *Epistle of St. Clement*, cap. 19.

[h] — *an* attentive *ear*;] The folio and one of the quartos have,—"an *attent* ear."

(†) First folio, *Ere I had ever*.

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Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
HAM. For God's* love, let me hear.
HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast[a] and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point,[b] exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd[c]
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this?
MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
HAM. Did you not speak to it?
HOR. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up his[d] head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
HAM. 'T is very strange.
HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.—
Hold you the watch to-night?
MAR., BER. We do, my lord.
HAM. Arm'd, say you?
MAR., BER. Arm'd, my lord.

(*) First folio, *Heavens*.

[a] *In the dead vast*, &c.] Thus the 1603 quarto; that of 1604, &c. reads,—

"In the dead *waste*," &c.;

the folio, "— dead *wast*," &c.

[b] *Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé*,—] So all the quartos but that of 1603; which has, "Armed *to* poynt," &c.: the folio reads, — "Arm'd at all points."

[c] — distill'd—] The reading of the quartos. The folio gives —"*bestil'd*," and Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *beskill'd*.

[d] *It lifted up* his *head*,—] From the quarto of 1603. The other quartos and the folio have, "— *it* head"

HAM. From top to toe?
MAR., BER. My lord, from head to foot.
HAM. Then saw you not his face?
HOR. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
HAM. How look'd he,[a] frowningly?
HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
HAM. Pale or red?
HOR. Nay, very pale.
HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
HOR. Most constantly.
HAM. I would I had been there.
HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.
HAM. Very like, very like.—Stay'd it long?
HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
MAR., BER. Longer, longer.
HOR. Not when I saw it.
HAM. His beard was grizzled,*—no?
HOR. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
HAM. I'll watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk† again.
HOR. I warrant you it will.
HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,[b]
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable‡ in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
ALL. Our duty to your honour.
HAM. Your love, as mine to you:[c] farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes!

(*) First folio, *grisly*. (†) First folio, *wake*.
(‡) First folio, *treble*.

[a] How look'd he,—] Thus the earliest quarto; the subsequent editions read, "*What*, look't he," &c.

[b] —— *though hell itself should* gape,
And bid me hold my peace.]

"Gape" here, perhaps, signifies *yell, howl, roar*, &c., rather than *yawn* or *open*; as in "Henry VIII." Act V. Sc. 3,—"You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Parish-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your *gaping*."

[c] ALL. Our duty to your honour.
HAM. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.]

In the 1603 quarto we have,—

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Polonius' *House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

LAER. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
OPH. Do you doubt that?
LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward,* not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and† suppliance of a minute;
No more.
OPH. No more but so?
LAER. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this‡ temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel[d] doth besmirch
The virtue[e] of his will:§ but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;[f]
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place‖
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;

(*) First folio, *Froward*. (†) First folio omits, *perfume and*.
(‡) First folio, *his*. (§) First folio, *feare*.
(‖) First folio, *peculiar Sect and force*.

"*All.* Our duties to your honor.
Ham. O *your loves, your loves*, as mine to you."

And the hurried repetition, "your loves, your loves," well expresses the perturbation of Hamlet at the moment, and that feverish impatience to be alone and commune with himself which he evinces whenever he is particularly moved.

[d] — cautel—] *Crafty circumspection.*

[e] *The* virtue *of his will*:] *Virtue* here seems to import *essential goodness*; as we speak of the *virtues* of herbs, &c.

[f] The safety and the health of the whole state;] In the quarto of 1604, we get,—"The safety and health," &c.; "safety" being pronounced as a trisyllable. In the folio the line stands,—

"The *sanctity* and health of the *weole* State."

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And keep you in* the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their† buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPH. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman‡ to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.[a]

LAER. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—but here my father comes.—

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POL. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you!
[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;[b]
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd,§ unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,[c] but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous sheaf[d] in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

LAER. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POL. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

LAER. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

OPH. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAER. Farewell. [*Exit.*

POL. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPH. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

POL. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POL. *Affection!* pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his *tenders*, as you call them?

(*) First folio, *keep within.* (†) First folio, *the.*
(‡) First folio, *watchmen.* (§) First folio, *unhatch't.*

[a] — recks not his own rede.] *Regards not his own counsel* or *advice.*

[b] — hoope of steel;] Pope substituted *hooks* for "hoope," and was followed by several of the subsequent editors.

[c] — censure,—] *Opinion, decision.*

[d] *Are of a most select and generous* sheaf *in that.*] In the quarto of 1603, this much-disputed line reads,—

"Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:"

the after quartos,—

"Ar [and *Or*] of a most select generous cheefe in that;"

and the folio gives,—

"Are of a most select and generous cheff in that."

Rowe, the first modern editor, endeavoured to render the sense intelligible by altering the old text to,—

"Are most select and generous, chief in that;"

and his emendation has been generally adopted: Steevens proposed,—

"Select and generous, are most *choice* in that;"

while Mr. Collier's annotator has,—

"Are of a most select and generous *choice* in that."

The slight change of "sheaf" for *chiefe* or *cheff*, a change for which we alone are answerable, seems to impart a better and more poetic meaning to the passage than any variation yet suggested; and it is supported, if not established, by the following extracts from Ben Jonson,—

"Ay, and with assurance,
That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen
Of the best *sheaf.*"
The Magnetic Lady, Act III. Sc. 4.

"I am so haunted at the court and at my lodging with your refined choice spirits, that it makes me clean of another garb, another *sheaf.*"—*Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. Sc. 1.

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OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POL. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these* tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running* it thus,—you 'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, *fashion* you may call it; go to, go to.

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.†

POL. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends‡ the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From§ this time, daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;
Not of that dye[b] which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,[c]
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander[d] any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.‖

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now?

HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. Indeed? I heard it not: it then* draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets within, and ordnance shot off.*

What does this mean, my lord?

HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail,† and the swaggering up-spring reels;(7)
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HOR. Is it a custom?

HAM. Ay, marry, is't:
But‡ to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel,* east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their§ virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault:(8) the dram of eale

(*) First folio, *Als.* (†) First folio, *With all the vowes of Heaven.*
(‡) First folio, *Gives.* (§) First folio, *For.*
(‖) First folio, *Is it very cold?*

(*) First folio, *then it.* (†) First folio, *wassels.*
(‡) First folio, *And.* (§) Old text, *His*, corrected by Theobald.

[a] **Running *it thus*,—]** The quartos read,—"*Wrong* it thus," &c.; the folio,—"*Roaming* it thus," &c. "That 'Roaming' is a mistake for 'Running,'" Mr. Dyce remarks, "I have long been convinced; so in a line of 'King John,'—

'Say shall the current of our right *run* on?'—

the folio erroneously has,—'*roame* on?' Mr. Collier also in his note on the present passage proposed '*Running*;' and I now find, from the one volume *Shakespeare*, that his MS corrector makes the same alteration."

[b] *Not of* that dye, &c.] Thus the quartos, 1604, &c., but the folio has,—"Not of *the eye*," &c., which, as *eye* was occasionally employed to denote a shade of colour,—

"With an *eye* of green in't."—*The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2,—

may possibly be right.

[c] *— like sanctified and pious* bonds,—] So the old editions. At one time we were strenuously in favour of Theobald's alteration, *beards* for "bonds;" we are now persuaded the old text is right.

[d] — slander *any* moment *leisure*.]—That is, *abuse*, &c. Modern editors, with the exception of Mr. Dyce, all deviate slightly from the old text in this line by reading, "— moment's leisure."

[e] **This heavy-headed revel, &c.]** From these words inclusive, the remainder of the speech is omitted in the folio.

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Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.[a]

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents* wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O,† answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

(*) First folio, *events*. (†) First folio, *Oh*, oh.

[a] —— *the dram of eale*
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.]

The meaning here is tolerably obvious; it is explained indeed by what goes before, but the diction, owing to some errors in the first and second line, has occasioned "much throwing about of brains." For "eale," two of the quartos have "eare," which probably led Theobald to print,—

"— the dram of *base*
Doth all the noble substance of *worth out*
To his own scandal."

Steevens reads,—

"— the dram of *base*
Doth all the noble substance *often dout* [i.e. *do out*]
To his own scandal."

And this is usually followed in the modern text, "ill," however, being often preferred to "base." Mason conjectured "of a doubt" was a mistake for "of't corrupt." Mr. W. N. Lettsom, too, observes, "a verb I should think must lurk under the corruption. 'a doubt,' or 'doubt,' with the signification of turn, pervert, corrupt, or the like;" and Dr. Ingleby writes, "I am convinced that 'of a doubt' is a misprint for 'derogate,' for 1st, 'of a doubt' and 'derogate' have the same number of letters; 2nd, they have the *o*, *a*, *d*, and *t* in common; and 3rd, 'derogate' is the only verb that at the same time completes the sense and preserves the metre." The suggestion of "derogate" is ingenious; but may not the construction have been this,— "The dram of base (or *ill*, or *bale*, or *lead*, or whatsoever word the compositor tortured into "eale" or "eave") doth (i.e. *doth*, *worketh*,) all the noble substance of a pound to its own vileness"? We by no means pretend that *pound* was the actual word misrendered "doubt;" it is inserted merely because it occurs in opposition to "*dram*" in a line of Quarles' "Emblems," b ii. E. 7,—

"Where ev'ry *dram* of gold contains a *pound* of dross,"—

and because it is extremely probable *some such* antithesis was intended here.

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MAR. Look, with what courteous action
It waves* you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
HOR. No, by no means.
HAM. It will not speak; then will I follow it.
HOR. Do not, my lord.
HAM. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I 'll follow it.
HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit† of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,[a]
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.[b]
HAM. It waves* me still:—
Go on; I 'll follow thee.
MAR. You shall not go, my lord.
HAM. Hold off your hands![‡]
HOR. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
HAM. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.—
[Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets* me!— [*Breaking from them.*
I say, away!—Go on, I 'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* HAMLET.
HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.
MAR. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.
HOR. Have after.—To what issue will this come?
MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
HOR. Heaven will direct it.
MAR. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *wafts.* (†) Old text, *sonnet*, and *Sonnet.*
(‡) First folio, *hand.*

[a] *Which might* deprive your sovereignty of reason,—] Gifford was mistaken in assuming that "your sovereignty" was here merely a title of respect like "your lordship," applied to Hamlet. To *deprive your sovereignty of reason*, means to dethrone or displace your powers of reason. Warburton cites a passage from Lingua Basilica, where the precise expression occurs: "At once to betray the *sovereignty of reason* in my own soul."

[b] And hears it roar beneath.] This and the three preceding lines are not found in the folio.

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

HAM. Whither* wilt thou lead me? speak, I 'll go no further.
GHOST. Mark me.
HAM. I will.
GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
HAM. Alas, poor ghost!
GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
HAM. Speak; I am bound to hear.
GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
HAM. What!
GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,[d]
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood; [spheres;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knotted† and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;[‡]
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list![§]
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
HAM. O, God![‖] [murder.
GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
HAM. *Murder!*
GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
HAM. Haste me to know 't, that I,[¶] with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots* itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

(*) First folio, *Where.* (†) First folio, *knotty.*
(‡) Old text, *Porpentine.* (§) First folio, *list Hamlet, oh list.*
(‖) First folio, *Heaven.*
(¶) First folio, *Hast, hast me to know it,*
That with wings.

[c] — *that* lets *me!*—] That *hinders*, or *obstructs* me.

[d] — *confin'd to* fast in *fires,*—] The reading of all the copies, except the 1603 quarto, which has, "Confinde in flaming fire," &c. Heath proposed, "— to *lasting* fires," &c.; and the same lection is suggested by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[e] *That* rots *itself*—] The quartos all read, "*roots* itself," and it is difficult to determine which expression deserves the preference.

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Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis* given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

(*) First folio, *It's*.

HAM. O, my prophetic soul! mine uncle!
GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit,* with traitorous gifts,
(O, wicked wit, and gifts, that have† the power
So to seduce!) won to his‡ shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,

(*) Old text, *wits*. (†) First folio, *hath*.
(‡) First folio, *this*.

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That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning* air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure[a] hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour,[b] it doth posset
And curd, like eager[c] droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd† about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;[d]
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:[e]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible![f]
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:(9)
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me! [*Exit.*

HAM. O, all you host of heaven! O, earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes,* by heaven!—
O, most pernicious woman!—
O, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!—
My tables,†—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark;
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn 't.

HOR. [*Without.*] My lord, my lord,—
MAR. [*Without.*] Lord Hamlet,—
HOR. [*Without.*] Heaven secure him!
MAR. [*Without.*] So be it!
HOR. [*Without.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.[g]

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is 't, my noble lord?
HOR. What news, my lord?
HAM. O, wonderful!
HOR. Good my lord, tell it.
HAM. No; you 'll reveal it.
HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
MAR. Nor I, my lord.
HAM. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you 'll be secret?—
HOR., MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
HAM. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark—
But he 's an arrant knave.
HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
HAM. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man has business and desire,

(*) First folio, *Mornings.* (†) First folio, *bak'd.*

[a] — *my* secure *hour*—] My *unguarded* hour. See note (A), p. 96. of the present volume.

[b] — *a sudden* vigour,—] "Vigour" may be right; but *rigour* seems more suitable to the context, and more accordant with the supposed effects of narcotics formerly.

[c] — eager—] *Aigre, sour.*

[d] — despatch'd:] *Bereft.* The quarto of 1603 has "deprived;" but that hardly expresses the instantaneity of the severance so aptly as "despatch'd."

[e] Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:] "*Unhousel'd*" signifies without having received the eucharist; "*disappointed*" = *unappointed*, means *unprepared;* and "unanel'd" is without extreme unction.

[f] O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!] Notwithstanding the unanimity of the old copies in assigning this line to the Ghost, there can be little doubt it was intended to be spoken by Hamlet, as in acting, indeed, it usually is.

[g] Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.] These were expressions of encouragement which the falconer of old was wont to address to his hawks.

(*) First folio, *yes, yes.* (†) First folio repeats, *My tables.*

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Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
HOR. These are but wild and whirling* words, my lord.
HAM. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.
HOR. There 's no offence, my lord.
HAM. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,†
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
HOR. What is 't, my lord? we will.
HAM. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
HOR., MAR. My lord, we will not.
HAM. Nay, but swear 't.
HOR. In faith, my lord, not I!
MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith!
HAM. Upon my sword!
MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.
HAM. In deed, upon my sword, in deed.*
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear!
HAM. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?—
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.
HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear!
HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

(*) First folio, *hurling*. (†) First folio, *but there is my Lord*.

* In deed, upon my sword, in deed.] The meaning of Hamlet unquestionably is, Not in words only, but *in act, in form:* upon the cross of my sword, pledge yourselves. The line, however, is always printed,—
"*Indeed*, upon my sword, *indeed*."

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword!*
HAM. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth* so fast?
A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.
HOR. O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your† philosophy. But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this‡ head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well,*§ *we know;*—or, *We could, an if we would;*—
Or, *If we list to speak;*—or, *There be, an if they*‖ *might;*—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me,—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear!
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear!
HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *ground*. (†) First folio, *our*.
(‡) First folio, *this*. (§) First folio, *As well, we know*.
(‖) First folio, *there*.

* *Swear* by his sword!] The folio omits the words,—"by his sword."



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Polonius' *House.*

Enter Polonius *and* Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this* money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to† make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers* are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As* thus,—*I know his father and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. *And, in part, him;—but,* you may say, *not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted—so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,

(*) First folio, *his.* (†) First folio, *you.*

(*) First folio, *And*
* Danskers—] *Danes*

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That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

REY. But, my good lord,—

POL. Wherefore should you do this?

REY. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

POL. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phrase or* the addition,
Of man, and country.

REY. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say? By the mass† I was about to say something:—where did I leave?

REY. At *closes in the consequence*.
At *friend, or so, and gentleman*.

POL. At, *closes in the consequence*,—ay, marry;
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day, [*you say,*
*Or then, or then; with such, or** *such; and, as*
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp‡ of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God be wi' you; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord!

POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his music.

REY. Well, my lord.
[*Exit.*

POL. Farewell!—

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

OPH. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POL. With what, i' the name of God?*

OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved[a] to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love!

OPH. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

POL. What said he?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,[b]
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder† turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Come,‡ go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPH. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

POL. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed§ and judgment,
I had not quoted[c] him: I fear'd‖ he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

(*) First folio, *and*. (†) First folio omits, *By the mass*.
(‡) First folio, *Cape*.

a — down-gyved to his ancle;] "*Down-gyved* means, hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles."—STEEVENS.

b — his bulk,—] Mr. Singer rightly explains "bulk" here to mean, not *all his body*, as some commentators have interpreted it, but, *his breast*. So, in Shakespeare's "Lucrece,"—

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio, *shoulders*.
(‡) First folio omits, *Come*. (§) First folio, *speed*.
(‖) First folio, *feare*.

"May feel her heart, ——
* * * * * *
Beating her *bulk*, that his hand shakes withal."

c — quoted *him*:] *To quote*, as we have seen, was not unfrequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *to look into, to scan, to mark*, &c.

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It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream* of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,[a]
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry[b] and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROS. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUIL. But† we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service‡ freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these* gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUIL. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN. Ay,† amen!
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some* Attendants.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

KING. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POL. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and‡ to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath§ us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

POL. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit|| to that great feast.

KING. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN. I doubt it is no other but the main,[c]
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

KING. Well, we shall sift him.—

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my¶ good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

VOL. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

(*) First folio, *darne*. (†) First folio omits, *But*.
(‡) First folio, *Services*.

(*) First folio, *the*. (†) First folio omits, *Ay*.
(‡) First folio, *one*. (§) First folio, *I have*.
(||) First folio, *Newes*. (¶) First folio omits, *my*.

[a] Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,—] This line, almost indispensable to the integrity of the passage, is wanting in the folio.

[b] — gentry—] *Courtesy*.

[c] I doubt it is no other but the main,—] An ellipsis,—*is* being understood;—"no other but *is* the main."

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But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat,—griev'd
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this* enterprise;
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

KING. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

POL. This business is* well ended.—
My liege,—and madam,—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,*
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN. More matter, with less art.

POL. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true: † a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect,—
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

(*) First folio, *his*.

(*) First folio inserts, *very*.

(†) First folio, *pittie it is true*.

* — wit,—] That is, *wisdom*.

For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.(1)
I have a daughter;—have, while* she is mine;[a]—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.]—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—*beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:—Thus:†

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?
POL. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.] *Doubt thou the stars are fire;*
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O, most best! believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,
HAMLET.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,‡
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
KING. But how hath she receiv'd his love?
POL. What do you think of me?
KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.
POL. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;[b]
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein* now he raves,
And all we mourn† for.
KING. Do you think 't is this?
QUEEN. It may be very likely.
POL. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said, *'T is so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?
KING. Not that I know.
POL. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
KING. How may we try it further?
POL. You know, sometimes he walks four[c] hours together,
Here in the lobby.
QUEEN. So he does‡ indeed.
POL. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras; then
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But§ keep a farm and carters.
KING. We will try it.
QUEEN. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
POL. Away! I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good lord Hamlet?
HAM. Well, God-'a-mercy.
POL. Do you know me, my lord?
HAM. Excellent, excellent well; you 're a fishmonger.

(*) First folio, *whilst.* (†) First folio, *These.*
(‡) First folio, *soliciting.*

[a] — while she is mine;—] In the quarto, 1603, is added,—
"—— for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose," &c.

[b] — *out of thy* star;] So all the old copies until the folio of 1632, which reads, improperly,—
"—— out of thy *sphere.*"
The meaning is, Lord Hamlet is a prince beyond the influence of the star which governs your fortunes.

[c] — four *hours* together,—) Hanmer and others proposed the obvious reading,—
"—— *for* hours together," &c.;—
but "four" here, as in "Coriolanus," Act I. Sc. 6,—
"And *four* shall quickly draw out my command," &c.—
and elsewhere, appears a mere colloquialism, to signify *some*, or a limited number, as "forty" is frequently used to express a great number.

(*) First folio, *whereon.* (†) First folio, *waile.*
(‡) First folio, *Ha's.* (§) First folio, *And.*

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Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten* thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

(*) First folio, two.

Ham. [Reads.] *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,*—(2) Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside.*] How say you by that? Still

harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words!

POL. What is the matter, my lord?

HAM. Between who?

POL. I mean the matter that you read,* my lord.

HAM. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue† says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and‡ plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most§ weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should grow‖ old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

POL. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.[a]

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

POL. You go to seek the¶ lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROS. [*To* POLONIUS.] God save you, sir!

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

GUIL. Mine honoured lord!—

ROS. My most dear lord!

HAM. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROS. As the indifferent[b] children of the earth.

GUIL. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; on Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours*?

GUIL. Faith, her privates we.

HAM. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

ROS. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.

HAM. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular:[c] what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUIL. Prison, my lord?

HAM. Denmark 's a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

HAM. Why, then, 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROS. Why, then, your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind.

HAM. O, God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUIL. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAM. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROS. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAM. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

ROS., GUIL. We 'll wait upon you.

HAM. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROS. To visit you, my lord: no other occasion.

HAM. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in

(*) First folio, *matter you meane.*
(‡) First folio, *or.*
(‖) First folio, *be.*
(†) First folio, *slave*
(§) First folio omits, *most*
(¶) First folio, *my.*

(*) First folio, *favour.*

[a] — except my life] The folio reads only,—

"—— except my life, my life;"—

and Mr. Collier thinks the repetitions originated merely with the actors. To us it is evident that here, as in other places, the iteration—a well known symptom of intellectual derangement—is purposely adopted by Hamlet to encourage the belief of his insanity. He never indulges in this cuckoo-note unless with those whom he distrusts.

[b] — indifferent—] *Moderate, medium, average, &c.*

[c] Let me question, &c.) The dialogue, from these words down to "I am most dreadfully attended," is found only in the folio.

thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUIL. What should we say, my lord?

HAM. Why anything—but[a] to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of[*] confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROS. To what end, my lord?

HAM. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

ROS. [*To* GUILDENSTERN.] What say you?

HAM. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.[b]—If you love me, hold not off.

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.[c] I have of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily[†] with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament[‡]—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROS. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM. Why did you laugh, then,[*] when I said, *man delights not me?*

ROS. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[d] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[e] them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAM. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous[f] man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;[g] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

ROS. Even those you were wont to take such[†] delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAM. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROS. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAM. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

ROS. No, indeed, they are not.

HAM. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

ROS. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases,[h] that cry out on the top of question,[i] and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle[‡] the common stages, (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAM. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?[k] Will they pursue the quality[l] no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,[m] (as it is most like,[§] if their means are no better) their writers do them

(*) First folio omits, *of*. (†) First folio, *heavenly*.
(‡) First folio omits, *firmament*.

a — but *to the purpose.*] That is, *only* to the purpose.

b Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—] *I see through your purpose*, or, as the quarto of 1603 phrases it, "I see how the winde sits."

c I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.] The folio absurdly reads, "I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather."

d — lenten *entertainment*—] *Meagre, stinted* entertainment, like the cheer in Lent.

e — coted *them*—] Came alongside of them.

f — *the* humorous *man*—] By the "*humorous* man" we are not to understand the funny man or jester,—he was termed "the clown,"—but the actor who personated the fantastic characters, known in Shakespeare's time as "humourists," and who, for the most part, were represented as capricious and quarrelsome.

g — tickled o' the sere;] "Tickled o' the sere,"—correctly, perhaps, "*tickle* o' the sere"—appears to signify those easily moved to the expression of mirth.

h — little eyases,—] Nestlings; unfledged hawks.

i — that cry out on the top of question,—] This is conjectured by the commentators to be an allusion to the shrill, alto voice in

(*) First folio omits, *them*. (†) First folio omits, *such*.
(‡) First folio, *be-ratled*. (§) Old text, *like most*.

which the boys declaimed! The phrase, derived perhaps from the defiant crowing of a cock upon his midden, really meant, we believe, like—

"Stood challenger on mount of all the age,"

to crow over or challenge all comers to a contention. In a subsequent scene, Hamlet, speaking of the play which "pleased not the million," observes, "but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters *cried in the top of mine*) an excellent play," &c.; where "cried in the top" evidently means *crowed over*. Again, in Armin's "Nest of Ninnies," the author, alluding to fencers or players at single stick, talks of "making them expert *till they cry it up in the top of question.*"

k — escoted?] Said to mean, *paid*; from the French *escot*, a shot or *reckoning*.

l — quality—] *Profession*, or *calling*. Here, *Histrionale studium*.

m — common players,—] As we now term them, "strolling players." "I prefix an epithite of *common*, to distinguish the base and artlesse appendants of our Citty companies, which often times start away into rusticall wanderers, and then (like Proteus) start backe again into the Citty number."—J. STEPHENS, *Essayes and Characters*, 1615, p. 301.

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wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy; there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAM. Is 't possible?

GUIL. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAM. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.(3)

HAM. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'S blood,* there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets without.*

GUIL. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb;* lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUIL. In what, my dear lord?

HAM. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.[b]

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAM. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too; —at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: for o' Monday morning 't was so, indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was† an actor in Rome,—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz![c]

POL. Upon mine honour,—

HAM. Then came* each actor on his ass,—

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene-individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAM. O, Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why,

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

POL. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

HAM. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows, then, my lord?

HAM. Why,

As by lot, God wot,

and then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was.(4)

The first row of the pious chanson† will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.[d]

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valiant* since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to‡ heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.(5) Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.(6)—Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

*) First folio omits, *'S blood.* (†) First folio omits, *was.*

[a] — *let me* comply *with you in the* garb;] Let me *fraternize* or conjoin with you in the customary mode; and not, as modern editors expound it,—"Let me *compliment* with you," &c. *To comply*, literally, means *to enfold*.

[b] *I know a hawk from a* handsaw.] An old proverbial saying: originally,—"a hawk from a *hernshaw*, *i.e.* a heron; but corrupted before Shakespeare's day.

[c] Buz, buz!] An interjection of impatience used when any one began a story already known to the hearers.

[d] — for look, where my abridgment comes.] In the folio, "— My abridgements come." "Abridgment" was only another word for pastime; so, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Say, what *abridgment* have you for this evening."

(*) First folio, can. (†) First folio, *Pons Chanson.* (‡) First folio omits, *to.*

[e] *Thy face is* valiant *since I saw thee last:*] The quartos have *valanced*. But compare the advice of Iago to Roderigo:—"Follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;" *i.e.* assume a martial aspect; and also the context in Hamlet's speech, "— comest thou to *beard* me in Denmark," where the point is lost without the fierceness implied by "valiant."

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1 PLAY. What speech, my lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare(7) to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets[a] in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.[b] One speech[*] in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

—it is not so;—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd[c]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you.[†]

POL. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

1 PLAY. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,[‡]
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this[§] blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour,[*] forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on;—come to Hecuba.

1 PLAY. But who, O, who, had seen the mobled[d] queen—

HAM. *The mobled queen?*

POL. That's good: *mobled queen* is good.

1 PLAY. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames[†]
With bisson[e] rheum; a clout about that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch[f] the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

POL. Look, whêr he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes!—Pr'ythee,[‡] no more.

HAM. 'T is well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this[§] soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear? let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.[‖]

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM. God's bodykins, man, much[¶] better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, sirs.

HAM. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit* POLONIUS *with all the* Players *except the* First.]—[*Aside to* Player.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play *The Murder of Gonzago?*

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

(*) First folio, *Armours.*
(†) First folio omits, *So proceed you.*
(‡) First folio, *match.*
(§) First folio, *his.*
(‖) First folio, *Hood.*
(¶) First folio omits, *much.*

a — sallets—] So the old copies. Modern editors commonly change the word to "salt," or "salts." Mr. Singer quotes Baret: "*Sal. Salte*, a pleasante and mery word, that maketh folke to laugh, and sometimes pricketh."

b — as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.] This clause is not inserted in the folio.

c — trick'd—] An heraldic term, meaning *blason'd.*

d — *the* mobled *queen*—] The folio reads, *inobled.* "Mobled" appears to have been a depravation of *muffled.*

e — bisson—] *Blinding.*

f — milch—] *Moist.*

HAM. [*Aside to* Player.] We'll have't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. [*Aside to* Player.] Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends [*To* ROS. *and* GUIL.], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

ROS. Good my lord!

HAM. Ay, so, God be wi' you!—

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own* conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd:†
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties‡ of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,[a]
Like John-a-dreams,[b] unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,[c]
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this, ha?
'Swounds,* I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression[d] bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal:—bloody,† bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless* villain!
O, Vengeance!—
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,[f]
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,[g]
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fye upon't! foh!—About, my brains! ‡ I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.(8) I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *whole*. (†) First folio, *wann'd*.
(‡) First folio, *faculty*.

[a] — peak,—] *Mope, pule, maunder*, and the like.

[b] — John-a-dreams,—] A nick-name given to any sleepy, muddle headed, dreamy fellow.

[c] — the lie i' the throat,—] See note (b), p. 262, Vol. II.

[d] *To make* oppression *bitter;*] Mr. Collier's annotator is obtuse enough not to understand this, and actually substitutes *transgression!*

(*) — kindless ·] *Unnatural.*

(†) First folio inserts, *a*.
(‡) First folio, *braine*.

[f] Why what an ass am I! This is most brave,—] The folio has,—

"Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most brave," &c.

The quartos, omitting "O, Vengeance!"—

"Why, what an asse am I! this is most brave," &c.

[g] — of a dear father murder'd, &c.] The folio misprints this,—

"That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered;"

and the quartos 1604 and 1603 omit the word "father," much to the detriment of the passage, reading, "— of a deere murthered."



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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROS. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROS. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROS. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.*

QUEEN. Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROS. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

POL. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

* Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.)

Hanmer surmised we ought to read,—

"*Most free* of question; but of our demands,
Niggard in his reply."

And unless "question" is admitted to mean *argument*, his emendation yields a truer description of Hamlet's bearing towards his schoolfellows than that afforded by the old text. It should be mentioned, too, that the 1603 quarto has,—

"But still he puts us off, and by no meanse,
Would make an answere to that we exposde."

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KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here*
Affront* Ophelia.
Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit* QUEEN.

POL. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,†
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book;
[*To* OPHELIA.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'T is too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar* o'er
The devil himself.

KING. [*Aside.*] O, 'tis too† true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O, heavy burden!

POL. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,[b]
And by opposing end them?—To die, to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to?—'tis a consummation

(*) First folio, *there*. (†) First folio, *ye*.

[a] Affront *Ophelia*.] That is, *encounter*, *confront*, *come across*.

[b] Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,—] We have been puzzled, with Dr. Johnson, to understand why commentators exhibit so much solicitude about this metaphor. As the poet has already furnished us with "a sea of joys," "a sea of glory," "a sea of conscience," "a sea of care," "a sea of wax;" and in the story on which the present piece is presumed to have been founded, we have even, "a *field* of care;" the necessity for reading, "a *siege* of troubles," with Pope; "*assail* of troubles, with Warburton; or "*away*," with Mr. Singer, has always appeared to us very questionable. At all events, the following quotation from a work contemporary with Shakespeare, proves beyond controversy that *a sea of troubles* was a not unfamiliar figure of speech at that time:—"Cadde in *un Pelago di travagli*."—*Sansovino dell' Famiglie Illustri d'Italia*, 1609.

(*) First folio, *surge*. (†) First folio omits, *too*.

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Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;—
To sleep, perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud* man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?[a] who would fardels[b] bear,
To grunt[c] and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

(*) First folio, *poore*.

[a] — *a bare* bodkin!] A bodkin was an old term for a dagger or stiletto.

[b] — fardels—] *Burdens, packs.* The first folio has, "*these* fardels."

[c] To grunt and sweat, &c.] The expression *to grunt*, though no euphonious to modern ears, was neither disagreeable nor unusua formerly. In addition to the instances of its use before accumulated, we may add the following, perhaps the most pertinent of all, from Armin's "Nest of Ninnies:"—"How the fat fooles of this age will *grunte and sweate* under this massie burden," &c.

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Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith[a] and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,*
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPH. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, no. I never gave you aught.

OPH. My honour'd lord, you† know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,‡
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?[b]

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with§ honesty?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where* but in's own house. Farewell.

OPH. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

OPH. O, heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face,[c] and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already,—all but one,—shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit.*

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword:[d]
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I,† of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

(*) First folio, *away*. (†) First folio, *I*.
(‡) First folio, *then perfume left*. (§) First folio, *your*.

[a] — pith *and moment,*—] The quartos have, "*pitch* and moment;" which Ritson preferred, as do we, though for a different reason, he conceiving *pitch* to be an allusion "to the *pitching* or throwing the bar," we supposing it to refer to the *pitch* or summit of the falcon's flight, and "great pitch and moment" to mean great eminence and import.

[b] — are you honest?] That "honest" in this dialogue is equivalent to *chaste* or *virtuous*, it would be superfluous to mention but that some critics, in their strictures on the conduct of Hamlet in the present scene, appear to have forgotten it. The beginning recals to mind some passages in Shirley's play, entitled "The Royal Master," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"*King.* Are you honest?
Thes. Honest
King. I could have us'd the name of chaste
Or virgin; but they carry the same sense."

[c] *I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face,*—] So the quartos: the folio exhibits the passage thus,—"I have heard of your *prattlings* too wel enough. God has given you one *pace*," &c.

[d] The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, &c.] This is the collocation of the quarto, 1603. In the folio we have, "The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's," &c.

(*) First folio, *may*. (†) First folio, *Have I*.

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Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose,
Will be some danger: which for* to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POL. It shall do well; but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his† grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs; let her be round[a] with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,[b]
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, *and certain* Players.

HAM. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.[c] Nor do not saw the air too much with ‡ your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your§ passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear‖ a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:(1) pray you, avoid it.

1 PLAY. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep* not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man,† have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 PLAY. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

HAM. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.(2) Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* POLONIUS.] Will you two help to hasten them?

ROS., GUIL. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

HAM. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HOR. O, my dear lord,—

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revénue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

(*) First folio omits, *for*. (†) First folio, *this*.
(‡) First folio omits, *with* (§) First folio omits, *your*
(‖) First folio, *see*.

a — *let her be* round *with him*;] Let her be *blunt*, *plain-spoken* with him.

b *If she* find *him not*,—] If she *detect* him not.

(*) First folio, *ore-stop*. (†) First folio, *or Norman*.

c I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.] So the quartos, 1604, &c. The folio reads, "I had as live the Town-Crier had spoke," &c.: the quarto of 1603,—

"I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines," &c

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No, let the candied tongue lick* absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,[a]
Where thrift may follow fawning.† Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her‡ choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy§ soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.[b] Give him heedful‖ note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In¶ censure of his seeming.

HOR. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAM. They are coming to the play: I must be idle:[c]
Get you a place.

Danish March. Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and other* Lords *attendant, with the* Guard, *carrying torches.*

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAM. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

[*To* POLONIUS.

POL. That did I,* my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

ROS. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

QUEEN. Come hither, my dear† Hamlet, sit by me.

HAM. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

POL. O, ho! do you mark that? [*To the* KING.

HAM. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA's *feet.*

OPH. No, my lord.

HAM. I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Do you think I meant country matters?

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPH. What is, my lord?

HAM. Nothing.

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. O, God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these‡ two hours.

OPH. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[d] O, heavens!

(*) First folio, *like*.
(†) First folio, *faining*.
(‡) First folio, *my*.
(§) First folio, *my*.
(‖) First folio, *needfull*.
(¶) First folio, *To*.
(*) First folio, *I did*.
(†) First folio, *good*.
(‡) First folio, *within's*.

[a] And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,—] *Pregnant* here means *ready, supple*, &c. Quarles has the same idea,—

"My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and screw a thousand cringes."
Emblems, B. IV.

[b] — *Vulcan's* stithy.] The *stithy* is the smith's work-place; the *stith* is his anvil.

[c] — *I must be* idle:] I must affect being *crazy*. We are not aware that any scholiast has pointed out the use of "idle" in the sense of *mad*; though Shakespeare so employs it several times; among others, in the quarto "Hamlet," 1603, Corambis, the Polonius of the perfect play, speaking of Hamlet's derangement, observes,—

"All this comes by love, the vemencie of love,
And when I was yong, I was very *idle*,
And suffered much *extasie* in love," &c.

Subsequently in the same edition, where the Ghost appears to Hamlet when closeted with his mother, we have the following,—

"*Queene*. But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,

[d] — *for I'll have a suit of sables.*] The favourite notion is that by "a suit of sables" is meant a dress ornamented with the costly fur called "sable." Possibly, however, the word "for" in this place, as in "Henry V." Act III. Sc. 6,—

"And, *for* achievement, offer ransom;"

and in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 9,—

"—— so bad a prayer as his was never yet *for* sleep;"

was misprinted instead of *'fore*. In the 1603 quarto of the present play, in place of "'T is not alone my *inky* cloak," &c., which is the accepted text, Hamlet is made to say, "— 't is not the *sable suite*," &c. So also in Act IV. Sc. 7,—

"Than settled age *his sables* and his weeds."

And it is not at all improbable that in the scene before us he was intended to accompany the words, "Nay, then, let the devil wear black *'fore* I 'll wear a suit of sables," with the action of flinging off his mourning cloak. Since writing the above we find that Warburton long ago suggested, "*'fore* I 'll wear a suit of sables."

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die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but by 'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King *and a* Queen, *very lovingly: the* Queen *embracing him, and he her.*[a] *She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns; finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the* Queen *with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*

OPH. What means this, my lord?

HAM. Marry, this is miching mallecho;[b] it means mischief.

OPH. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

HAM. We shall know by this fellow:[*] the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

OPH. Will he[†] tell us what this show meant?

HAM. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPH. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

PRO. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPH. 'T is brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

Enter GONZAGO *and* BAPTISTA.

GONZ. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart[c] gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite co-mutual in most sacred bands.

BAPT. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great,[d] the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

GONZ. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their[*] functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

BAPT. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAM. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my lord that's dead,[e]
When second husband kisses me in bed.

GONZ. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either[†] grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

BAPT. Nor earth to me give[‡] food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's[f] cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

HAM. If she should break it now!

[*To* OPHELIA.

(*) First folio, *these Fellowes.* (†) First folio, *they.*

[a] — *and he her.*] These words are not in the folio.

[b] — miching mallecho;] *Sneaking malefcence. To mich*, an old English verb, is *to skulk;* and *mallecho*, from the Spanish, is the same as *malefaction.*

[c] — cart—] *Car, or chariot.*

[d] Where love is great, &c.] This couplet is omitted in the folio.

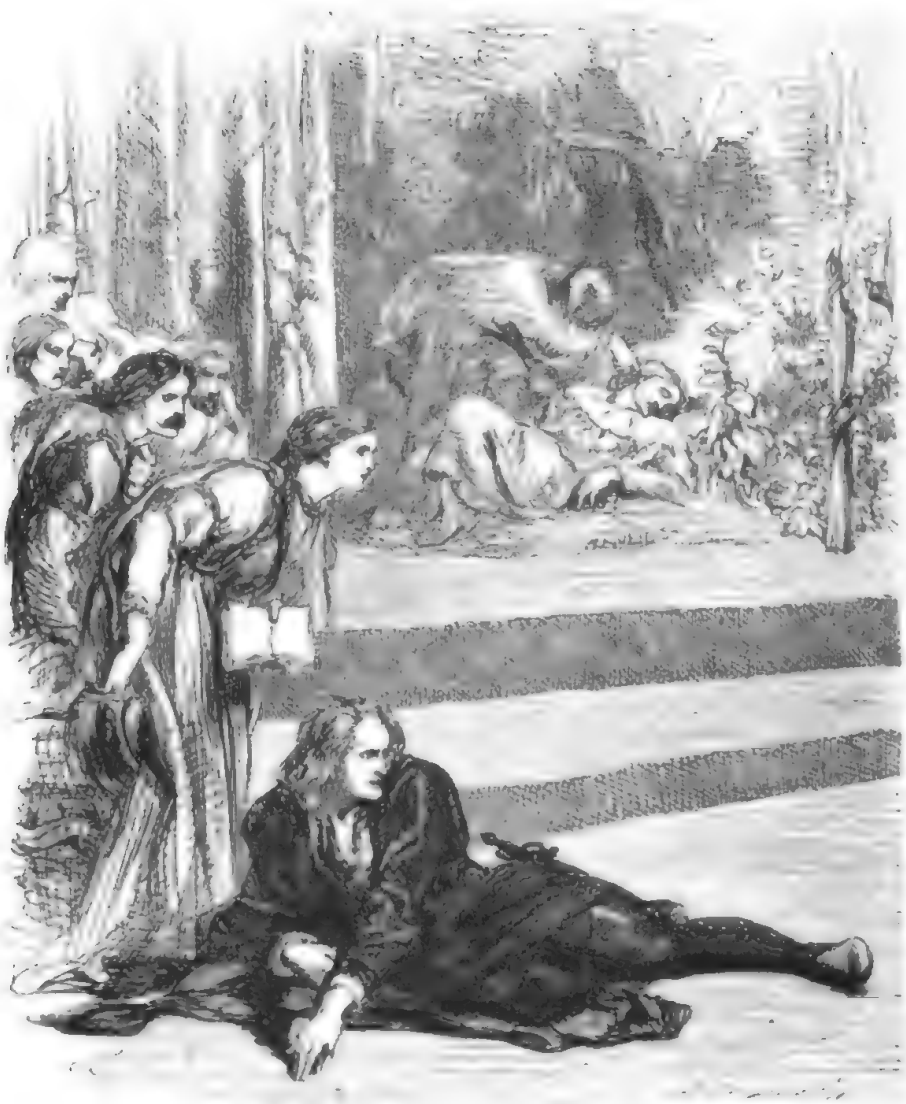
(*) First folio, *my.* (†) First folio, *other.*
(‡) First folio, *give me.*

[e] — *my* lord that's *dead,*—] So the quarto, 1603: the other editions have,—

"—— my *husband* dead."

[f] *An* anchor's *cheer*—] The fare of an *anchorite.* This and the preceding line are not found in the folio.

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GONZ. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
BAPT. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! (3) [*Exit.*

HAM. Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN. The lady doth protest* too much, methinks.

(*) First folio, *lady protests.*

HAM. O, but she'll keep her word.

KING. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

HAM. No, no, they do but jest; poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

KING. What do you call the play?

HAM. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.* This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife,

* Tropically.] *Figuratively.*

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Baptista: you shall see anon, 't is a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus,* my lord.

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

OPH. Still better, and worse.

HAM. So you must take your husbands.*—Begin, murderer;† leave thy damnable faces, and

(*) First folio, *You are a good Chorus*

(*) First folio, *So you mistake Husbands* (†) First folio, *Pox, leave.*

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begin.—Come;—the croaking raven doth bello for revenge.

LUC. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours poison in the sleeper's ears.*

HAM. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPH. The king rises!

HAM. What, frighted with false fire!

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POL. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light:—away!

ALL. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

HAM. *Why, let the strucken deer go weep,*
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me[a]) with two Provincial[b] roses on my razed[c] shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry[d] of players, sir?

HOR. Half a share.

HAM. A whole one, I.[e]

For thou dost know, O, Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very-very——pajock.[f]

HOR. You might have rhymed.

HAM. O, good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

HOR. I did very well note him.

HAM. Ah,[*] ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUIL. The king, sir,—

HAM. Ay, sir, what of him?

GUIL. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAM. With drink, sir?

GUIL. No, my lord,[*] with choler.

HAM. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into[†] more choler.

GUIL. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

GUIL. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

GUIL. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer[‡] as I can make you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

ROS. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAM. O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

(*) First folio, *Oh*.

a — turn Turk with me—] A popular phrase to express apostacy of any kind. Shakespeare uses it again in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III. Sc. 4,—"Well, an you be not *turned Turk*, there 's no more sailing by the star."

b Provincial *roses*—] *Provincial* roses, Mr. Douce asserts, were not so called, as Warton and others conjectured, from *Provence*, but from *Provins*, in Lower Brie, a place early celebrated for the cultivation of the flower.

c — razed *shoes*,—] The folio reads, "rac'd," and the quartos "rasd;" by *razed*, if that be the true word, must be meant *slashed* or *opened* shoes. It should be noted, however, that Steevens and other critics thought that Shakespeare probably wrote *raised* shoes, *i.e.* shoes with high heels.

d — *a* cry *of players*,—] A *troop* or *company* of players.

e *A whole one, I.*] The meaning may be, "A whole one, *I say*," but Malone's proposed emendation,—

"A whole one;—*ay*,—
For," &c.,

will strike many as the more likely reading.

f — *pajock*.] In the old copies printed *paiocke*, or *paiock*, is believed to be equivalent to *peacock*.

(*) First folio inserts, *rather*. (†) First folio inserts, *furre*.
(‡) First folio, *answers*.

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HAM. And do* still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely,† bar the door upon‡ your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAM. Ay, but *While the grass grows,*—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players *with* Recorders.*

O, the recorders: (†) let me see one.§—To withdraw with you:[b]—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,[c] as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUIL. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.[d]

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'T is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers‖ and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent¶ music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.** S'blood! do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret* me, you cannot play upon me.—

Re-enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

POL. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see yonder* cloud that 's almost in shape like a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 't is† like a camel, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or like a whale.

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—[*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-and-by.

POL. I will say so.

HAM. By-and-by is easily said.—[*Exit* POLONIUS.] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., *&c.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business[f] as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

(*) First folio, *So I do.* (†) First folio, *freely.*
(‡) First folio, *of.* (§) First folio omits, *one.*
(‖) First folio, *finger.* (¶) First folio, *excellent.*
(**) First folio, *make it.* *Why do you.*

* Re-enter, &c.] In the folio, "Enter one *with* a Recorder."

b To withdraw with you:—] Malone, to render these words intelligible, was fain to interpolate a stage direction:—[*Taking Guildenstern aside.*] Steevens conceived them to have been in reply to some gesture Guildenstern had used, and which Hamlet interpreted into a signal for him to attend the speaker into another room. We take them to be simply a direction addressed to the players who bring in the recorders, and their true reading,—"So,—[*taking a recorder*] withdraw with you." What subsequently transpires between Hamlet and his schoolfellows could hardly have taken place in presence of the players, and the disputed words may have been intended to mark the departure of the latter.

c —to recover the wind of me,—] An expression borrowed from hunting, as Mr. Singer explains, and meaning, "to get the animal pursued to run with the wind, that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers."

d I do beseech you.] Should not this be addressed, and the reply which follows be assigned, to Rosencrantz? In the quarto, 1603, the dialogue runs,—

"*Ham.* I pray will you play upon this pipe?
Ross. Alas, my lord, I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you.
Gil. I have no skill, my lord."

e —*though you can* fret *me,*—] An obvious quibble on *fret*, the stop or key of a musical instrument, and the same word in its ordinary sense of *vex, irritate, &c.*

f And do such bitter business as the day—] In the quartos,—"—such business as the *bitter day,*" &c.

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio, *By th' Mose, and it's.*

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GUIL. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many-many[a] bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.
ROS. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal[*] depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
ROS., GUIL. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
KING. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not;
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize[b] itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O, wretched state! O, bosom, black as death!
O, limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well! [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't;—and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole[*] son, do this same villain send to heav'n.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush[†] as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No!
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:[c]
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;—

(*) First folio, *spirit*.

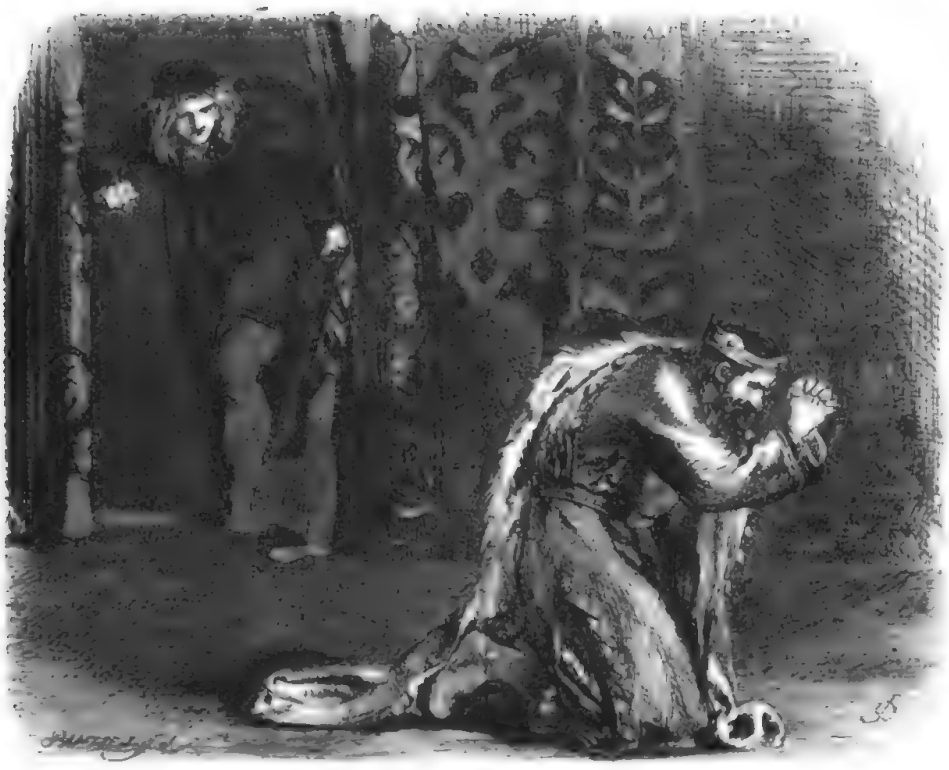
[a] — many-many—] This expression, signifying numberless, has hitherto been always printed "many many:" it should certainly be hyphened like *too-too*, *few-few*, *most-most*, and the like.

[b] — *the wicked* prize *itself*—] Mr. Collier's annotator, with abominable taste, suggests *purse* for "prize," and Mr. Collier says, "there cannot be a doubt on the propriety of the emendation"!

(*) First folio, *foule*. (†) First folio, *fresh*.

[c] — know *thou a more horrid* hent:] That is, and feel or be conscious of a more terrible *purpose*.

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Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:—
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The KING *rises and advances.*

KING. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

POL. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence[a] me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

HAM. [*Without.*] Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*(5)

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now, mother; what 's the matter?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

[a] *I'll* silence *me e'en here.*] Hanmer reads, "I'll *sconce* me even here;" and perhaps rightly. Compare the corresponding passage in the quarto, 1603, "I'le *shrowde myself* behinde the Arras;" and, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III. Sc. 3,—"I'll *ensconce* me behind the arras."

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HAM. Go, go, you question with a wicked* tongue.
QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet!
HAM. What 's the matter now?
QUEEN. Have you forgot me?
HAM. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it† were not so!—you are my mother.
QUEEN. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.
HAM. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
QUEEN. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!
POL. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!
HAM. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead! for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*
POL. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.
[*Falls and dies.*
QUEEN. O, me, what hast thou done?
HAM. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
QUEEN. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
HAM. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
QUEEN. *As kill a king!*
HAM. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
[*Lifts up the arras and sees* POLONIUS.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better:‡ take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

(*) First folio, *an idle.* (†) First folio, *But would you.*
(‡) First folio, *Betters.*

HAM. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets* a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words! heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
QUEEN. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,—
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this† brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and‡ command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.§—Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense,[a] sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.[b] What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

(*) First folio, *makes.* (†) First folio, *his.*
(‡) First folio, *or.* (§) First folio, *breath.*

[a] —— Sense, *sure, you have,*
Else could you not have motion:]

The meaning we apprehend to be,—"Sense (*i.e.* the sensibility to appreciate the distinction between external objects) you must have, or you would no longer feel the *impulse of desire.* This signification of "motion" might be illustrated by numerous examples from our early writers, but the accompanying out of Shakespeare will suffice:—

" — one who never feels
The wanton stings and *motions* of the sense."
Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 5.

" —— A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her *motion*
Blush'd at herself."
Othello, Act I. Sc. 3.

" But we have reason to cool our raging
Motions, our carnal stings," &c.
Ibid. Act I. Sc. 3.

[b] To serve in such a difference.] The passage commencing "Sense, sure, you have," to these words inclusive, is not printed in the folio.

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Could not so mope.*
O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And* reason panders will.

(*) First folio, *As*.

QUEEN. O, Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
HAM. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying and making love
Over the nasty stye,—

* Could not so mope.] This and the three foregoing lines are wanting in the folio.

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QUEEN. O, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
HAM. A murderer and a villain!
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord;—a vice[a] of kings!
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
QUEEN. No more!
HAM. A king of shreds and patches!—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your* gracious figure?
QUEEN. Alas, he 's mad!
HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
GHOST. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.
HAM. How is it with you, lady?
QUEEN. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do† bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal‡ air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
HAM. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.[b]—Do not look upon me;

(*) First folio, *you*. (†) First folio omits, *do*.
(‡) First folio, *their corporall*.

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects:[c] then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?
HAM. Do you see nothing there?
QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?
QUEEN. No, nothing but ourselves.
HAM. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* Ghost.
QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy[d]
Is very cunning in.
HAM. *Ecstasy!*
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that* flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles† rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on* the weeds,
To make them ranker.‡—[*Aside.*] Forgive me this, my virtue;[e]
For in the fatness of these§ pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb[g] and woo for leave to do him good.
QUEEN. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
HAM. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,
Oft habits' devil, is angel yet in this,—[h]

(*) First folio, *a*. (†) First folio, *Whil'st*.
(‡) First folio, *ranke*. (§) First folio, *this*.

[a] —*a vice of kings!*] A "vice" was the buffoon or clown of the older drama.
[b] —capable.] *Susceptible.*
[c] —effects:] For "effects," Mr. Singer reads, *affects*, quoting in support of his emendation,—

"—— the young *affects*
In me defunct—" &c.

[d] —ecstasy—] *Madness.* The quarto, 1603, exhibits this speech of the Queen very differently to the after copies; and the peculiarity is interesting in connexion with the question of her participation in the murder of her first husband:—

"Alas, it is the weaknesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I have a soule, I sweare by heaven,
I never knew of this most horride murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my love forget these idle fits."

[e] —*do not spread the compost on the weeds,*—] The folio has,—"—or the weeds;" the poet's manuscript probably read, "*o'er* the weeds," &c.
[f] —Forgive me this, my virtue; &c.] Although the modern editors uniformly print this as if Hamlet addressed it to the Queen, nothing can be more evident than that it is an imploration to his own virtue.
[g] —curb—] *Bow*, or *truckle*; from the French courber.
[h] *That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,*
Oft *habits' devil*, &c.)
The reading of the old text is,—

"That monster custome, who all sense doth eate
Of habits devill," &c.;

Which has been variously modified to,—

"—who all sense doth eat
Of habits *evil*," &c.
"—who all sense doth eat,
If habit's devil," &c.;

and

"—who all sense doth eat,
Or habit's devil," &c.

The trifling change we have taken the liberty to make, while doing little violence to the original, may be thought, it is hoped, to give at least as good a meaning as any other which has been proposed.

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That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.[a] Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master[b] the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.[c] Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I 'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.[d]

QUEEN. What shall I do?

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat* king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,*
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,[f] in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN. Alack,
I had forgot 't is so concluded on.

HAM. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work!
For 't is the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—[g]
This man shall set me packing:
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally;* HAMLET *dragging out*[h] *the body of* POLONIUS.(d)

(*) First folio, *blunt*.

[a] That aptly is put on.] The passage from "That monster" to "put on" inclusive, is not in the folio.

[b] And master the devil, or throw him out—] The quartos, 1604 and 1605, present this line, "And *either* the devill," &c.; the after ones read as above, which, as it affords sense, though destructive to the metre, we retain, not, however, without acknowledging a preference for Malone's conjecture, "And either *curb* the devil," &c.

[c] With wondrous potency.] This and what precedes, from "the next more easy" inclusive, is only in the quarto copies.

[d] One word more, good lady.] Not in the folio.

[e] —a paddock—a gib,—] A "paddock" is a *toad*; for "gib," "*a cat*," see note (b), p. 512, Vol. I.

[f] —conclusions,—] *Experiments*.

[g] —directly meet.—] This, as well as the eight preceding lines, are only in the quartos.

[h] —*dragging out*—] The folio direction reads, "*tugging in*."



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. There's matter* in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate; 't is fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN. Bestow this place on us a little while.[a]
[*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, *who exeunt.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

KING. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the sea* and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And in this† brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

KING. O, heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;

(*) First folio, *matters.*

[a] Bestow this place, &c.] A line not in the folio.

(*) First folio, *seas.*

(†) First folio, *his.*

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To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,[a]
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let* it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore[b]
Among a mineral[c] of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

KING. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet* hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.—
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
To let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what 's untimely done: so, haply slander,—[d]
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.*—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *lets.*

[a] — out of haunt,—] Out of *company.*
[b] — ore—] "Ore" is here used for *gold*, the most precious of ores.
[c] — mineral—] A *mine*, or rather a *metallic vein* in a mine; we should now say a *lode.*
[d] — so, haply slander,—] In the old copies the passage reads,—

"And let them know both what we meane to do
And whats untimely done," &c.;

the latter portion of the line having been accidentally omitted. Theobald supplied the *hiatus* by inserting "*for* haply, slander;" Malone by reading, "*so vsperous* slander," &c.; we should prefer to either,—

"— *thus calumny,*—
Whose whisper," &c.

* And hit the woundless air.) These words and the three previous lines are not given in the folio.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Safely stowed.

ROS., GUIL. [*Without.*] Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

HAM. But soft![f] what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

(*) First folio, *Closets.*

[f] But soft!] Only in the quartos.

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Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! —what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts,[a] in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

HAM. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

GUIL. *A thing*, my lord?

HAM. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[b] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, *attended.*

KING. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never* the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. *At supper!* Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic* worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us; and we fat ourselves† for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar, is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table; that 's the end.

KING. Alas, alas![c]

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.[d]

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within‡ this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there.

[*To some* Attendants.

HAM. He will stay till ye come.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

KING. Hamlet, this deed§ for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is‖ bent
For England.

HAM. For England!

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

(*) First folio, *nearer*.

[a] — doth nuts,—] These words are restored from the 1603 quarto.

[b] Hide fox, and all after.] The early name for the boys' game, now known as *hoop*, or *hide and seek*.

[c] Alas, alas!] These exclamations, with the next speech, are only in the quartos.

(*) First folio omits, *politic*.
(†) First folio, *ourselfe*.
(‡) First folio omits, *within*.
(§) First folio adds, *of thine*.
(‖) First folio, *at*.

[d] — and eat of the fish, &c.] In the quarto, 1603, this stands,—"A man may fish with the worme that hath eaten of a king, *and a begger eate that fish which that worme hath caught.*"

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HAM. Good.

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub, that sees them.*—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet!

HAM. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.*

KING. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *him*.

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in* Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and* Forces, *marching.*

FOR. [*To an* Officer.] Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

CAP. I will do 't, my lord.

FOR. Go softly* on.
[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and* Forces.

* *Go softly on.*] The folio has "safely;" but "softly," as in the quartos, meaning *slowly*, was doubtless the author's word.

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Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*[a]

HAM. Good sir, whose powers are these?
CAP. They are of Norway, sir.
HAM. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
CAP. Against some part of Poland.
HAM. Who commands them, sir?
CAP. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
CAP. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
HAM. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
CAP. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.
HAM. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
CAP. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
ROS. Will 't please you go, my lord?
HAM. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing 's to do;*
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, *and a* Gentleman.[b]

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.
GENT. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.
QUEEN. What would she have?
GENT. She speaks much of her father; says she hears,
There 's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might* be thought,[c]
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
HOR. 'T were good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
QUEEN. Let her come in.[d] [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

[a] *Enter* HAMLET, &c.] The remainder of this scene is entirely wanting in the folio.

[b] — *and a* Gentleman.] So the quartos: the folio omits this character, and Horatio is made to speak what the former copies assign to him. We adopt the older distribution of the dialogue as the better one.

[c] — *there might be* thought,—] "Thought" is possibly a misprint, caught from the line above, for *meant*, or *seen*, or a word of like import.

(*) First folio, *would*.

[d] Let her come in.] In the quartos, these words are mistakenly attached to Horatio's speech; and in the folio, the two previous lines are assigned to the Queen.

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Re-enter HORATIO *with* OPHELIA.[a]

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. [Sings.]

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you, mark!

[Sings.] *He is dead and gone, lady,*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia,—
OPH. Pray you, mark!

[Sings.] *White his shroud as the mountain snow,*

Enter KING.

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. [Sings.]

Larded all with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did† go,
With true-love showers.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.(1) Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings.] *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd[b] his clothes,
And dupp'd[c] the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings.] *By Gis, and by Saint Charity,*
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING. How long hath she been thus?*

OPH. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.—My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O, Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalias! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,[d]
In hugger-mugger[e] to inter him; poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds† on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person‡ to arraign

(*) First folio omits, *all*. (†) Old copies, *did not go*.

[a] — *with* OPHELIA.] The quaint direction of the quarto, 1603, is entitled to consideration from future representatives of this lovely creation, since in all probability it indicates the manner in which the author himself designed she should appear in this her greatest scene,—"*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing.*"

[b] — *donn'd*—] *To don* = to *do on*, or *put on*.

(*) First folio, *this*. (†) First folio, *Keepes*. (‡) First folio, *persons*.

[c] — *dupp'd*—] A contraction of *do up; to lift the latch*. Johnson suggested, "And *op'd*;" but compare, "What devell! iche weene the porters are drunke, wil they not *dup* the gate to-day?"—*Damon and Pythias*, 1582.

[d] — greenly,—] *Immaturely, unwisely*.

[e] — hugger-mugger—] An old word signifying *secretly, by stealth*.

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In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece,[a] in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise without.*

QUEEN. Alack! what noise is this?

KING. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

GENT. Save yourself, my lord!
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous* haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we! Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter,[b] you false Danish dogs.
[*Noise without.*

KING. The doors are broke!

Enter LAERTES, *armed*; Danes *following.*

LAER. Where is this† king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

DANES. No, let's come in.

LAER. I pray you, give me leave.

DANES. We will, we will.
[*They retire without the door.*

LAER. I thank you:—keep the door.—O, thou vile king,
Give me my father!

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER. That drop of blood that's calm‡ proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother!

KING. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.[c]—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed:—let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.[d]

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAER. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't* writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them, then?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,†
Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye.

DANES. [*Without.*] Let her come in.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?—

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O, heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

(*) First folio, *impittious*. (†) First folio, *the*.
(‡) First folio, *that calmes*.

(*) First folio, *if*. (†) First folio, *Politician*.

a — a murdering-piece,—] A piece of artillery with several barrels, which discharged a hail of missiles composed of bullets, nails, old iron, and the like.

b — this is counter,—] To hunt *counter* is explained at p. 150, Vol. I. "to follow on a false scent;" it should have been added, "or to *retrace* the scent." A hound which, instead of going forward, turns and pursues the backward trail, was in the old language of the chase said to *hunt counter*.

c That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.]

This is passed by the critics without comment; but we shrewdly suspect it has undergone some depravation at the hands of transcribers or compositors.

d But not by him.] In the 1603 quarto the dialogue proceeds,—

"*Laer.* Speake, say, where's my father?
King. Dead.
Laer Who hath murdred him? speake, lle not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queene. True, but not by him."

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By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam! O, rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O, heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

OPH. [Sings.]

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rains many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

LAER. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPH. [Sings.]

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You must sing, a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel[a] becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing's more than matter.

OPH. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;

[Sings.] *Pray, love, remember:*

and there is pansies,[*] that's for thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness! thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:(2)—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

[Sings.] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*

LAER. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPH. [Sings.] *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls, I pray God.—God be wi' you. [*Exit.*

LAER. Do you see this, O God?[†]

KING. Laertes, I must commune[b] with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

LAER. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't[*] in question.

KING. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO *and a* Servant.(3)

HOR. What are they that would speak with me?

SERV. Sailors, sir; they say, they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in.— [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.[†]

1 SAIL. God bless you, sir.

HOR. Let him bless thee too.

1 SAIL. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HOR. [Reads.] *HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine[‡] ear, will make thee dumb: yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee*

(*) First folio, *Paconcies.* (†) First folio, *you Gods.*

a — the wheel—] The "wheel" = *rota*, is another name for the *burden* or *refrain* of a ballad: it was perhaps the practice on the old stage for Ophelia to play the "wheel" upon her lute before these words.

(*) First folio, *call.* (†) First folio, *Saylor.* (‡) First folio, *your.*

b — *I must* commune *with your grief,*—] The folio alone reads "common," which is only the more ancient orthography of the same word.

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where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter King *and* Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But* yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd* them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth,† if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

(*) First folio, *and*.

(*) First folio, *arm'd*.

(†) First folio, *Who was*.

KING. From Hamlet! who brought them?
MESS. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.
They were given to me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.*
KING. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit* Messenger.

[Reads.] *High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.*
HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and† no such thing?
LAER. Know you the hand?
KING. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—*Naked,*—
And in a postscript here, he says, *alone!*
Can you advise me?
LAER. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come!
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou![a]
KING. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?
LAER. Ay, my lord,‡
So§ you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.
KING. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking[b] at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
LAER. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.
KING. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.[c]
LAER. What part is that, my lord?
KING. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and gravenessa.[d]—Two months since,*
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can* well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd† my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
LAER. A Norman was't?
KING. A Norman.
LAER. Upon my life, Lamond.
KING. The very same.
LAER. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the‡ nation.
KING. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,[f]
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers[g] of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.[h] Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—
LAER. What§ out of this, my lord?
KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
LAER. Why ask you this?

(*) This hemistich is omitted in the first folio.
(†) First folio, *Or.* (‡) First folio omits, *Ay, my lord.*
(§) First folio, *If so you'l.*

[a] *Thus diddest thou!*] The reading of the 1603 quarto is,—
"That I shall live to tell him, *thus he dies,*"
which by some may be thought superior.

[b] *As* checking *at his voyage,—*] *To check*, a technical phrase from falconry, means to *fly from* or *shy at*. "—For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk which comes now so fair to the first, may to-morrow *check* at the lure."—HIXON'S *Elisoto Libidinoso*, 1606, quoted by Steevens. Again, in Massinger's play of "The Unnatural Combat," Act V. Sc. 2,—
"—— and there 's something here that tells me
I stand accomptable for greater sins
I never *check'd* at."

[c] *Of the* unworthiest siege.] *Siege* is *seat, place, state;* and the meaning therefore is, Of the most *ignoble rank*.

[d] Importing health and gravenessa.] These words, and the preceding lines to "And call it accident," inclusive, are not in the folio.

[e] *And they* can *well on horseback:*] The folio misprints this, "*run* well."

[f] — defence,—] That is, *Science of Defence*, as the knowledge of sword-play was formerly called. See note 6, p. 216, Vol. I.

[g] — scrimers—] *Fencers*, from the French, *Escrimeur*.

[h] If you oppos'd them.] The passage beginning, "the scrimers," &c., is not in the folio

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KING. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,[a]
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift* sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer:—[b]
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

LAER. To cut his throat i' the church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; [Laertes,
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Will you do this,[c] keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame [gether,
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to-
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,[d] and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do't:
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip† a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,*—
I ha't! when in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that† end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,*
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now,[f] sweet queen?

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAER. *Drown'd!*—O, where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows ascaunt‡ a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down the weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable[g] of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their§ drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay||
To muddy death.

LAER. Alas, then, is she drown'd?

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:—
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns¶ it. [*Exit.*

KING. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *spend-thrift's sigh.* (†) First folio, *I but dipt.*

[a] — plurisy,—] *Repletion, superfluance.* Not from πλευρῖτις, but from *plus, pluris.*

[b] But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—] This and the nine foregoing lines are not in the folio.

[c] Will you do this, &c.] That is, "If you will do this, then keep close," &c.

[d] — unbated,—] *Unblunted, without a button on the point,* as fencing foils have.

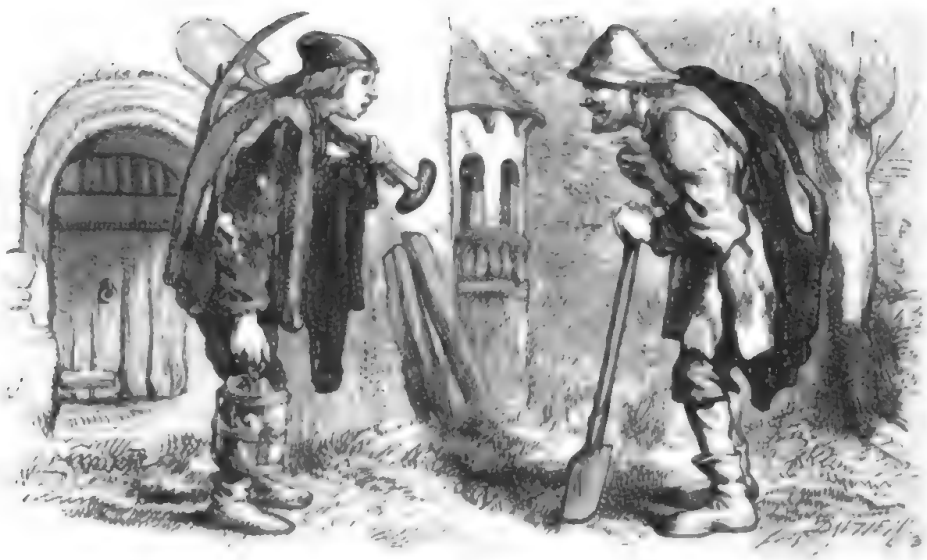
(*) First folio, *commings.* (†) First folio, *the.*
(‡) First folio, *aslant.* (§) First folio, *her.*
(||) First folio, *sing.* (¶) First folio, *doubts.*

[e] — venom'd stuck.—] "Stuck." = *tuck*, is perhaps used for a sword; or it may mean a *thrust, stoccata.*

[f] *How now, sweet queen!*] The parallel passage in the 1603 quarto is, "*How now* Gertred, why looke you heavily!" but all subsequent editions, until the folio of 1632, omit "now."

[g] — incapable—] *Unsusceptible, unintelligent.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church-Yard.*

Enter Two Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else: for here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to[*] act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.(1)

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest-law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even[a] christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

(*) First folio, *an.*

a — even *christian.*—] This old expression for *fellow* christian is frequently met with in the early English writers. See the *Variorum*, 1821, Vol. VIII. *ad l.* where several examples are cited by Steevens and Malone.

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2 CLO. Go to.

1 CLO. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?[a]

2 CLO. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLO. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 CLO. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLO. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.[b]

2 CLO. Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLO. To 't.

2 CLO. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO *at a distance.*

1 CLO. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, *a gravemaker*,—the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan;[c] fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 Clown.

1 Clown *digs and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,(2)
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, *the time, for,* ah, *my behove*
O, *methought there was nothing meet.*

HAM. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clown *sings.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath caught me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.
[*Throws up a skull.*

HAM. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This* might be the pate of a politician,[d] which this ass o'er-reaches;† one that could circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

1 Clown *sings.*

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and[e] *a shrouding sheet:*
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up another skull.*

HAM. There's another: why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?(3)

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

[a] **What is he that builds, &c.]** Queries of this description formed a favourite item in the homely festivities of our forefathers. One of the earliest collections of them known, is a little book called "Demaundes Joyous," printed in 1511, by Wynkyn de Worde, of the questions in which Steevens remarks, "The innocence may deserve a praise, which is not always due to their delicacy."

[b] **— and unyoke.]** A rustic phrase for giving over work, of which the meaning here may be, as Caldecott explains it,—"Unravel this, and your day's work is done, your team you may then unharness."

[c] ***Go, get thee to* Yaughan;]** Whether by "Yaughan" a man or place is meant, or whether the word is a corruption, we are not qualified to determine. Mr. Collier once conjectured that it "might be a misunderstood stage-direction for the 1 Clown to *yawn*;" I he now accepts the emendation of his annotator, who reads "to *you*."

(*) First folio, *It.* (†) First folio, *o're offices.*

[d] **— a politician.—]** A *plotter*, a *schemer* for his own advantage; so Hotspur calls Henry the Fourth,—"this vile *politician*;" and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, who had scant brains for circumvention, declares he "had as lief be a Brownist as a *politician*."

[e] **For and—]** "For and," as Mr. Dyce has shown, answers here to "And eke," as the line reads in a version of this song published in Percy's Relics of Ancient English Poetry,—

"*And eke* a shrowding shete."

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HAM. They are sheep, and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 CLO. Mine, sir.—

Sings.] *O, a pit of clay for to be made*
For such a guest is meet.

HAM. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1 CLO. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say 't is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 CLO. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 CLO. For no man, sir.

HAM. What woman, then?

1 CLO. For none, neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 CLO. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

HAM. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,[a] or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked,[b] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the[*] courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLO. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAM. How long is that since?

1 CLO. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that was mad, and sent into England.

HAM. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 CLO. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it 's no great matter there.

HAM. Why?

1 CLO. 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1 CLO. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

1 CLO. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1 CLO. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton[*] here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 CLO. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

HAM. Why he more than another?

1 CLO. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.[c]

HAM. Whose was it?

1 CLO. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1 CLO. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

1 CLO. E'en that.

HAM. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is![d] my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not[†] one now, to mock your own grinning?[‡] quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What 's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so?—pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

(*) First folio, *heriss of our.*

a We must speak by the card.] *To speak by the card* is explained to be a metaphor from the seaman's card or chart; it is rather an allusion to the *card* and *calendar* of etiquette, or *book of manners*, of which more than one were published during Shakespeare's age.

b — so picked,—] That is, so *refined*, so *fastidious*, so *precise*.

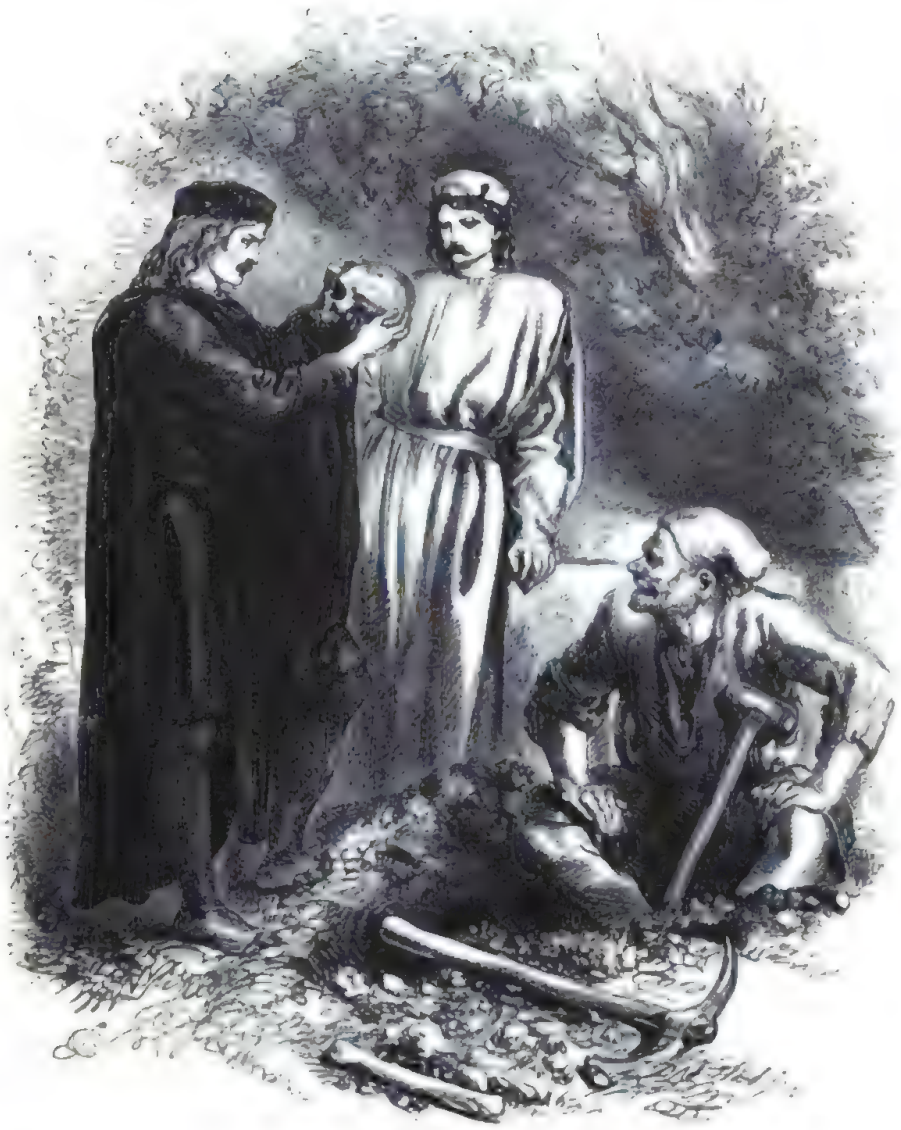
c — three-and-twenty years.] The quarto 1603 reads,—

(*) First folio, *sixteene.* (†) First folio, *No.*
(‡) First folio, *leering.*

" Here's a scull hath bin here this *dozen yeare.*
Let me see, I ever since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat."

d — and now how abhorred in my imagination it is!] The folio has,—" And how abhorred my imagination is," &c.

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Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus;—Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious[a] Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

[a] Imperious *Cæsar*,—] So the quartos; the folio substituted *Imperiall*, "not knowing," perhaps, as Malone observes, "that *imperious* was used in the same sense."

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Enter Priests, &c., *in procession; the corpse of* Ophelia, Laertes *and* Mourners *following;* King, Queen, *their* Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers! Who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its[a] own life: 'twas of some estate:
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with* Horatio.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayer,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,[b]
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. *No more be done!*
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing[*] a requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe[†]
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*

a — its *own life*] So the undated quarto, the other early editions have, "*of* own life."

b — crants,—] "Crants" are crowns = *coronæ*, or garlands.

(*) First folio, *sage*.

(†) First folio, *Oh terrible woer*.

The folio reads, "*Rites.*"

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
HAM. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief*
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Cónjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane! [*Leaps into the grave.*
LAER. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*
HAM. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For† though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand!
KING. Pluck them asunder!
QUEEN. Hamlet, Hamlet!
HOR.‡ Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The* Attendants *part them, and they come out of the grave.*
HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
QUEEN. O, my son! what theme?
HAM. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
KING. O, he is mad, Laertes.
QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.
HAM. Come, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast?§ woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel?[a] eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.
QUEEN. This is mere madness,
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.[b]
HAM. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit.*
KING. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To* LAERTES.
We 'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
[*Exit* QUEEN.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

HAM. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?
HOR. Remember it, my lord?
HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.[c] Rashly,
And prais'd* be rashness for it,[d]—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall; and that should teach us,

(*) First folio, *griefes.*
(†) First folio, *Sir.*
(‡) First folio, *Gen.*
(§) First folio omits, *woo't fast?*

[a] — *drink up* eisel?] The question whether Hamlet speaks here of a river (the Ysaell, Issell, or Isel, has been suggested), or proposes the more practical exploit of drinking some nauseous potion, *eisel* of old being used for *wormwood* and for *vinegar*, has been fiercely disputed. Those who believe that *eisel* means a river, lay much stress on the addition, *up*; but Gifford, in a note on the phrase, "Kills them all *up*," ("Every Man in his Humour," Act IV. Sc. 5,) has satisfactorily disposed of this plea:—"— *off*, *out*, and *up*, are continually used by the purest and most excellent of our old writers after verbs of destroying, consuming, eating, drinking, &c.: to us, who are less conversant with the power of language, they appear, indeed, somewhat like expletives; but they undoubtedly contributed something to the force, and something to the roundness of the sentence. There is much wretched criticism on a similar expression in Shakespeare, 'Woo't *drink up* eisel?' Theobald gives the sense of the passage in a clumsy note; Hanmer, who had more taste than judgment, and more judgment than knowledge, corrupts the language as usual [he reads, '*Will* drink up *Nile!*']; Steevens gaily perverts the sense; and Malone, with great effort, brings the reader back to the meaning which poor Theobald had long before excogitated."

[b] His silence will sit drooping.] In the folio this speech is assigned to the King!

[c] — bilboes.] An instrument of torture, consisting of a bar of iron with fetters attached, used formerly for the punishment of sailors, and supposed to have been named from *Bilboa*, in Spain.

[d] And prais'd be rashness for it,—] We think, with Tyrwhitt, that *Rashly* should be joined in construction with—*in the dark grop'd I to find out them*, and the passage therefore distributed and read as follows:—

"—— Rashly
(And prais'd be rashness, for it lets us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;—
HOR. That is most certain—)
HAM. Up from my cabin," &c.

(*) First folio, *praise.*

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There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew[a] them how we will,—
HOR. That is most certain.
HAM. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O, royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—[b]
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
HOR. Is't possible?
HAM. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
HOR. Ay, beseech you.
HAM. Being thus be-netted round with villainies,—*
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:—
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service—wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?
HOR. Ay, good my lord.
HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them as the palm should flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma[c] 'tween their amities;
And many such like *as's* of great charge,—
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
HOR. How was this seal'd?
HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;† I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent*
Thou know'st already.
HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat†
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
HOR. Why, what a king is this!
HAM. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—[d]
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
HOR. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.
HAM. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, *One*.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court[e] his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
HOR. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
HAM. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?
HOR. No, my good lord.

(*) Old text, *villaines*. (†) First folio, *ordinate*.

[a] Rough-hew—] Farmer's assertion that these words were merely technical, and referred to the making *skewers*, has never, we believe, been contradicted; a striking proof, if so, how much the commentators on Shakespeare have yet to learn from our early literature. To *rough-hew* meant to plan or scheme, or do anything in the rough. Thus Florio interprets "Abbozzare," *to rough-hew or cast any first draught, to bungle up ill-favouredly*: and Baret, in his *Alvearie*, says, "To cut out grossely: to *hew rough*." "It is *rough hewed*, or squared out, or it is begun."

[b] — such bugs and goblins in my life,—] "With *such causes of terror*, rising from my character and designs."—JOHNSON.

[c] *And stand a* comma *'tween their amities*;] Johnson thinks this not incapable of explanation,—"The *comma* is the note of connection and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of abruption and disjunction." To us it is much easier to believe that "comma" is a typographical slip than that Shakespeare should have chosen that point as a mark of *connection*; at the same time, having no faith in the substitution, *cement*, by Hanmer, or *commere*, by Warburton, or *co-mere* (a *boundary-stone*), by Singer, we leave the text as it stands in the old copies, simply suggesting the possibility of "comma" being a misprint for *co-mate*.

[d] Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—] Equipollent to, Is it not, think you, incumbent on me?

[e] *I'll* court *his favours*:] A correction due to Rowe: the folio, in which alone the speech is found, reading, "Ile *count* his favours," &c.

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HAM. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'T is a chough; but, as I say,* spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSR. Sweet lord, if your lordship† were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter.

HAM. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

OSR. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAM. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but yaw[a] neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror: and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy, sir?—why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSR. Sir?

HOR. Is 't not possible to understand in another[b] tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSR. Of Laertes?

HOR. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

HAM. Of him, sir.

OSR. I know you are not ignorant—

HAM. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.[c]

OSR. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAM. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

OSR. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed[d] he 's unfellowed.[e]

HAM. What 's his weapon?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

OSR. The king, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has* imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and† so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAM. What call you the carriages?

HOR. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.[f]

OSR. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAM. The phrase would be more german[g] to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages: that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this *imponed*, as you call it?

OSR. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on‡ twelve for nine; and it§ would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How if I answer No?

OSR. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty,—'t is the breathing time of day with me,—let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win

(*) First folio, *saw*. (†) First folio, *friendship*.

[a] — and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.] This is not in the folio nor in the quarto of 1603. In the other quartos, except that of 1604, we have "*raw*" for "yaw," though the latter is shown by the context to be unquestionably the poet's word. To *yaw* is to stagger and vacillate, as a ship sometimes does, instead of going due on. Mr. Dyce, of course, adopts "yaw," but conceiving "yet," often written "yt," to be a misprint for *it*, he reads "— and *it*, but yaw neither," &c. which we must admit our inability to understand. "*Yet*" certainly is suspicious, but the word displaced we have always thought was *writ*, not *it*, and the drift of Hamlet's jargon to be this:—his qualifications are so numerous, and so far surpass all ordinary reckoning, that memory would grow giddy in cataloguing, and *writ* be distanced in attempting to keep pace with them.

(*) First folio omits, *has*. (†) First folio, *or*.
(‡) First folio, *He hath one*. (§) First folio, *that*.

[b] — in another *tongue?*] Should we not read with Johnson, "in a *mother* tongue?" or, "*in's mother* tongue?"

[c] Well, sir.] The whole of the dialogue beginning, "—Sir, here is newly come to court," &c. down to the above words, inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

[d] — meed—] *Merit, excellence.*

[e] — he's unfellowed.] This and the preceding speech are not in the folio.

[f] I knew you must be edified, &c.] Omitted in the folio.

[g] — more german—] More akin.

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for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

OSR. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

HAM. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

OSR. I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAM. Yours, yours. [*Exit* OSRIC.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.*

HOR. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAM. He did comply[a] with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has† he (and many‡ more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;[b] and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

LORD. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAM. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

HAM. In happy time.

LORD. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAM. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord.[c]

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's§ here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord,—

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike anything, obey it:‖ I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit, we defy augury; there 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and* Attendants, *with foils, &c.*

KING. [*Taking* LAERTES *by the hand.*] Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

HAM. [*To* LAERTES.] Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a* sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness; if 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.†

LAER. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd.‡ But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAM. I do embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.—Come on.

LAER. Come, one for me.

HAM. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine igno-
rance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

(*) First folio, *tongue.* (†) First folio, *had.*
(‡) First folio, *mine.* (§) First folio, *how all heere.*
(‖) First folio omits, *it.*

(*) First folio omits, *a.* (†) First folio, *Mother.*
(‡) First folio, *ungorg'd.*

[a] *He did* comply *with his dug,—*] Was ceremonious, or played the courtier with his dug.

[b] *— the most* fanned *and winnowed opinions:*] A lection proposed by Warburton; the quartos having—"Most *prophane* and *trennowed* [and *trennowned*] opinions;" and the folio, "most *fond* and winnowed opinions," &c.

[c] *Exit* Lord.] From the entrance of this character to his exit, the text is not found in the folio.

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LAER. You mock me, sir.
HAM. No, by this hand.
KING. Give them the foils, young Osric.—
Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
HAM. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
KING. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:
But since he 's better'd, we have therefore odds.
LAER. This is too heavy, let me see another.
HAM. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
OSR. Ay, my good lord.
[*They prepare to play.*
KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union* shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
HAM. Come on, sir.
LAER. Come on, sir. [*They play.*
HAM. One.
LAER. No.
HAM. Judgment.
OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.
LAER. Well;—again.
KING. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off without.*
Give him the cup.
HAM. I'll play this bout first; set it* by awhile.—
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*
LAER. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
KING. Our son shall win.
QUEEN. He 's fat, and scant of breath.[b]—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:[c]
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
HAM. Good, madam.
KING. Gertrude, do not drink.
QUEEN. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
KING. [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup! it is too late!
HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.
LAER. My lord, I'll hit him now.
KING. I do not think 't.
LAER. [*Aside.*] And yet 't is almost 'gainst my conscience.
HAM. Come, for the third; Laertes, you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
LAER. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
OSR. Nothing, neither way.
LAER. Have at you now!
[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.
KING. Part them! they are incens'd.
HAM. Nay, come again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*
OSR. Look to the queen there.—Ho![d]
HOR. They bleed on both sides!—How is it, my lord?
OSR. How is 't, Laertes?
LAER. Why, as a woodcock to mine own* springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
HAM. How does the queen?
KING. She swoons to see them bleed.
QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink!—O, my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*
HAM. O, villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
LAER. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated* and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again! thy mother 's poison'd;—
I can no more:—the king, the king 's to blame.
HAM. The point—envenom'd too!—[f]
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the* KING.

(*) First folio omits, *it*.

(*) First folio omits, *own*

[a] — an union—] By an *union* was meant a pearl of faultless beauty; an "*orient* pearl;" ("Antony and Cleopatra," Act I. Sc. 5;) *i.e.* a pearl clear, white, and spotless.

[b] — He 's fat, and scant of breath.—] Does the Queen refer to Hamlet or Laertes?

[c] Here, Hamlet, &c.] In the folio, "Heere 's a Napkin, rub thy browes."

[d] Look to the queen there.—Ho!] The exclamation "Ho!" meaning *stop!* should perhaps be addressed to the combatants, and not, as it is always printed, to those who are to raise the Queen.

* Unbated—] See note (d), p. 385.

[f] The point—envenom'd too!] Why should this line invariably be printed—

"The point envenom'd too!"

as if Hamlet supposed the hilt was poison'd? Recurring to what Laertes had just said, "Unbated and envenom'd," he examines the foil, and finding the button gone, exclaims, "The point—," and then, without finishing the sentence,—"unblunted"—hurries on to—"envenom'd too!" &c. This is so obviously the sense, that one marvels it should ever have been mistaken.

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OSR. *and* LORDS. Treason! treason!
KING. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
HAM. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [KING *dies.*
LAER. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause* aright
To the unsatisfied.
HOR. Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.
HAM. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have 't!—
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me![a]
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
[*March afar off, and shot*† *without.*
What warlike noise is this?
OSR. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
HAM. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence.[b] [*Dies.*
HOR. Now cracks‡ a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither?
[*March without.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

FORT. Where is this sight?
HOR. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
FORT. This* quarry cries on havoc.—O, proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot,†
So bloodily hast struck?
1 AMB. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing:
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead,
Where should we have our thanks?
HOR. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
FORT. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now‡ to claim my vantage doth invite me.
HOR. Of that I shall have also§ cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;
But let this same be presently perform'd, [chance,
E'en while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
On plots and errors, happen.
FORT. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:‖—such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*
[*Exeunt bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

(*) First folio, *causes.* (†) First folio, *shout.*
(‡) First folio, *cracke.*

[a] — shall live behind me!] Compare ("Much Ado About Nothing," Act III. Sc. 1), "No lory *lives behind* the back of such."

(*) First folio, *His.* (†) First folio, *shoote.*
(‡) First folio, *are.* (§) First folio, *alwayes.*
(‖) First folio, *body.*

[b] The rest is silence.] The folio adds, "O, o, o, o."

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:]

Some depravation is manifest in the first two lines, and Rowe, to connect them with what precedes, printed,—

" Stars *shone* with trains of fire, dews of blood *fell*,
Disasters *veil'd* the sun—"

Malone, with more plausibility and less violence, proposed to change "As stars" to *Astres*, observing, "The disagreeable recurrence of the word *stars* in the second line induces me to believe that *As stars*, in that which precedes, is a corruption. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote:—

" *Astres* with trains of fire,—
—— and dews of blood
Disasterous dimm'd the sun."

Following up this hint, an ingenious correspondent (A.E.B.) of *Notes and Queries*, Vol. V. No. 117, would read,—

" *Asters* with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun;"—

by *disasters* understanding *spots* or *blotches*. *Astres* or *asters* is an acceptable conjecture, but we conceive the cardinal error lies in "Disasters," which conceals some verb importing the obscuration of the sun; for example,—

" Asters with trains of fire and dews of blood
Distempered the sun;"

or,—

" *Discoloured* the sun."

(2) Scene I.—

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*]

Farmer pointed attention to a hymn, *ad Gallicinium*, in Prudentius, which appositely illustrates these beautiful lines:—

" Ferunt, vagantes Dæmonas,
Lætos tenebris Noctium,
Gallo canente exterritos
Sparsim timere, et cedere.—
Hoc esse signum præscii
Norunt repromissæ Spei,
Qua nos soporis liberi
Speramus adventum Dei."

And Douce refers to another hymn formerly used in the Salisbury service, which is still more relevant:—

" Preco diei jam sonat,
Noctis profundæ pervigil;
Nocturna lux viantibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,
Solvit polum caligine;
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.
Gallo canente spes redit," &c.

The superstition of a phantom disappearing on the crowing of a cock, Steevens has shown to be very ancient by a passage (Vit. Apol. iv. 16) where "Philostratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius Tyaneus, says that it vanished with a glimmer as soon as the cock crowed."

(3) Scene II.—*And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.*] As an instance of the minute attention with which the finished play was elaborated from the early sketch, it may be noteworthy, that in the quarto of 1603, the motive of Laertes' visit to the court is said to be desire to attend the late king's funeral,—

" *King.* And now *Laertes* what's the newes with you?
You said you had a suite what is't *Laertes?*
Leo. My gratious Lord, your favorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may have leave to go againe to *France*,
For though the favour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France."

But it evidently occurred to Shakespeare that the acknowledgment of such an object was as little consistent with the character of Laertes as it would be palatable to the living monarch, and, accordingly, in the augmented piece the reason given by Laertes for his coming is more courtier-like,—

" To show my duty in your coronation."

(4) Scene II.—*Come away.*] The dialogue between the King, the Queen, and Hamlet, in this scene was much expanded and improved after the first draft: in the new-found quarto it runs thus mongrely,—

" *King.* And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*,
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
Wee hold it most unmeet and unconvenient,
Being the Joy and halfe heart of your Mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All Denmarkes hope our cosin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the sable suite I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted havlour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him have I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and suites of woe.

King. This shewes a loving care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shall be until the
Generall ending Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heaven, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,
None lives on earth, but hee is borne to die.

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Qus. Let not thy Mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
Stay here with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Spoke like a kinde and a most loving Sonne,
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke unto Prince *Hamlet*."

(5) SCENE II.—

—— the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.]

"The practice of making entertainments at funerals which prevailed in this and other countries, and which is not even at present quite disused in some of the northern counties of England, was certainly borrowed from the *cœna feralis* of the Romans, alluded to in Juvenal's fifth satire, and in the laws of the twelve tables. It consisted of an offering of a small plate of milk, honey, wine, flowers, &c. to the ghost of the deceased. In the instances of heroes and other great characters, the same custom appears to have prevailed among the Greeks. With us the appetites of the living are consulted on this occasion. In the north this feast is called an *arval* or arvil-supper; and the loaves that are sometimes distributed among the poor, *arval-bread*."—DOUCE.

(6) SCENE II.—

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day.]

On this use of *dear*, some examples of which will be found at p. 449, Vol. I., Caldecott has a good note:—

"Throughout Shakespeare and all the poets of his and a much later day, we find this epithet applied to that person or thing, which, for or against us, excites the liveliest and strongest interest. It is used variously, indefinitely and metaphorically to express the warmest feelings of the soul; its nearest, most intimate, home and heartfelt emotions: and here no doubt, though, as everywhere else, more directly interpreted signifying 'veriest, extremest,' must by consequence and figuratively import 'bitterest, deadliest, most mortal.' As extremes are said in a certain sense to approximate, and are in many respects alike or the same, so this word is made in a certain sense to carry with it an union of the fiercest opposites: it is made to signify the extremes of love and hatred.

"But to suppose, with Mr. Tooke (Divers. of Purl. II. 409), that in all cases it must at that time have meant 'injurious,' as being derived from the Saxon verb *dere*, to hurt, is perfectly absurd. Dr. Johnson's derivation of the word, as used in this place, from the Latin *dirus*, is doubtless ridiculous enough: but Mr. Tooke has not produced a single instance of the use of it, *i. e.* of the adjective, in the sense upon which he insists; except, as he pretends, from our author. In the instance cited in this place by Mr. Steevens, in support of the extraordinary interpretation ('most consequential, important,') he has here and elsewhere put upon the word, 'A ring, that I must use in *deere* employment' (Rom. & Jul. sc. last), although the word is spelt after the fashion of the Saxon verb, it is impossible to interpret it 'injurious;' its meaning being most clearly, 'anxious, deeply interesting.' '*Deere* to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.' Jul. Cæs. II. 2, Bru. cannot admit of interpretation in any other sense than that in which Gray's Bard understood it,

'*Deare* as the ruddy drops, that warm my heart.'

"In Tr. & Cr. V. 3, Andromache says,

'Consort with me in loud and *deere* petition.'

And in Hector's answer the word occurs thrice so spelt:

'Life every man holds *deere;* but the *deere* man
Holds honour far more precious, *deere*, than life.'

And it is no less than impossible, in either of these instances, to put the sense of 'injurious' upon this word. With his mind possessed by the Saxon verb, *to hurt*, Mr. Tooke seems altogether to have forgotten the existence of the epithet, which answers to the Latin word *charus*. In the same sense it is used by Puttenham: 'The lacke of life is the *dearest* detriment of any other.' Arte of Engl. Poesie, 4to. 1589, p. 182. See '*dearly*,' IV. 3, King; As you, &c. I. 3, Celia; and L. L. L. II. 1, Boyet; and '*dear* guiltiness,' Ib. V. 2, Princess. We will add from Drayton's Moses his birth, 4to. 1630, B. I. that Sarah, about to expose her child, says, she has

'—— her minde of misery compacted,
That must consent unto so *deere* a murther.'

i. e. distressing or heart-rending."

(7) SCENE IV.—

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels.]

"Wake" here means a *wake-feast* or *watch-festival*, originally a nocturnal entertainment held to celebrate the dedication of a church (*vigilia*); but it subsequently came to be used for any *night revel*. "Rouse," in reality the Danish *Rus*, a deep draught, act of intoxication, or surfeit in drinking, was employed by our old writers with great laxity; sometimes it is used indifferently with *carouse*, to signify a bumper,—

"*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a *rouse* already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier." *Othello*, Act II. Sc. 3.

Again,—

"*Nor.* I have took since supper,
A *rouse* or two too much, and, by the gods,
It warms my blood."
The Knight of Malta, Act III. Sc. 4.

While in a previous passage of the present play,—

"And the king's *rouse* the heaven shall *bruit* again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder,"—

it plainly imports not simply a deep draught, but the accompaniment of some outcry, similar, perhaps, to our "hip, hip, hurrah!"

Of "Wassail," from the Saxon *wæs hael*, abundant illustration will be found in the *Variorum* Shakespeare, and in Douce; but the expression, "swaggering up-spring reels," still admits of farther explanation. At one time it was generally believed to be a derogatory epithet applied by Hamlet to the *upstart* king, until Steevens proved by a quotation from Chapman's "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany,"—

"We Germans have no changes in our dances;
An *almain* and an *up-spring*, that is all,"—

that a particular kind of dance was meant. *Up-spring*, indeed, is from the Anglo-Saxon, and also the Danish *Op-springer*, and the Low-Dutch *Op-springen*, to leap up; and the "upspring reels" we conceive to have been some boisterous dance in which the performers joined hands in a ring and then indulged in violent leaps and shoutings, somewhat in the manner of our leaping dances or *Hoppings* at a country wake.

(8) SCENE IV.—

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault.]

In "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," of Arthur Dent, 1590, we have a dilatation of the same idea:—

"*Phil.* I do verily thus think, that as sin generally doth stain every man's good name, which all are chary and tender of; so especially it doth blot those which are in high places, and of special note for learning, wisdom, and godliness.

Theol. You have spoken most truly, and agreable to the Scriptures. For the Scriptures saith, 'As a dead fly causeth the apo-

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thecary's ointment to stink, so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour:' where Solomon sheweth, That if a fly get into the apothecary's box of ointment, and die, and putrefy in it, she marreth it, though it be never so pretious: even so, if a little sin get into the heart, and break out in the forehead of a man of great fame for some singular gift, it will blear him, though he be never so excellent."

And Nash, in his "Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil," 1592, complaining of drunkenness, observes:—"A mightie deformer of men's manners and features is this unnecessary vice of all others. Let him bee indued with never so manie vertues, and have as much goodly proportion and favour, as Nature can bestow upon a man, yet if hee be thirstie after his owne destruction, and hath no ioy nor comfort, but when he is drowning his soule in a gallon pot, that one beastly imperfection wil utterly obscure all that is commendable in him, and all his goode qualities sinke like lead downe to the bottome of his carrowsing cups, where they will lye, like lees and dregges, dead and unregarded of any man."

(9) SCENE V.—

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.]

"It was the popular belief that ghosts could not endure the light, and consequently disappeared at the dawn of day. This superstition is derived from our northern ancestors, who held that the sun and everything containing *light or fire* had the property of expelling demons and spirits of all kinds. With them it seems to have originated in the stories that are related in the Edda concerning the battles of Thor against the giants and evil demons, wherein he made use of his dreadful mallet of iron, which he hurled against them as Jupiter did his thunderbolts against the Titans. Many of the *transparent* precious stones were supposed to have the power of expelling evil spirits; and the flint and other stones found in the tombs of the northern nations, and from which fire might be extracted, were imagined, in like manner, to be efficacious in confining the manes of the dead to their proper habitations. They were called Thor's hammers."—DOUCE.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.— *Perpend.*] Dr. Johnson's analysis of Polonius has been justly commended for its perspicacity and discrimination. It is certainly an admirable interpretation, and leaves us at a loss to understand how a writer who exhibits such judgment and astuteness in the delineation of this particular character should have failed so signally in his appreciation of nearly every other one of Shakespeare's, which he has attempted to unfold.

"Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phænomena of the character of Polonius."

(2) SCENE II.—[Reads.] *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion.*] In this passage, famous rather from the discussion it has occasioned than for any sublimity of reflection or beauty of language, we adopt the now almost universally accepted correction of Warburton—"a god" for "a good" of the old editions. At the same time we dissent *toto cœlo* from the reasoning by which he and other commentators have sought to connect "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion," with what Hamlet had previously said. The circumstance of the prince coming in reading, that he evinces the utmost intolerance of the old courtier's interruptions, and rejoices in his departure, serve, in our opinion, to show that Shakespeare intended the actor should manifest his wish to be alone, after the words, "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," in the most unmistakeable manner, by walking away and appearing to resume his study:—that then, finding Polonius still watching him, he should turn sharply round with the abrupt question, "Have you a daughter?" It is this view of the stage business which prompted us to print the passage above, as something read, or affected to be read, by Hamlet,—an innovation—if it be one, (for we are ignorant whether it has been suggested previously)—that will the more readily be pardoned, since the passage as usually exhibited has hitherto defied solution.

(3) SCENE II.—*Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.*] The allusion is doubtless, as Steevens surmised, to the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, the sign of which was, *Hercules carrying the Globe;* and the "aiery of children," against whom this satire was levelled, were, as he observes, "the young singing men of the Chapel Royal or St. Paul's; of the former of whom, perhaps, the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled, 'The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt:'—'Plaies will never be suppresst, while her maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens; They had as well be at their popish service in the devil's garments,' &c. Again, *ibid.*: 'Even in her maiesties chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lordes day by the lascivious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets,' &c.

Concerning the performances and success of the latter in attracting the best company, I also find the following passage in 'Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine,' 1601:—

> 'I sawe the *Children of Powles* last night,
> And troth they pleasde me prettie, prettie well,
> The Apes in time will do it handsomely.
> '—— I like the audience that frequenteth there
> With *much applause:* a man shall not be choakte
> With the stench of garlicke, nor be pasted
> To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.
> '—— 'Tis a good gentle audience.'"

(4) SCENE II.—*It came to past, as most like it was.*] Hamlet quotes from the opening stanza of an ancient ballad,

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still preserved, and which will be found in Evans's Collection, 1810 :—

> "I have read that many years agoe,
> When Jepha, judge of Israel,
> Had *one fair daughter and no more,*
> Whom *he loved passing well.*
> *As by lot, God wot,*
> *It come to passe, most like it was,*
> Great warrs there should be,
> And who should be the chiefe; but he, but he."

The subject appears to have been popular. In the Stationers' Registers, 1567-8, a ballad entitled "The song of Jefphas dowghter at his [her?] death," is licensed to Alexander Lacy; in 1624, another called "Jeffa, Judge of Israel," was entered on the same records; and from Henslowe's Diary, we learn that in May, 1602, Decker and Chettle were engaged in writing a tragedy based on the story of Jephthah.

(5) SCENE II.— *A chopine.*] *Chopines* or *chapines* were clogs with enormously thick soles, which the ladies of Spain and Italy wore on their shoes when going abroad. Coryat's account of those he saw in Venice is this: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the signory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome: which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad; a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a Chapiney, which they weare under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairely gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pitty this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the cities. There are many of these Chapineys of a great heigth, even halfe a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller then the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed amongst them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her Chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall."—*Crudities*, p. 262.

(6) SCENE II.—*Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.*] Hamlet, it must be remembered, is addressing the youth who personated the female characters, and simply expresses a hope that his voice has not grown too manly to pass current for a woman's; there is not the slightest ground for suspecting any covert allusion. "It is to be observed," says Douce, "that there was a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency. Such pieces were hoarded by the usurers of the time, and lent out as lawful money. Of this we are informed by Roger Fenton in his 'Treatise of Usury,' 1611, 4to. p. 23. 'A poore man desireth a goldsmith to lend him such a summe, but he is not able to pay him interest. If such as I can spare (saith the goldsmith) will pleasure you, you shall have it for three or four moneths. Now, hee hath a number of light, clipt *crackt* peeces (for such he useth to take in change with consideration for their defects:) this summe of money is repaid by the poore man at the time appointed in good lawful money. This is usurie.' And, again: 'It is a common custom of his [the usurer's] to buy up *crackt angels* at nine shillings the peece. Now, sir, if a gentleman (on good assurance) request him of mony, good sir (saith hee, with a counterfait sigh) I would be glad to please your worship, but my *good* mony is abroad, and that I have, I dare not put in your hands. The gentleman thinking this conscience, where it is subtilty, and being beside that in some necessity, ventures on the *crackt angels*, some of which cannot flie, for soldering, and paies double interest to the miser under the cloake of honesty.'"—LODGE'S *Wit's Misrie*, 1596, 4to. p. 28.

(7) SCENE II.—*'T was caviare to the general.*] The play was of too peculiar a relish, like caviare, for the palate of the multitude. *Caviare* is a preparation of sturgeon's roe; and the taste for it was considered a mark of refinement in Shakespeare's day: thus Mercury, in "Cynthia's Revels," Act II. Sc. 1, describing a coxcomb, says: "He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, maccaroni, bovoli, fagioli, and *caviare*," &c.

(8) SCENE II.—

> *For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak*
> *With most miraculous organ.*]

There is a curious illustration of this passage in T. Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, and the same story is related in an old tragedy, called "A Warning for Fair Women," 1599 :—

"At Lin, in Norfolke, the then Earl of Sussex players acting the old History of Feyer Francis, and presenting a woman who, insatiately doting on a yong gentleman (the more securely to enjoy his affection), mischievously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her; and, at divers times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and feareful shapes, appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a toune's woman (till then of good estimation and report), finding her conscience (at this presentment) extremely troubled, suddenly skritched and cryd out, Oh! my husband, my husband! I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatning and menacing me! At which shrill and unexpected outcry, the people about her, moov'd to a strange amazement, inquired the reason of her clamour, when presently, un-urgod, she told them that seven yeares ago she, to be possest of such a gentleman (meaning him), had poysoned her husband, whose fearefull image personated it selfe in the shape of that ghost. Whereupon the murdresse was apprehended, before the justices further examined, and by her voluntary confession after condemned. That this is true, as well by the report of the actors as the records of the towne, there are many eyewitnesses of this accident yet living vocally to confirme it."

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ACT III.

(1) Scene II.—*I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod.*] In many of the early miracle plays, one of the most prominent characters was a roaring, hectoring tyrant, who made "all split," and was alike the terror and the admiration of the multitude; in some cases, this truculent monster represented *Termagant*, a supposed god of the Saracens; but more frequently he was *Herod* of Jewry. An extract from the ancient Pageant, performed at Coventry by the Shearmen and Taylors, in 1534, but the composition of which is of much earlier date, well exemplifies the saying, when any one rants and tears a passion to tatters, that he *out-herods* Herod. The entrance of Herod is announced in unintelligible *French*; after which the monarch proceeds in this wise:—

"Qui statis in Jude et Rex iseruell
And the myghttyst conquerowre that eyer walkid on grownd
For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin & hell
And of my mighté powar boldith vp the world rownd
Magog and madroke bothe thes did I confownde
And wt this bryght bronde there bonis I brak on sund'r
Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wond'r
I am the cawse of this grett lyght and thund'r
Ytt ys throgh my fure that they soche noyse dothe make
My feyrefull contenance the clowdis so doth incumbur
That oftymes for drede thereof the verre yerth doth quake
Loke when I wt malés* this bryght bronde doth schake
All the whole world from the north to the sowthe
I ma them dystroie wt won worde of my mowthe
To reycownt vnto you myn inswemerabull substance
Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell
For all the whole orent ys vnd'r myn obbeydeance
And prynce am I of purgatorre & cheff capten of hell
And those tyraneos traytors be force ma I compell
Myne efmyis to vanquese & evyn to dust them dryve
And wt a twynke of myn iee not won to be lafte alyve
Behold my contenance and my colur
Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of the dey
Where can you haue a more grettur succur
Then to behold my person that ys soo gaye
My fawcun and my fassion with my gorgis araye
He thatt had the grace all wey thereon to thynke
Lyve then myght all wey withowt othur meyte or drynke
And thys my tryomfande fame most hylist dothe a bownde
Throgh owt this world in all reygeons abrod
Reysemelyng the favour of thatt most myght Mahownd
From Jubytor be desent† and cosyn to the grett god
And namyd the most reydowndid king eyrodde
Wyche thatt all pryncis hath vnder subjeccion
And all there whole powar under my proteccion
And therefore my hareode‡ here callid calcas
Warne thou eyery porte that noo schyppis a ryve
Nor also aleond§ stranger throg my realme pas
But théy for thére truage do pay markis fyve
Now spede the forth hastelé
For théy thatt wyll the contraré
Apon a galowse hangid schalbe
And be Mahownde of me thé gett noo grace."

The above is copied *verbatim* from the Pageant, as it is given in Sharp's "Dissertation on the Pageants, &c. anciently performed at Coventry," with the exception of some contractions which render the original obscure.

(2) Scene II.—*And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them:——a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.*] In the 1603 quarto there follows here a passage supposed to have been levelled at the famous clown, William Kemp:—

"And then you have some agen, that keepes one suite
Of jests, as a man is knowne by one suite of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his jests downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and my coate wants a cullison:
And, youre beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of jeasts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a jest,
Unless by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare."

(3) Scene II.—*And never come mischance between us twain!*] In the quarto of 1603, the preceding dialogue between Gonzago and Baptista is a mere bald sketch of the subsequent version:—

"*Duke.* Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time joyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veines,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines,
Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you.
Dutchesse. O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.
Duke. Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thou maist (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.—
Dutchesse. O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Hem. O wormewood, wormewood!
Duke. I doe beleeve you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
For our demises still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Dutchesse. Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow, ever I be wife," &c.

(4) Scene II.—*O, the recorders.*] The best, indeed the only reliable description of those instruments, is that furnished by Mr. W. Chappell in his delightful work, called "Popular Music of the Olden Time:"—

"Old English musical instruments were commonly made of three or four different sizes, so that a player might take any of the four parts that were required to fill up the harmony. So Violins, Lutes, Recorders, Flutes, Shawms, &c. have been described by some writers in a manner which (to those unacquainted with this peculiarity) has appeared irreconcileable with other accounts. Shakespeare (in *Hamlet*) speaks of the Recorder as a little pipe, and says, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 'he hath played on his prologue like a *child* on a recorder;' but in an engraving of the instrument,* it reaches from the lip to the knee of the performer; and among those left by Henry VIII. were Recorders of box, oak, and ivory, great and small, two base recorders of walnut, and one *great* base recorder. Recorders and (English) Flutes are to outward appearance the same, although Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, cent. iii. sec. 221, says the Recorder hath a less bore, and a greater above and below. The number of holes for the fingers is the same, and the scale, the compass, and the manner of playing, the same. Salter describes the *recorder*, from which the instrument derives its name, as situate in the upper part of it, *i.e.* between the hole below the mouth and the highest hole for the finger. He says, 'Of the kinds of music, vocal has always had the preference in esteem, and in consequence, the Recorder, as *approaching nearest to the sweet delightfulness of the voice*, ought to have first place in opinion, as we see by the universal use of it confirmed.'"

* *Malice.* † *I am descended.*
‡ *Herald.* § *Allow*

* See "The Genteel Companion for the Recorder," by Humphrey Salter, 1683.

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(5) SCENE IV.—POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*] The incident of Polonius concealing himself to overhear the conversation between Hamlet and the Queen, was suggested by the "Hystorie of Hamblet."—"Meane time the counsell or entred secretly into the queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, not long before the queene and Hamblet came thither, who being craftie and pollitique, as soone as hee was within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother touching his secret practices he should be understood, and by that means intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cocke beating with his armes (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried, A rat, a rat! and presently drawing his swords, thrust it into the hangings; which done, pulled the counsellor (halfe dead) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him," &c.

(6) SCENE IV.—HAMLET *dragging out the body of* POLONIUS.] The earliest quarto has, "*Exit Hamlet with the dead body;*" the folio, "*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*" It is remarkable that, while nearly every department of our early literature has been ransacked to supply illustrations of Shakespeare's language and ideas, so little has been done towards their elucidation from the history of his own stage. When Hamlet, at the termination of the present scene, says, "I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room," the commentators very properly reply to the objections of those who, unacquainted with old language, complain of the grossness of expression, that the word *guts* was not by any means so offensive to delicacy formerly as it is considered now. It was commonly used, in fact, where we should employ *entrails*, and in this place really signifies no more than *lack-brain* or *shallow-pate*. But a little consideration of the exigences of the theatre in Shakespeare's time, which not only obliged an actor to play two or more parts in the same drama, but to perform such servile offices as are now done by attendants of the stage, would have enabled them to show that the line in question is a mere interpolation to afford the player an excuse for removing the body. We append a few examples where the same expedient is adopted for the same purpose. Among them the notable instance of Sir John Falstaff carrying off the body of Harry Percy on his back, an exploit as clumsy and unseemly as Hamlet's "tugging" out Polonius, and, like that, perpetuated on the modern stage only from sheer ignorance of the circumstances which originated such a practice:—

"Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 1. Death of Tybalt, Vol. I. p. 188:—

> "*Prince.* Let Romeo hence in haste,
> Else when he's found, that hour is his last.—
> *Bear hence this body, and attend our will:*
> *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*"

"Richard II." Act V. Sc. 5. Death of Richard, and Exton's men. Vol. I. p. 492:—

> "*Exton.* *This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—*
> *Take hence the rest and give them burial here.*"

"Henry IV." Act V. Sc. 4. Death of Hotspur. Vol. I. p. 560:—

> "*P. Hen.* [*To* FALSTAFF.] *Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.* * * * * * * [*Exit* FALSTAFF *bearing the body.*"

"Henry VI." Part I. Act I. Sc. 4. Death of Salisbury. Vol. II. p. 294:—

> "*Talbot.* Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
> And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
> *Convey me Salisbury into his tent,*
> And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare."

"Henry VI." Part I. Act II. Sc. 5. Death of Mortimer. Vol. II. p. 303:—

> "*Plan.* Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
> And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
> *Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself*
> *Will see his burial better than his life.—*
> Here lies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
> Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:" &c.

"Henry VI." Part I. Act IV. Sc. 7. Death of Talbot and his son. Vol. II. p. 321:—

> "*Pucelle.* For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
> They would but stink and putrefy the air.
> *Char. Go, take their bodies hence.*
> *Lucy.* *I'll bear them hence,*" &c.

"Henry VI." Part II. Act IV. Sc. 1. Death of Suffolk. Vol. II. p. 375:—

> "*Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
> *His body will I bear unto the king:*
> If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
> So will the queen that living held him dear. [*Exit.*"

"Henry VI." Part II. Act IV. Sc. 10. Death of Jack Cade. Vol. II. p. 385:—

> "*Iden.* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
> And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
> So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.—
> *Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels*
> *Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,*
> And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
> Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
> Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*"

"Henry VI." Part II. Act V. Sc. 2. Old Clifford's body. Vol. II. p. 390:—

> "*Young Clif. Come thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:*
> *As did Æneas old Anchises bear,*
> *So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;*
> *But then Æneas bare a living load,*
> *Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.* [*Exit.*"

"Henry VI." Part III. Act II. Sc. 5. The dead father. Vol. II. p. 419:—

> "*Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.*"

"Henry VI." Part III. Act II. Sc. 5. The dead son. Vol. II. p. 419:—

> "*Father. I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,*
> *For I have murder'd where I should not kill.*"

"Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 6. Death of Henry. Vol. II. p. 449:—

> "*Glo.* Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
> Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
> *I'll throw thy body in another room,*
> *And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.*"

"Richard III." Act III. Sc. 4. Death of Clarence. Vol. II. p. 528:—

> "*1 Murd. Now must I hide his body in some hole*
> *Until the duke take order for his burial.*"

"King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 6. Death of Oswald. Vol. III. p. 105:—

> "*Edg.* *Here in the sands,*
> *Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified*
> *Of murderous lechers.*"

"Troilus and Cressida," Act V. Sc. 9. Death of Hector. Vol. III. p. 318:—

> "*Achil. Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;*
> *Along the field I will the Trojan trail.*"

"Julius Cæsar," Act III. Sc. 2. Cæsar's body exhibited in the Forum:—

> "*1 Cit.* Away, away!
> We'll burn his body in the holy place,
> And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
> *Take up the body.*"

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"Julius Cæsar," Act V. Sc. 5. Brutus' body. (End of play):—

> "*Oct. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,*
> *Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.*"

"Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 9. Death of Enobarbus:—

> "1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark, the drums
> Demurely wake the sleepers. *Let us bear him*
> *To the court of guard;* he is of note: our hour
> Is fully out.
> 3 *Sold.* Come on then,
> He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with body.*"

"Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 12. The dying Antony:—

> "Take me up,
> I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
> And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt with* ANTONY."

These instances from Shakespeare alone, and they could easily be multiplied, will suffice to bring into view one of the inconveniences to which the elder dramatists were subject through the paucity of actors; and, at the same time, by exhibiting the mode in which they endeavoured to obviate the difficulty, may afford a key to many passages and incidents that before appeared anomalous.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE V.—*They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This alludes to a tradition still current in some parts of England: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour, for her wickedness, to transform her into that bird."

(2) SCENE V.—*There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; * * * and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. * * * * * There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you;*—&c. &c.] There is method in poor Ophelia's distribution. She presents to each the herb popularly appropriate to his age or disposition. To Laertes, whom in her distraction she probably confounds with her lover, she gives "rosemary" as an emblem of his faithful remembrance:—

> "Rosemarie is for remembrance
> Betweene us daie and night,
> Wishing that I might alwaies have
> You present in my sight."
> *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, &c. 1584.

And "pansies," to denote love's "thoughts" or *troubles*:—

> "I pray what flowers are these?
> The *panzie* this;
> O, that's for lovers' *thoughts*."
> *All Fools*, Act II. Sc. 1.

For the King she has "fennel," signifying *flattery* and *lust*; and "columbines," which marked *ingratitude*; while for the Queen and for herself she reserves the herb of sorrow, "rue," which she reminds her Majesty may be worn by her "with a difference," *i.e.* not as an emblem of grief alone, but to indicate *contrition*;—"some of them smil'd and said, *Rue* was called *Herbe grace*, which though they scorned in their youth, they might wear in their age, and that it was never too late to say *Miserere*."
—GREENE'S *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*.

(3) SCENE VI.—*Enter* HORATIO *and a* Servant.] In the quarto, 1603, at this period of the action there is a scene between the Queen and Horatio, not a vestige of which is retained in the after copies. Like every other part of that curious edition, it is grievously deformed by misprints and mal-arrangement of the verse; but, as exhibiting the poet's earliest conception of the Queen's character, is much too precious to be lost.

> "*Enter* HORATIO *and the* QUEENE.
>
> *Hor.* Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
> This letter I even now receiv'd of him,
> Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
> And subtile treason that the king had plotted,
> Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
> He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
> Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
> As at his next conversion with your grace,
> He will relate the circumstance at full.
> *Queene.* Then I perceive there's treason in his lookes
> That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
> But I will soothe and please him for a time,
> For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
> But know not you *Horatio* where he is?
> *Hor.* Yes, Madame, and he hath appoynted me
> To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
> To morrow morning.
> *Queene.* O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, commend me
> A mothers care to him, bid him a while
> Be wary of his presence, lest that he
> Faile in that he goes about.
> *Hor.* Madam, never make doubt of that:
> I thinke by this the newes be come to court:
> He is arriv'de, observe the king, and you shall
> Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,
> Things fell not to his minde.
> *Queene.* But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*?
> *Hor.* He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
> And in the Packet there writ down that doome
> To be perform'd on them poynted for him.
> And by great chance he had his father's Seale,
> So all was done without discoverie.
> *Queene.* Thankes be to heaven for blessing of the prince,
> *Horatio* once againe I take my leave,
> With thousand mothers blessings to my sonne.
> *Horat.* Madam adue."

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ACT V.

(1) Scene I.—*Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.*] Sir John Hawkins suggested that Shakespeare here designed a ridicule on the legal and logical subtleties enumerated in the case of Dame Hale, as reported in Plowden's Commentaries. The case was this: her husband, Sir James Hale, committed suicide by drowning himself in a river, and the point argued was whether by this act a lease which he died possessed of did not accrue to the Crown. It must be admitted that the clown's, "If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches;" reads amazingly like a satire on the following:—Serjeant Walsh said that —"The act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is the determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, viz. the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death, and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act." &c. &c.

Nor would it be easy to find a better parallel for,—"Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself:" &c.—than what follows, in the argument of the judges, viz. Weston, Anthony Brown, and Lord Dyer, "Sir James Hale was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered By drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hale. And when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hale being alive, caused Sir James Hale to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man." &c.

(2) Scene I.—*In youth, when I did love, did love, &c.*] The three stanzas sung by the grave-digger are a barbarous version of a sonnet said to have been written by Lord Vaux, one copy of which, with music, has been discovered by Dr. Rimbault, in MS. Sloane, No. 4900: another, unaccompanied by music, is in the Harleian MSS. No. 1703. The whole poem, too, may be seen in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, and has been reprinted in Percy's Reliques, Vol. I. p. 190, Edition 1812, and in Bell's Edition, 1854, where the words are thus given:—

"The Aged Lover Renounceth Love.

"I loathe that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not meet.

"My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

"For Age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty Life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

"My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

"For Reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme,
And day by day to me she cries,
'Leave off these toys in time.'

"The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face
Say, limping Age will lodge him now
Where Youth must give him place.

"The harbinger of Death
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

"A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

"Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woeful work,
Ere Nature me compel.

"My keepers knit the knot
That Youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot,
As I had not been born.

"Thus must I Youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear:
To them I yield the wanton cup,
That better may it bear.

"Lo, here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping Age away shall pull
Which youthful years did sow.

"For Beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

"And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust,
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust."

(3) Scene I.—*And must the inheritor himself have no more, ha!*] We have something very like these reflections in Thomas Randolph's comedy of "The Jealous Lovers," played before Charles the Second at Cambridge, and published at Oxford, 1668:—

"*Sexton.* [*Shewing a skull.*] This was a poetical noddle. O the sweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles that have come out of these chaps that yawn so! He has not so much as a new-coined complement to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, and yet have ne'er a jeer put upon him. His mistris had a little dog, deceased the other day, and all the wit in his noddle could not pump out an elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good turn on't that he's dead; for while he lived, he ne'er left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish: and is happier dead than alive; for he has now as much money as the best in the company,—and yet has left off the poetical way of begging, called borrowing."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Again, in the next scene:—

"*Sexton.* Look here; this is a lawyer's skull. There was a tongue in 't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till Death gave him his *Quietus est;* and yet I ventured to rob him of his gown, and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckram bag, not leaving him so much as a poor halfpeny to pay for his waftage, and yet the good man here repin'd at it.—Now a man may clap you o'th' coxcomb with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of battery."

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON HAMLET.

"THE seeming inconsistencies in the conduct and character of Hamlet have long exercised the conjectural ingenuity of critics; and, as we are always loth to suppose that the cause of defective apprehension is in ourselves, the mystery has been too commonly explained by the very easy process of setting it down as in fact inexplicable, and by resolving the phenomenon into a misgrowth, or *lusus*, of the capricious and irregular genius of Shakspeare. The shallow and stupid arrogance of these vulgar and indolent decisions, I would fain do my best to expose. I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakspeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connexion with the common fundamental laws of our nature, may be assumed from the fact, that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense; but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect;—for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now, one of Shakspeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakspeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In Hamlet, he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet, this balance is disturbed; his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakspeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of 'Macbeth;' the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

"The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without,—giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all common-place actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite;—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it;—not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment; it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a state of trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics. His soliloquy,—

'O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,' &c.—

springs from that craving after the indefinite—for that which is not—which most easily besets men of genius; and the self-delusion common to this temper of mind is finely exemplified in the character which Hamlet gives of himself,—

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'—— It cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.'

He mistakes the seeing his chains for the breaking them; delays action till action is of no use; and dies the victim of mere circumstance and accident."—COLERIDGE.

"'Hamlet' is singular in its kind; a tragedy of thought, inspired by continual and never-satisfied meditation on human destiny and the dark perplexity of the events of this world, and calculated to call forth the very same meditation in the minds of the spectators. This enigmatical work resembles those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution. Much has been said, much written, on this piece, and yet no thinking head, who anew expresses himself on it, will (in his view of the connexion and the signification of all the parts) entirely coincide with his predecessors. What naturally most astonishes us is, the fact that with such hidden purposes—with a foundation laid in such unfathomable depth, the whole should, at a first view, exhibit an extremely popular appearance. The dread appearance of the Ghost takes possession of the mind and the imagination almost at the very commencement; then the play within the play, in which, as in a glass, we see reflected the crime, whose fruitlessly attempted punishment constitutes the subject-matter of the piece; the alarm with which it fills the King; Hamlet's pretended, and Ophelia's real madness; her death and burial; the meeting of Hamlet and Laertes at her grave; their combat, and the grand determination; lastly, the appearance of the young hero Fortinbras, who, with warlike pomp, pays the last honours to an extinct family of kings; the interspersion of comic characteristic scenes with Polonius, the courtiers, and the gravediggers, which have all of them their signification,—all this fills the stage with an animated and varied movement. The only circumstance from which this piece might be judged to be less theatrical than other tragedies of Shakspeare is, that in the last scenes the main action either stands still or appears to retrograde. This, however, was inevitable, and lay in the nature of the subject. The whole is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, must cripple the power of acting; as Hamlet himself expresses it,—

'And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.'

With respect to Hamlet's character: I cannot, as I understand the poet's views, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence upon it as Goethe does. He is, it is true, of a highly cultivated mind, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to an enthusiastic admiration of that excellence in others of which he himself is deficient. He acts the part of madness with unrivalled power, convincing the persons who are sent to examine into his supposed loss of reason, merely by telling them unwelcome truths, and rallying them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces and always leaves unexecuted, his weakness is too apparent: he does himself only justice when he implies that there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules. He is not solely impelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation, he has a natural inclination for crooked ways; he is a hypocrite towards himself; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pretexts to cover his want of determination: thoughts, as he says on a different occasion, which have

'—— but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward.'

He has been chiefly condemned both for his harshness in repulsing the love of Ophelia, which he himself had cherished, and for his insensibility at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others; besides, his outward indifference gives us by no means the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy, when he has succeeded in getting rid of his enemies, more through necessity and accident, which alone are able to impel him to quick and decisive measures, than by the merit of his own courage, as he himself confesses after the murder of Polonius, and with respect to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet has no firm belief either in himself or in anything else: from expressions

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of religious confidence he passes over to sceptical doubts; he believes in the Ghost of his father as long as he sees it, but as soon as it has disappeared, it appears to him almost in the light of a deception.* He has even gone so far as to say, 'there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so;' with him the poet loses himself here in labyrinths of thought, in which neither end nor beginning is discoverable. The stars themselves, from the course of events, afford no answer to the question so urgently proposed to them. A voice from another world, commissioned, it would appear, by heaven, demands vengeance for a monstrous enormity, and the demand remains without effect; the criminals are at last punished, but, as it were, by an accidental blow, and not in the solemn way requisite to convey to the world a warning example of justice; irresolute foresight, cunning treachery, and impetuous rage, hurry on to a common destruction; the less guilty and the innocent are equally involved in the general ruin. The destiny of humanity is there exhibited as a gigantic Sphinx, which threatens to precipitate into the abyss of scepticism all who are unable to solve her dreadful enigmas.

"As one example of the many niceties of Shakspeare which have never been understood, I may allude to the style in which the player's speech about Hecuba is conceived. It has been the subject of much controversy among the commentators, whether this was borrowed by Shakspeare from himself or from another, and whether, in the praise of the piece of which it is supposed to be a part, he was speaking seriously, or merely meant to ridicule the tragical bombast of his contemporaries. It seems never to have occurred to them that this speech must not be judged of by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it in the play itself as dramatic poetry, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of the former in the same proportion that generally theatrical elevation soars above simple nature. Hence Shakspeare has composed the play in 'Hamlet' altogether in sententious rhymes full of antitheses. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail, and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made choice—overcharging the pathos. The language of the speech in question is certainly falsely emphatical; but yet this fault is so mixed up with true grandeur, that a player practised in artificially calling forth in himself the emotion he is imitating, may certainly be carried away by it. Besides, it will hardly be believed that Shakspeare knew so little of his art, as not to be aware that a tragedy in which Æneas had to make a lengthy epic relation of a transaction that happened so long before as the destruction of Troy, could neither be dramatical nor theatrical."—SCHLEGEL.

"Conceive a prince, such as is here painted, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this, he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably for ever. He is now poor in goods and favour, and a stranger in the scene which from youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more—that he is less—than a private nobleman; he offers himself as the servant of every one; he is not courteous and condescending, he is needy and degraded.

"His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him,—to present his situation in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

"The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful tender son had yet a mother, when his father passed away. He hoped, in the company of his surviving noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed; but his mother too he loses, and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image, which a good child loves to form of its parents, is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is a woman, and her name is Frailty, like that of all her sex.

"Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness of life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective or sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a

* "It has been censured as a contradiction, that Hamlet in the soliloquy on self-murder should say,—

'The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—'

for was not the Ghost a returned traveller?' Shakspeare, however, purposely wished to show, that Hamlet could not fix himself in any conviction of any kind whatever."

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heavy obligation. It is thus that we see him first enter on the scene. Figure to yourselves this youth, this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrors of the night, when the venerable ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge, and the piercing, oft-repeated prayer, 'Remember me!'

"And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man: he grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation,—

'The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!'

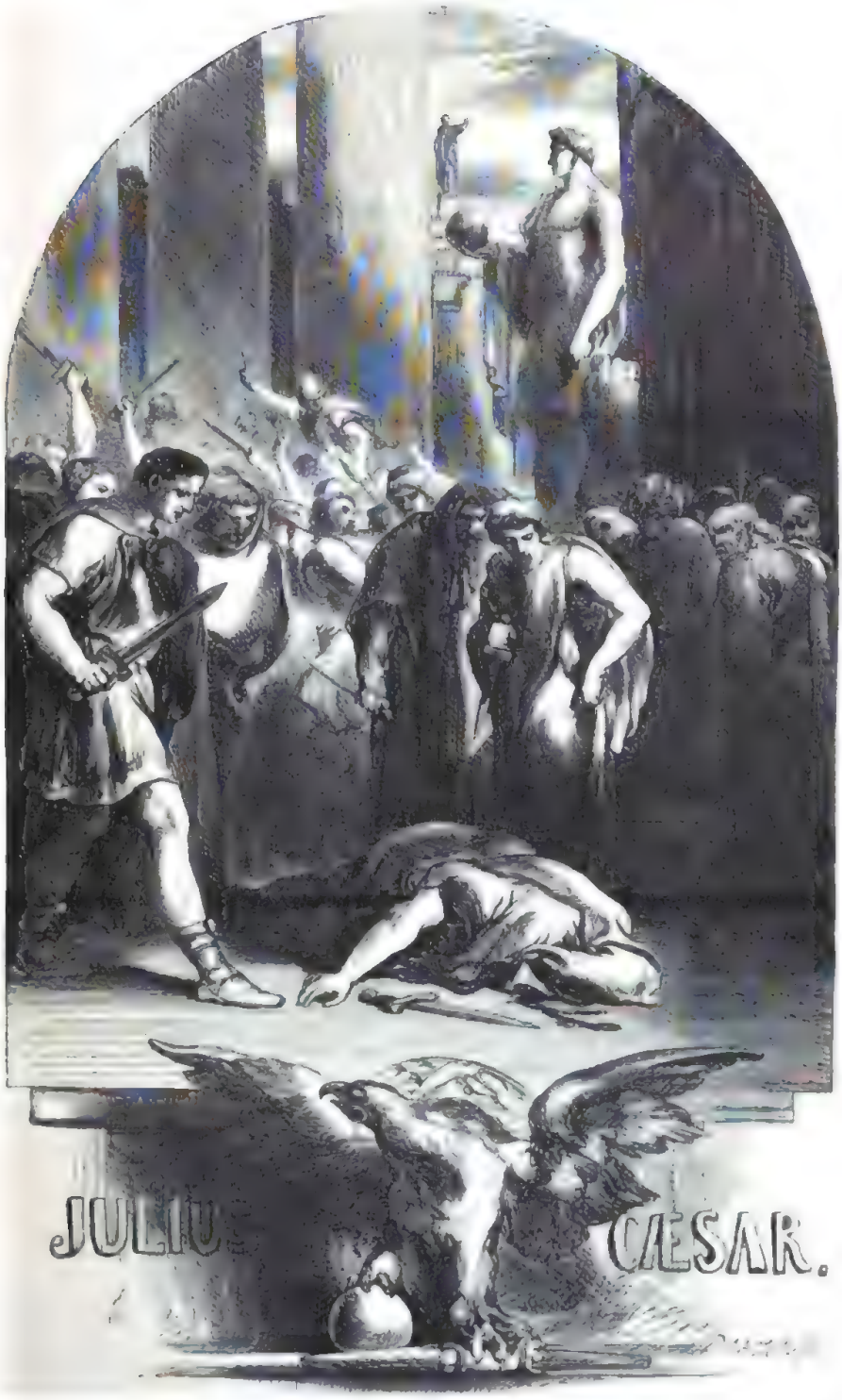
In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom;—the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

"A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him;—not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds, and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind."—GOETHE.

"This is that Hamlet the Dane whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after years;—he who made that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought 'this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory, and this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;' whom 'man delighted not, nor woman neither;' he who talked with the gravediggers, and moralised on Yorick's skull; the schoolfellow of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at Wittenberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of Ophelia; he that was mad and sent to England; the slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at the court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know as well as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakespeare.

"Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What, then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts; their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself 'too much i' the sun;' whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known 'the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;' he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought,—he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life, by a mock-representation of them—this is the true Hamlet."—HAZLITT.

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Act III. Sc. 1.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

This tragedy, there can be no reasonable doubt, was first published in the folio collection of 1623, where it is printed with, for that volume, a remarkable exemption from typographical inaccuracies. The date of its production is less certain. Malone, in his "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written," concludes that it could not have been composed before 1607; but, as his argument mainly rests upon the fact that a tragedy with the same title by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, was printed in London that year,* from which he conjectured Shakespeare had derived one or two ideas, it cannot be regarded as satisfactory. Upon safer grounds, we think, Mr. Collier believes that Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" was written and acted before 1603. In Act V. Sc. 5, it will be remembered, Antony pays a beautiful tribute to the character of Brutus,—

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

Referring to this passage, Mr. Collier observes, "In Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' Book III. edit. 8vo. 1603, p. 61, we meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of Mortimer:—

> "'Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *th' elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,
> That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection of a man*.'

Italic type is hardly necessary to establish that one poet must have availed himself, not only of the thought, but of the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare indebted to Drayton, or Drayton to Shakespeare? We shall not enter into general probabilities, founded upon the original and exhaustless stores of the mind of our great dramatist, but advert to a few dates, which, we think, warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard 'Julius Cæsar' at a theatre, or seen it in manuscript, before 1603, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

"Drayton's 'Barons' Wars' first appeared in 1596, 4to., under the title of 'Mortimeriados.' Malone had a copy without date, and he and Steevens erroneously imagined that the poem had been originally printed in 1598. In the 4to. of 1596, and in the undated edition, it is not divided into books, and is in seven-line stanzas; and what is there said of Mortimer bears no likeness whatever to Shakespeare's expressions in 'Julius Cæsar.' Drayton afterwards changed the title from 'Mortimeriados' to 'The Barons' Wars,' and remodelled the whole historical poem, altering the stanza from the English ballad form to the Italian *ottava rima*. This course he took before 1603, when it came out in octavo, with the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity to the lines from 'Julius Cæsar.' We apprehend that he did so, because he had heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 1603; and we think that strong presumptive

* It was published in Scotland, of which Malone was not aware, three years before.

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proof that he was the borrower and not Shakespeare, is derived from the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of the 'Barons' Wars,' in 1605, 1607, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603: but in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before 'Julius Cæsar' was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus:—

"'He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
She meant to show *all that might be in man*.'"

We think it will be admitted that Mr. Collier has made out a very strong case,—all but proved, indeed, that in this instance Drayton was the borrower, and, as a consequence, that Shakespeare's tragedy is of an earlier date by some years than Malone and others had supposed.

The material incidents of this tragedy appear to have been derived from North's translation of Plutarch; but as there was a Latin play upon the subject of Cæsar—"Epilogus Cæsaris Interfecti," &c.—written by Dr. Richard Eedes, which was played at Christ's Church Coll., Oxford, in 1582, and an old anonymous play in English, of the same age, it is possible that Shakespeare may have incurred some obligations to one or both of these.

Persons Represented.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS — *Triumvirs, after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER — *Conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of* Cnidos.

CINNA, *a Poet. Another* Poet.

A Soothsayer.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS; *Friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; *Servants to* Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to* Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to* Julius Cæsar.

PORTIA, *Wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*During a great part of the Play at* ROME; *afterwards at* SARDIS; *and near* PHILIPPI.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Flavius, Marullus,[a] *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.[b]

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?[c]

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? *Mend* me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

[a] Marullus,—] A correction first made by Theobald, the old text having throughout, *Murellus*.

[b] — directly.] *Explicitly, without ambiguity.*

[c] What trade, thou knave? &c.] In the old copies this speech is erroneously assigned to Flavius.

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FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.[a] I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MAR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?[b]
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
See, whêr their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[c]

MAR. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAV. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following; among them a* Soothsayer.

CÆS. Calphurnia,—
CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
CÆS. Calphurnia,—
CAL. Here, my lord.
CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.(1)—Antonius,—
ANT. Cæsar, my lord.
CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
ANT. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
CÆS. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
SOOTH. Cæsar!
CÆS. Ha! Who calls?
CASCA. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again![d] [*Music ceases.*
CÆS. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry. *Cæsar.* Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.
CÆS. What man is that?

[a] I meddle with no tradesman's matters, &c.] Farmer conjectured that the true reading is, "I meddle with no trade, man's matters," &c.; and, substituting *trades* for trade, we incline to his opinion.

[b] Wherefore rejoice? &c.] "This was in the beginning of B. C. 44 (A. U. C. 709), when Cæsar, having returned from Spain in the preceding October, after defeating the sons of Pompey at the Battle of Munda (fought 17 March, B. C. 45), had been appointed Consul for the next ten years, and Dictator for life. The festival of the Lupercalia, at which he was offered and declined the crown, was celebrated 13th February, B. C. 44, and he was assassinated 15th March following, being then in his fifty-sixth year."—CRAIK's *English of Shakespeare*, p. 71.

[c] — *with* ceremonies.] See note (c), p. 23, Vol. II.

[d] Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!] If this did not originally form a continuation of Cæsar's previous speech, the regulation we presume to have been:—

"CASCA. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet!
CÆS. Again!
Who is it," &c.

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BRU. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
CÆS. Set him before me; let me see his face.
CAS. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.
CÆS. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
SOOTH. Beware the Ides[a] of March.
CÆS. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
CAS. Will you go see the order of the course?
BRU. Not I.
CAS. I pray you, do.
BRU. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
BRU. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely[b] upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
BRU. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by[c] some other things.
CAS. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher,[d] or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
CAS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

[a] *The* Ides *of March.*] The Ides (*Idus*) fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the remaining months.

[b] Merely—] *Purely, solely, entirely.*

[c] *But by reflection* by *some other things.*] Here, not improbably, the poet wrote,—

"— *of* some other things,"

or,—

"— *from* some other things."

the second "by" in the old text being an accidental repetition of the compositor.

[d] *Were I a common* laugher,—] Rowe's correction; the old copy having, "Laughter." As Mr. Craik remarks, neither word seems to be quite satisfactory.

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Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish, and shout.*
BRU. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and *Cæsar:* what should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks[a] encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!
BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
CAS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus. [turning.
BRU. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What has proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his* Train.

BRU. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
CAS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
CÆS. Antonius,—
ANT. Cæsar.
CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.[b]
ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

[a] — *wide* walks—] Modern editors nearly all adopt the emendation, wide *walls*, proposed by Rowe, but the original, "wide *walks*," *i.e.* "spacious bounds," ought not to be displaced.

"In the time of civill warres the souldiers of the Castell and chanons of Old Sarum fell at ods, insomuch that after other braules they fell at last to sad blowes. It happened therefore in a rogation weeke that the clergie going in solemne procession a controversie fell betweene them about certeine *walkes and limits* which the one side claimed and the other denied. Such also was the hot entertainment on eeh part, that at the last the Castellanes espieng their time, gate betweene the clergie and the towne, and so coted them as they returned homeward, that they feared anie more to gang about their *bounds* for a yeare.—HOLINSHED'S *Description of Britaine*, p. 37.

[b] Let me have men about me that are fat;" &c.] So in North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar:—"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, what wil Cassius do, thinke ye? I like not his pale lookes. Another time when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischiefe towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

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Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any-thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his* Train. Casca *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery: I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted,* and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their

* — *the rabblement* shouted,—] This emendation is due to Hanmer, the first three folios having *houted*, and the fourth *houted*.

sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar;(2) for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRU. 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling sickness.

CAS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut!—An I had been a man of any occupation,[a] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any-thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CAS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so: farewell both. [*Exit.*

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CAS. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRU. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CAS. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard;[b] but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

CIC. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:

[a] An I had been a man of any occupation,—] If I had been one of the mechanics.

[b] *Cæsar* doth bear me hard:] The commentators appear to have overlooked the exact force of this. It is an expression borrowed, we believe, from horsemanship, equivalent, literally, to, *keeps a tight rein upon me*, and, metaphorically, to, *does not trust me*, or *fears*, or *doubts me*: so Antony, in Act III. Sc. 1, says,—

"—— if you bear me hard,"
(*i.e.* if you fear to trust me)
"Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure."

Compare also, Act I. Sc. 2,—

"*You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand*
Over your friend that loves you."

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But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.[a]
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd[*] upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
These are their reasons,—they are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CIC. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CIC. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

CAS. Who's there?

CASCA. A Roman.

CAS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this![b]

CAS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

(*) Old text, *glas'd*.

A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, &c.]

"A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hands, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt."—*Life of Julius Cæsar in North's Plutarch.*

[b] — what night is this!] Simply, "what a night is this!" the omission of the article being not at all uncommon in such exclamations. In proof of this Mr. Dyce quotes,—

"*What fool* is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!"
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Sc. 2

And,—

"*Fab. What dish* of poison has she dressed him?
Sir To. And with *what wing* the stannyel checks at it!"
Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. 5.

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CAS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:[a]
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CAS. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;[b]
Why old men fools,[c] and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous[d] quality;—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious[e] grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

CASCA. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar!—but, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CAS. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like[f] the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. [haste.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in

CAS. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

[a] —the thunder-stone:] "The thunder-stone is the imaginary produce of the thunder, which the ancients called *Brontia*, mentioned by Pliny (N. H. xxxvii. 10) as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief."—CRAIK.

[b] Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;] That is, why they reverse their habits and nature.

[c] Why old men fools, and children calculate;] The old copy points thus,—

"Why old men, fools, and children calculate;"

but the punctuation we adopt, which was long ago suggested by Blackstone, clearly gives the sense and antithesis intended, *i. e.* why we have all these fires, &c. why old men, in spite of their experience, have turned fools, and children prophesy.

[d] —monstrous—] *unnatural, ominously prophetic.*

[e] —prodigious—] *Portentous, ominous.*

[f] In favour's *like*—] This is Johnson's reading. The folio has, "Is Favors, like," &c. Capell proposed, "Is *favoured* like;" Rowe, "*Is feverous* like," &c.; and Mr. Hunter would substitute "*Is favours* like," &c.

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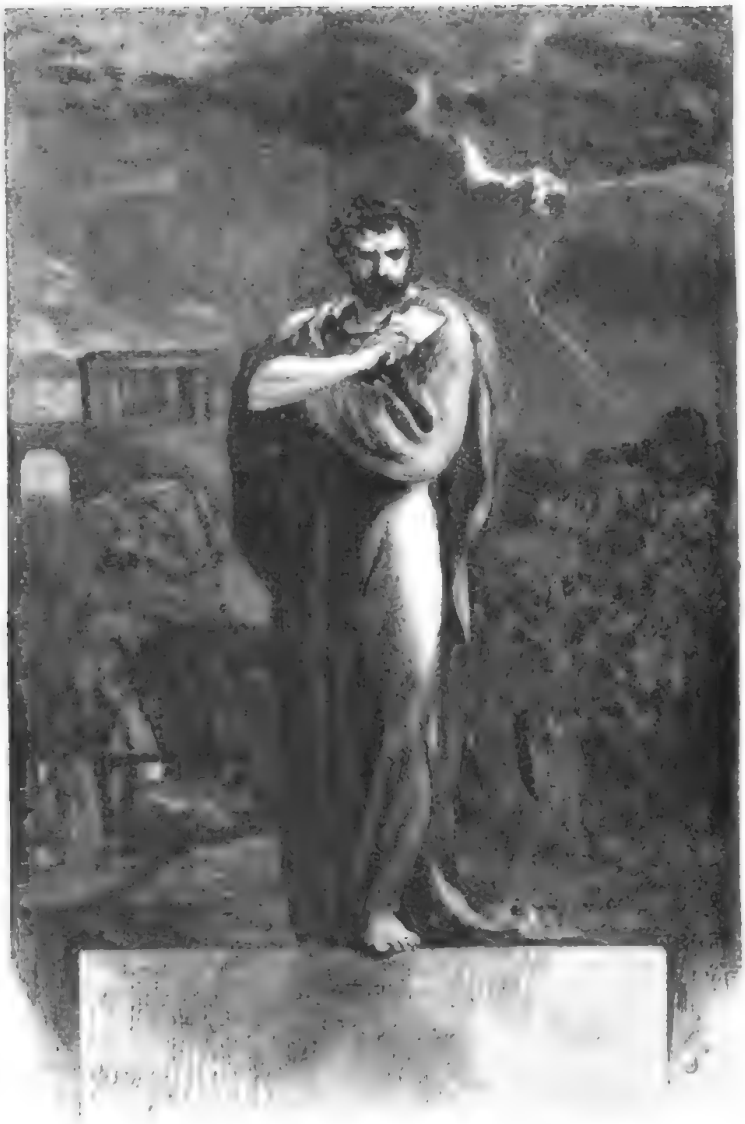
CAS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
CAS. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
CIN. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—[a]
CAS. Be you content, good Cinna; take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it;[b] and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
CIN. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.(3)
CAS. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

[a] O, Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—]
In the folio this speech runs, or rather hobbles, thus,—
"Yes, you are. O Cassius,
If you could but winne the noble Brutus
To our party—"
And in modern editions the arrangement is,—
"Yes
You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party."
which is intolerable; or, as given by Mr. Knight,—
"Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party;"
which is not much better. We adopt the distribution of the lines proposed by Mr. Craik, though even this will hardly satisfy the requirements of an ear accustomed to Shakespearian rhythm.

[b] Where Brutus may but find it;] We should now say, "Where *only* Brutus may find it."



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's *Orchard.*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when?* awake, I say! what, Lucius!

* When, Lucius, when?] See note (f), p. 449, Vol. I.

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Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Call'd you, my lord?
BRU. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
LUC. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
BRU. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general,—he would be crown'd:[a]
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger[b] with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent.[c] And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus;—that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,[d] grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
[*Giving a letter.*
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRU. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides[e] of March?
LUC. I know not, sir.
BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
LUC. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
BRU. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
"*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake! and see thyself.*
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"—
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O, Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! (1)

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, March is wasted fourteen[f] days.
[*Knocking without.*
BRU. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.— [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,[g]
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, 'tis your brother[h] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
BRU. Is he alone?
LUC. No, sir, there are more[i] with him.

[a] I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general,—he would be crown'd:]

This may either mean,—I know no personal cause of enmity against him; only the general, *i.e.* the public good; or,—I know no personal cause, &c. only the general one, that he would be crowned.

[b] — *he may do* danger *with.*] He may do *damage*, or *mischief* with.

[c] — prevent.] We have before explained that *to prevent* (*prævenire*) in Shakespeare's day was always employed in the sense of *to come before*, or *anticipate*; whether the purpose of *prevention* were to hinder or to aid.

[d] — as his kind,—] *According to his nature; or, like his species.*

[e] — *the* ides *of March?*] In the folio, "the *first* of March:" corrected by Theobald.

[f] — fourteen days.] So Theobald. In the folio, "*fifteene* dayes."

[g] — and the state of man,—] The original has,—"of *a* man;" Mr. Craik advocates the retention of the article; Mr. Dyce omits it, as having "evidently crept in by the mistake of the transcriber or compositor."

[h] — *your* brother *Cassius*—] Cassius married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

[i] — *there are* more *with him.*] Mr. Craik, here and in other passages where it occurs, retains the old form, *mo*: at one time we were inclined to do so likewise, but, upon consideration, thought it better to abide by this orthography only when it was demanded by the verse.

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Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter.—
[*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O, Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path,[a] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

[a] — *if thou* path.—] "Path" is perhaps obscure, and the examples of its employment as a verb, which Steevens adduced, are hardly to the point; but who for a moment could admit the possibility that *put*, as Coleridge suggested, was the genuine word?

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BRU. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
CAS. Shall I entreat a word?
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *retire.*
DEC. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
CASCA. No.
CIN. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
BRU. [*Advancing.*] Give me your hands all over, one by one.
CAS. [*Advancing.*] And let us swear our resolution.
BRU. No, not an oath: if not the face[a] of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;[b]
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret[c] Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even[d] virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
CAS. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
CASCA. Let us not leave him out.
CIN. No, by no means.
MET. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
BRU. O, name him not; let us not break with him;[e]
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.
CAS. Then leave him out.
CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.
DEC. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
CAS. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death, and envy[f] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let 's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.[g]
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
CAS. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

[a] — *the* face *of men,*—] If "face" be right, though it reads dubiously, we are perhaps to understand the general gloom observable on men's countenances: Warburton proposed *fate*, Mason *faith*, and Malone *faiths*.

[b] — *his* idle *bed;*] His bed of indolence; see note (a), p. 88 of present volume.

[c] — secret *Romans,*—] "Secret" is here employed with strict classical accuracy for *separated, set apart;* and hence, *dedicated*, or *devoted* to a particular purpose. So Milton, "Paradise Lost," B. I. l. 6,—

"—— On the *secret* top
Of Oreb or of Sinai."

[d] *The* even *virtue*—] The *just*, or *equitable, quality*.

[e] — let us not break with him;] Let us not open the matter to him.

[f] — envy—] *Envy* in this place, as usual, means *hatred* or *malice*.

[g] *We shall be* call'd purgers, *not murderers.*] Query?—"We shall be *purgers call'd*," &c.

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BRU. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought,[a] and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
TREB. There is no fear in him;[b] let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
BRU. Peace! count the clock.
CAS. The clock hath stricken three.
TREB. 'T is time to part.
CAS. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;[c]
It may be, these apparent[d] prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
DEC. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,*
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
BRU. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
CIN. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
MET. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,[f]
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by[g] him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.
CAS. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all except* BRUTUS.
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

POR. Brutus, my lord!
BRU. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
POR. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[h]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
BRU. I am not well in health, and that is all.
POR. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
BRU. Why, so I do:—good Portia, go to bed.
POR. Is Brutus sick,—and is it physical[i]
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,—
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;

[a] — take thought,—] Abandon himself to grief.
[b] — no fear in him;] That is, no cause of fear in him.
[c] — ceremonies;] See note (c), p. 23, Vol. II.
[d] — apparent—] *Manifest, evident.*

* That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,—]

For an account of the manner in which unicorns are related to have been captured, see note (4), p. 507, Vol. II. Bears, Steevens says, were surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim; and elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf. See Pliny's *Natural History*, Book VIII.

[f] — doth bear Cæsar hard,—] See note (b), p. 418.
[g] — go along by *him*:] *By his house*, Malone says.
[h] — condition,—] *Temper, disposition.*
[i] — *is it* physical—] Is it *medicinal.*

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You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm* you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle, Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—

* I charm you,—] I *conjure* you.

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To keep[a] with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
BRU. You are my true and honourable wife:
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter.[b]
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?(2)
BRU. O, ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—
[*Knocking without.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[c] of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste.—Lucius, who 's that knocks?
[*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS, *followed by* LIGARIUS.

LUC. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
BRU. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
BRU. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! (3) Would you were not sick!
LIG. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
BRU. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
LIG. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?
BRU. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
LIG. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
BRU. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
LIG. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
BRU. Follow me then.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in* Cæsar's *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR.

CÆS. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord?
CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
SERV. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CAL. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
CÆS. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

[a] *To keep with you*, &c.] To live with, to keep company with.

[b] —— but withal,
A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter.]

The customary pointing of this latter line is not satisfactory; it is usually printed,—

"A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter."

But regarding what immediately precedes and follows, does she not mean,—

"A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter,"?

that is, A woman, daughter of the much-esteemed Cato? There is a marked propriety, then, in her asking,—

"Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?"

[c] *All the* charactery *of my sad brows*:—] All that is written in my melancholy aspect.

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Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight* upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did* neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O, Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them! (4)

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

(*) First folio, *do*.

* *Pierce fiery warriors* fight *upon the clouds*,—] Mr. Dyce conceives the word "fight" to be an error for "fought;" "since we cannot suppose that here the poet used 'fight' as a past tense."

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No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are[a] two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;—
And Cæsar shall go forth.
CAL. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
CÆS. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
DEC. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
CÆS. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.
CAL. Say he is sick.
CÆS. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
DEC. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
CÆS. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt, to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.
DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now,—the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear-dear love
To your proceeding[b] bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[c]
CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
PUB. Good morrow, Cæsar.
CÆS. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?
BRU. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.
CÆS. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
ANT. So to most noble Cæsar.
CÆS. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
TREB. Cæsar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will I be,

[a] *We are two lions*, &c.] The old reading is, "We *beare*," &c., for which Theobald printed "We *were*," &c., and this until recently has been the ordinary text; at the present time, however, Upton's emendation, "We *are*," &c., is very justly preferred.

[b] *To your proceeding*—] To your *advancement*.

[c] And reason to my love is liable.] Mr. Craik explains this:—"My reason where you are concerned is subject to, and is overborne by, my affection."

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That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O, Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A street near the* Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

Art. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.*[a] *The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*[b]

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O, Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.[c] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of* Brutus.

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

[a] Security gives way to, &c.] The meaning is, over-confidence affords a passage, &c.

[b] Thy lover,—] It need hardly be repeated that "lover" was formerly equivalent to friend.

[c] — contrive.] See note (a), p. 439, Vol. II.

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LUC. To know my errand, madam.
POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O, constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
LUC. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
LUC. I hear none, madam.
POR. Pr'ythee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
LUC. 'Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

POR. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
SOOTH. At mine own house, good lady.
POR. What is 't o'clock?
SOOTH. About the ninth hour, lady.
POR. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
SOOTH. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
POR. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
SOOTH. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
POR. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
SOOTH. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
POR. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*



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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.* *The* Capitol; *the* Senate *sitting.*

A crowd of people in the Street leading to the Capitol; *among them* ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

CÆS. The ides of March are come.
SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
ART. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
ART. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
CÆS. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.[a]
ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?
PUB. Sirrah, give place.
CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the* Capitol, *the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

POP. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?

[a] What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.] Here Mr. Craik, to our surprise, adopts the specious sophistication of Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"*That* touches us? Ourself shall be last served,"—

with the remark,—"To *serve*, or attend to, a *person* is a familiar form of expression; to speak of a *thing* as *served*, in the sense of attended to, would, it is apprehended, be unexampled." But there is nothing uncommon or improper in speaking of a dinner or of a dish as *served*, and it is in this sense, we believe, the verb is used in the present case.

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POP. Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆSAR.
BRU. What said Popilius Lena?
CAS. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
BRU. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
CAS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
BRU. Cassius, be constant.[a]
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
CAS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the* Senators *take their seats.*
DEC. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
BRU. He is address'd:[b] press near and second him.
CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
CASCA. Are we all ready?[c]
CÆS. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[d] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law[*] of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked[e] court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.(1)
MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆS. What, Brutus!
CAS. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
CÆS. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world,—'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
CIN. O, Cæsar—
CÆS. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
DEC. Great Cæsar,—
CÆS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm; and is then stabbed by several other* Conspirators, *and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute!*(2)—Then fall, Cæsar!
[*Dies. The* Senators *and people retire in confusion.*
CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!
BRU. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
DEC. And Cassius too.
BRU. Where's Publius?
CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
MET. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
BRU. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

(*) Old text, *lane.*

[a] — *be* constant.] Be *firm, steady, self-possessed.*
[b] — address'd:] *Prepared, ready.*
[c] CASCA. Are we all ready?] In the old copy these words begin Cæsar's speech; there can be little doubt that Mr. Collier's annotator was right in assigning them to Casca.
[d] — couchings—] Hanmer changed this to *crouchings;* but *couching* had of old the same meaning as *crouching.*
[e] Low-crooked *court'sies,*—] That is, *low-crouched,* or *low-bowed* court'sies.

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BRU. Do so;—and let no man abide[a] this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CAS. Where is Antony?
TRE. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.
BRU. Fates! we will[b] know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
CAS.[c] Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!*
CAS. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states* unborn and accents yet unknown!
BRU. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies† along,
No worthier than the dust!
CAS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
DEC. What, shall we forth?
CAS. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
BRU. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.
SERV. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
SERV. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
BRU. I know that we shall have him well to friend.[d]
CAS. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still*
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
BRU. But here comes Antony.—

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.
ANT. O, mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:[f]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,[g]
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
BRU. O, Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

(*) First folio, *State.* (†) First folio, *lye.*

[a] — *let no man abide this deed,*—] Let no man pay the penalty for, or stand the consequences of this deed.
[b] *Fates! we* will *know your pleasures:*—] We should perhaps read, "We *well* know," &c. Compare, "King Lear," Act III. Sc. 1,—
" —— then let fall
Your horrible *pleasure.*"
[c] CAS.] The folio has the prefix *Cask.*
[d] — to *friend.*] Equivalent to, *for* friend.
[e] —— *and my misgiving* still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.]
My misgiving *always*, or *ever*, falls, &c.
[f] — *who else* is rank:] Who else is *too high-topped; of too luxuriant growth.*
[g] — if you bear me hard,—] *Vide* note (b), p. 418.

Our arms, in strength of malice,[a] and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
CAS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
BRU. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
ANT. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.[b]—
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O, world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
CAS. Mark Antony,—
ANT. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
CAS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
ANT. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends[c] am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
BRU. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
ANT. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.[d]
BRU. You shall, Mark Antony.
CAS. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to* BRUTUS.] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
BRU. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
CAS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
BRU. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
ANT. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
BRU. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all except* ANTONY.
ANT. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

[a] — in strength of malice,—] For "malice," an unquestionable corruption, Mr. Collier's annotator proposes, *welcome*, a word, as Mr. Dyce remarks, which no way resembles it in the *ductus literarum*. Mr. Singer, with far more likelihood, suggests, *amity*.

[b] *Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.*—] The allusion is to the huntsmen's custom of tricking themselves out with the hide and antlers of the slaughtered deer and bathing their hands in its blood. Some difficulty, however, arises from the word "lethe," which, notwithstanding the assertion of Steevens that it was employed of old for *death*, has by many been pronounced a misprint. Theobald first proposed to read,—

"—— crimson'd in thy *death*."—

and this not improbably was what the poet wrote. *Blood*, it is well known, often signified *death* and *life*; we still hear, "I'll have his *blood*," for I'll take his life, or be the death of him; and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," Act V. Sc. 5, there is a passage, strikingly illustrative of the one under consideration, where "life" is used as a synonym for blood:—

"When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
Hatch'd in the *life* of him."

[c] Friends *am I with you all*,—] The inaccurate pluralism here, as Henley observes, "is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous *s* would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression."

[d] — *in the* order *of his funeral*.] That is, in the course of the ceremonial.

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That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs[a] of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*,[b] and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial!

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERV. I do, Mark Antony.

ANT. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERV. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O, Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

ANT. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for[c] mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

[a] *A curse shall light upon the* limbs *of men*;] The expression "*limbs* of men," has been much disputed. Hanmer substituted "the *kind* of men;" Warburton, "the *line* of men;" Johnson proposed, "the *lires* of men;" and Mr. Collier's annotator, "the *loans* of men." The last has been pronounced by Mr Craik to be "one of the most satisfactory and valuable emendations ever made," yet to us it appears far more probable that Shakespeare wrote,—

"A curse shall light upon the *tombs* of men;"

"Cursed be thy grave," is a common Oriental form of malediction, and in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 7, the old copies exhibit a misprint, "Gilded *timber*," for "Gilded *tombe*," which closely resembles that we presume to have occurred in the present instance.

[b] Cry *Havoc*, &c.] See note (b), p. 158.

[c] — for *mine eyes*,—] So the second folio; the first has,—

"—— *from* mine eyes."

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SERV. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANT. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety[a] for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse*
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with* CÆSAR's *body.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The* Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied! let us be satisfied!

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 CIT. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 CIT. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 CIT. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRU. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.(3)

CITIZENS. None, Brutus, none.

BRU. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question[b] of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover[c] for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Enter ANTONY *and others with* CÆSAR's *body.*

CITIZENS. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 CIT. Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

2 CIT. Give him a statue with his ancestors!

3 CIT. Let him be Cæsar!

4 CIT. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now[d] be crown'd in Brutus.

1 CIT. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRU. My countrymen,—

2 CIT. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 CIT. Peace, ho!

BRU. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

(*) Old text, *co rse.*

[a] *No* Rome *of safety*—] We have the same quibble on *Rome*, the city, and *room*, an old word for *place*, in Act I. Sc. 2, and it appears to have been a familiar one of the time. Prime, in his Commentary on the Galatians, p. 122, 1587, has the expression, "Rome is too narrow a *Room* for the church of God."

[b] *The* question *of his death*—] *Question* here means, the motives or reasons which led to his death.

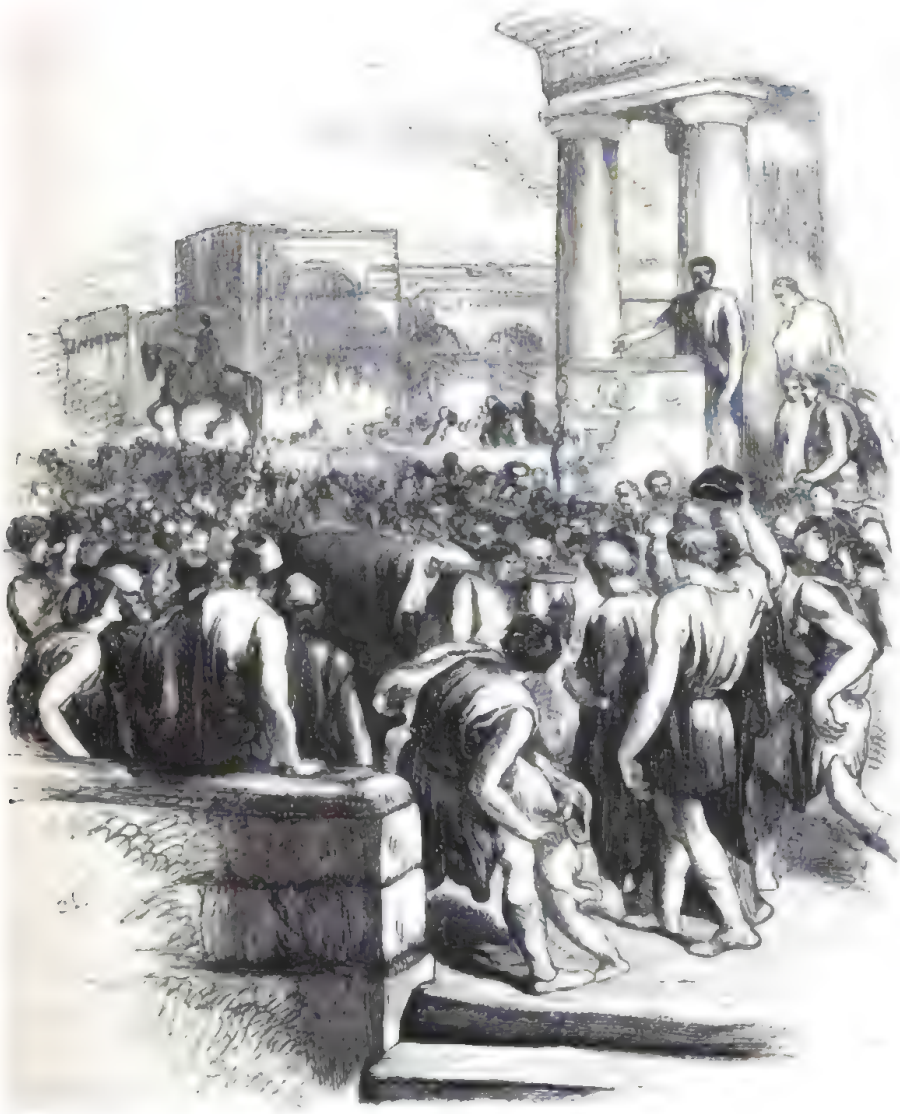
[c] — *my best* lover—] As we now say,—My best *friend*; so in "Coriolanus," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"—— I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my *lover*:"

and in a hundred other places in these or in contemporary books.

[d] *Shall* now *be crown'd in Brutus.*] The old text reads,—"Shall be crowned in Brutus;" but some word, as *now*, which Pope supplied, or *all*, or *well*, must have been omitted evidently.

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1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
[*Ascends.*
4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
2 Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

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The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?—
O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O, masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'t is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins* in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Cit. We 'll hear the will! read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will! [read it:

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will;—Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors! *honourable men!*

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers! the will! read the will! [will?

Ant. You will compel me then, to read the
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend. [Antony *descends.*

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

4 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse! stand from the body!

2 Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:

* —napkins—] Handkerchiefs. They are still so named in Scotland.

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Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,*
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O, piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O, noble Cæsar!

3 Cit. O, woful day!

4 Cit. O, traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O, most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge! about! —seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace, there!—hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not
That made them do it;—they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

(*) Old text, *statue*.

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I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,[a] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor-poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZENS. We 'll mutiny!

1 CIT. We 'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 CIT. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators!

ANT. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

ANT. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS. Most true;—the will!—let 's stay and hear the will!

ANT. Here is the will; and, under Cæsar's seal,
To every Roman citizen he gives,—
To every several man,—seventy-five drachmas.

2 CIT. Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his death.

3 CIT. O, royal Cæsar!

ANT. Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho!

ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 CIT. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 CIT. Go fetch fire.

3 CIT. Pluck down benches.

4 CIT. Pluck down forms, windows, anything! (4)

[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*

ANT. Now let it work!—Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow?

SERV. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANT. Where is he?

SERV. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANT. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

SERV. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANT. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA *the Poet.*

CIN. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky[b] charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth[c] of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 CIT. What is your name?

2 CIT. Whither are you going?

3 CIT. Where do you dwell?

4 CIT. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 CIT. Answer every man directly.

1 CIT. Ay, and briefly.

4 CIT. Ay, and wisely.

3 CIT. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CIN. What is my name? Whither am I

[a] *For I have neither* wit,—] The folio 1623 has,—"neyther *writ*," &c.; an obvious error, which the second folio set right. See "Measure for Measure," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?"

[b] *And things* unlucky—] The old text has, "unluckily;" which Warburton corrected to *unlucky*, the reading generally adopted. Mr. Collier's annotator, however, suggests *unlikely*, a change Mr. Craik approves, but which we believe to be certainly wrong. To dream of feasting, as Steevens showed, was inauspicious; and in North's Plutarch (Life of Brutus) we have the restored word "unlucky" used precisely as here:—"The first and chiefest, was Cæsars long tarying, who came very late to the Senate: for, because the signes of the sacrifices appeared *unluckie*, his wife Calphurnia kept him at home," &c.

[c] *I have no* will *to wander* forth, &c.] I have no inclination to wander out, &c.: so Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 5,—

"I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go."

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going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly;—*wisely*, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed;—directly.

Cin. *Directly*, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 Cit. That matter is answered directly.

4 Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. *Briefly*, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Cit. Your name, sir,—truly.

Cin. *Truly*, my name is Cinna.

1 Cit. Tear him to pieces! he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses!

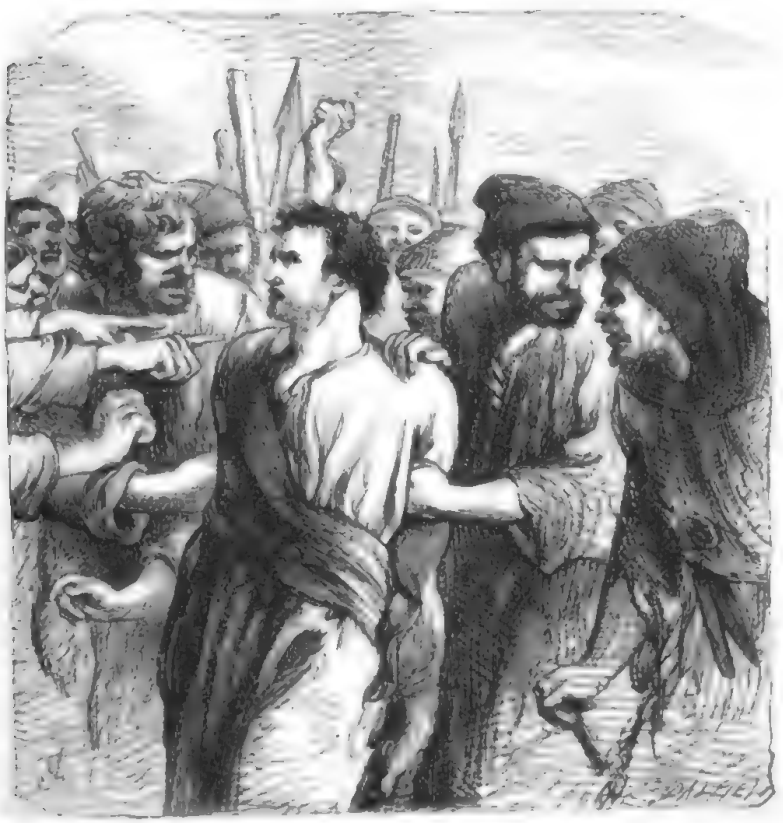
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

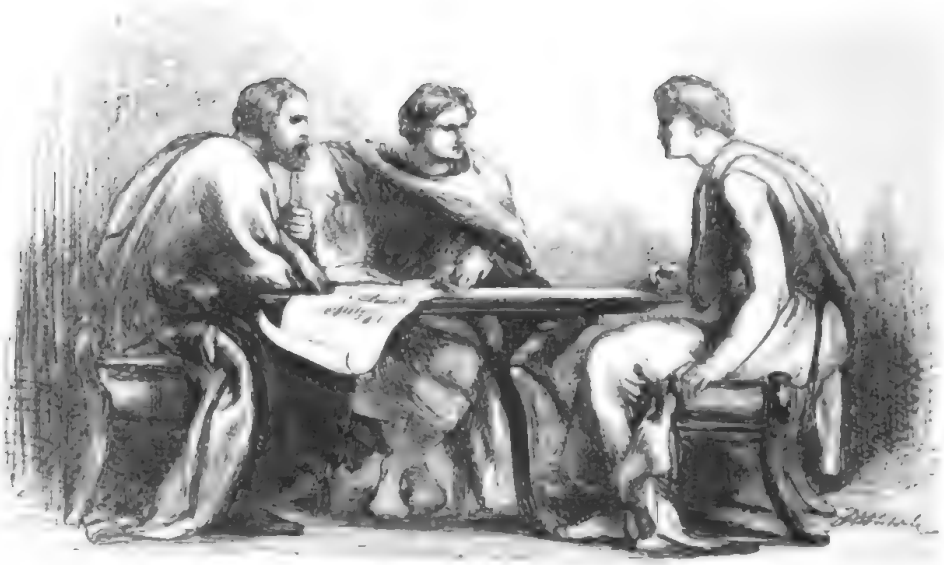
2 Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.[a]

3 Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! away! go! [*Exeunt.*

[a] — and turn him going.] So in "As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"Do this expediently, *and turn him going.*"





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Room in* Antony's *House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

ANT. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
OCT. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
LEP. I do consent,—
OCT. Prick him down, Antony.
LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son,[a] Mark Antony.
ANT. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn[b] him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
LEP. What, shall I find you here?
OCT. Or here, or at the Capitol.
[*Exit* LEPIDUS.
ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
OCT. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
OCT. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—

[a] Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.] This is, historically, an error. The individual meant, Lucius Cæsar, was the brother of Mark Antony's mother. Upon, therefore, concludes that Shakespeare wrote,—

"*You are his sister's son,*" &c.

[b] — *I* damn *him*] I *condemn* him. So, quoted by Steevens, in "Promos and Cassandra," Part II.,—

"Vouchsafe to give my *dampned* husband lyfe."

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His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts,[a] and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;[b]
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

OCT. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Brutus' *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers: TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

BRU. Stand, ho!

LUCIL. Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRU. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCIL. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

BRU. He greets me well.—Your master Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

PIN. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRU. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

LUCIL. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

BRU. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCIL. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd,
The greater part: the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March without.*

BRU. Hark! he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

CAS. Stand, ho!

BRU. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[*Without.*] Stand.

[*Without.*] Stand.

[*Without.*] Stand.

CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRU. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

BRU. Cassius, be content;[c]
Speak your griefs[d] softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CAS. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRU. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.[e] [*Exeunt.*

[a] On abjects, orts, &c.] The old text is, "—Objects, Arts," &c., but the initials *a* and *o* appear to have been transposed by the compositor. *Abjects* are things thrown away as worthless; and *orts* are scraps. There can be no necessity, therefore, to read, with Theobald and others,—

"On *abject orts*," &c.

[b] *Our best friends made, and* our *best* means stretch'd *out;*] This is the lection of the second folio; the first printing, lamely enough,—

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;"

We might read, with possibly a nearer approach to what the poet wrote,—

"Our best friends made, our *choicest* means stretch'd *out*."

[c] —be content;] Be continent; be self-restrained.

[d] —griefs—] Grievances. So in Act I. Sc. 3,—

"Be factious for redress of all these *griefs*."

[e] Lucilius, do you the like; &c.] Mr. Craik reads, with a manifest improvement of the old text,—

"*Lucius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard *the* door."

By this change, the prosody of the first line is restored, and we have no longer the anomaly of an officer of rank and a serving-boy associated together to watch the door.

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SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* Brutus.

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,(1)
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let[a] me tell you, Cassius, you, yourself,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I *an itching palm!*
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. *Chastisement!*
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay* not me,—
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak!
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O, ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. *All this!* ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble[b] men.
Cas. You wrong me; every way you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection!—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

(*) Old text, *baite*, corrected by Theobald.

[a] Let me tell you, Cassius, &c.] This defective line has been emended, and rightly perhaps, to,—

"*Yet* let me tell you, Cassius," &c.

[b] — *of* noble *men.*] "Of *abler* men," is the reading of Mr. Collier's annotator, and looking to what Cassius had previously said,—

"I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, *abler* than yourself," &c.—

it is a very plausible emendation.

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Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
CAS. I denied you not.
BRU. You did.
CAS. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.
CAS. You love me not.
BRU. I do not like your faults.
CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world!
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'* mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
BRU. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,[a]—
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood, ill-temper'd,[b] vexeth him?

[a] — *you are yoked with a* lamb,—] "Lamb" can hardly have been the poet's word, and Pope, who saw its unfitness, printed *man*; but it requires a happier conjecture than this to justify an alteration of the text.

[b] *When grief and blood,* ill-temper'd, &c.] By ill-tempered is meant badly qualified. "The four 'humours' in a man, according to the old physicians, were blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy. So long as these were duly mixed, all would be well." —TRENCH.

(*) Old text, *Pluto's.*

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BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRU. And my heart too.
CAS. O, Brutus!—
BRU. What 's the matter?
CAS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise without.*
POET. [*Without.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not meet
They be alone.
LUCIL. [*Without.*] You shall not come to them.
POET. [*Without.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

CAS. How now! what 's the matter?
POET. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
CAS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
CAS. Bear with him, Brutus: 't is his fashion.
BRU. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion, hence! (2)
CAS. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit* Poet.
BRU. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
CAS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
BRU. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
CAS. I did not think you could have been so angry.
BRU. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
CAS. Ha! Portia?
BRU. She is dead.
CAS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
BRU. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
CAS. And died so?
BRU. Even so.
CAS. O, ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

BRU. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
BRU. Come in, Titinius!—

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
CAS. Portia, art thou gone?
BRU. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
MES. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
BRU. With what addition?
MES. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
BRU. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
CAS. Cicero one!
MES. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
BRU. No, Messala.

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MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
BRU. Nothing, Messala.
MES. That, methinks, is strange.
BRU. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
MES. No, my lord.
BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
MES. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
BRU. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
MES. Even so great men great losses should endure.
CAS. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
CAS. I do not think it good.
BRU. Your reason?
CAS. This it is:—
'T is better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added,[a] and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
CAS. Hear me, good brother.
BRU. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
CAS. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
BRU. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
CAS. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
BRU. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
CAS. O, my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
BRU. Every thing is well.
CAS. Good night, my lord.
BRU. Good night, good brother.
TIT., MES. Good night, lord Brutus.
BRU. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CAS., TIT., *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
LUC. Here in the tent.
BRU. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.[b]
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
LUC. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

VAR. Calls my lord?
BRU. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
VAR. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
BRU. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[VAR. *and* CLAU. *lie down.*
LUC. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
LUC. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
BRU. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
LUC. It is my duty, sir.

[a] —new-added,—] Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer read "new-*aided*;" Mr. Collier's annotator, "new-*hearted*;" but we cannot see that change of any kind is indispensable.

[b] —o'er-watch'd.] Kept over-much from sleep.



Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O, murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

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Enter the Ghost *of* Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why com'st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well; then I shall see thee again? (3)

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

[Ghost *vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

LUC. My lord?

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

VAR. My lord?

CLAU. My lord?

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VAR., CLAU. Did we, my lord?

BRU. Ay; saw you anything?

VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAU. Nor I, my lord.

BRU. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VAR., CLAU. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of* Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their* Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn[a] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,[b] thinking, by this face,[c]
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Cassius, *and their* Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows:—is it so, countrymen?

[a] *They mean to* warn *us*—] That is, to *summon* us. So in "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 3,—

"And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence;"

and again in "Romeo and Juliet," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"—— is as a bell
That *warns* my old age to a sepulchre."

[b] *With* fearful bravery,—] With alarming ostentation. Though some critics conjecture that "fearful" is not used here in its active sense, but with the ordinary meaning, full of fear.

[c] — by this face,—] By this *braverie*, or *brag*.

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OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.
BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
ANT. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail Cæsar!*
CAS. Antony,
The posture of your blows are[a] yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
ANT. Not stingless too.
BRU. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
ANT. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!
CAS. *Flatterers!*—Now Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
OCT. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
BRU. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
OCT. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
BRU. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
CAS. A peevish[b] schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
ANT. Old Cassius still!
OCT. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth!
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.
CAS. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
BRU. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
LUCIL. My lord?
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*
CAS. Messala,—
MES. What says my general?
CAS. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[c] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;(1)
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
MES. Believe not so.
CAS. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
BRU. Even so, Lucilius. [*Advancing.*
CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determined to do?
BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,

[a] *The* posture *of your blows* are *yet unknown:*] The commentators have all something to say on the grammatical irregularity in this line, but are mute upon what is of far more importance, the exceptional use of "posture." Elsewhere Shakespeare always employs the word in its ordinary sense of *attitude, position,* &c.: but here, if not a misprint, it must be taken to mean *quality* or *composition.*

[b] *A* peevish *schoolboy,*—] Although there are one or two passages in these plays where "peevish" implies *foolish, childish,* &c., the editors are certainly not justified in attributing this signification to the word in every instance where it occurs. In nine cases out of ten, indeed, the poet uses it, as here, in the sense of *headstrong, stubborn, wilful,* the meaning which it usually carried in his time. For example,

"A *peevish,* self-will'd harlotry it is."
Romeo and Juliet, Act IV. Sc. 2.

"And when she's froward, *peevish,* sullen, sour," &c.
Taming of the Shrew, Act V. Sc. 2.

"Being wrong'd, as we are, by this *peevish* town," &c.
King John, Act II. Sc. 2.

[c] — *on our former ensign*—] "Former" meant *foremost* or *fore.* In proof of this, Ritson quotes the following from Adlyngton's translation of Apuleius, 1596:—"First hee instructed me to sit at the table upon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former* feete."

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For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time[a] of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
BRU. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;[2]
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.
CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.
BRU. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side! [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala! let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

CAS. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;[b]
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
TIT. O, Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all inclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

PIN. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!
CAS. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
TIT. They are, my lord.
CAS. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
TIT. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
CAS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;[c]
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
PIN. [*Above.*] O my lord!
CAS. What news?
PIN. [*Above.*] Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He 's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.
[*Shout.*
CAS. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

[a] —— to prevent
The time *of life*:—]

That is, to anticipate the natural period of existence. The expression, *time of life*, for duration of life, occurs again in "Henry IV." Part II. Act V. Sc. 2,—

"O, gentlemen, the *time of life* is short;"

a fact Mr. Craik must have forgotten when he adopted the specious modernization, "*term* of life," from Capell.

[b] *This* ensign *here of mine was turning back;*] "Here the term *ensign* may almost be said to be used with the double meaning of both the standard and the standard-bearer."—CRAIK.

[c] This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;]

It would not be difficult to find persons even now, perhaps, who indulge the visionary notion that their life will terminate on the same day of the week or month or at the same place that it began. Shakespeare seems to have been impressed by this superstition, for he has twice or thrice adverted to it. Curiously enough, too, he might have said of his own existence, "The wheel is come full circle," for he died on the same day of the same month in which he was born, and at the same place.

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And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [3] [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*

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Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

MES. It is but change,[a] Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
TIT. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
MES. Where did you leave him?
TIT. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
TIT. He lies not like the living.—O, my heart!
MES. Is not that he?
TIT. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O, setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success[b] hath done this deed.
MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O, hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O, Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
TIT. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
MES. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
TIT. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd everything!
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
MES. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
BRU. Titinius' face is upward.
CATO. He is slain.
BRU. O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
CATO. Brave Titinius!
Look, whêr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The[c] last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more* tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos† send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers *of both Armies; then* BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*
BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* YOUNG CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

[a] It is but change,—] It is no more than an exchange or alternation of mishap

[b] *Mistrust of my success*—] By "success," in Shakespeare's time, was commonly understood *issue, consequence, result*, &c.; it might, therefore, be good (as Messala in the next line says, "Mistrust of *good* success") or ill, according to circumstances. The meaning of Titinius is, Mistrust of my fortune, or what befell me, has done this deed.

[c] The *last of all the Romans*, &c.] "owe, who has been followed by many editors, reads, "*Thou* last," &c.

(*) First folio, no. (†) Old text, *Tharsus.*

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LUCIL. O, young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
1 SOLD. Yield, or thou diest!
LUCIL. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 SOLD. We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 SOLD. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 SOLD. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!
ANT. Where is he?
LUCIL. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
ANT. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.(4) Go on,
And see whér Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
CLI. Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.
BRU. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering him.*
CLI. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
BRU. Peace, then, no words.
CLI. I'll rather kill myself.
BRU. Hark thee, Dardanius.—[*Whispers him.*
DAR. Shall I do such a deed?
CLI. O, Dardanius!
DAR. O, Clitus!
CLI. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
DAR. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
CLI. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
BRU. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
VOL. What says my lord?
BRU. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
VOL. Not so, my lord.
BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Loud alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
VOL. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*
CLI. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
BRU. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* Fly, fly, fly!
CLI. Fly, my lord, fly!
BRU. Hence; I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
STRA. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
BRU. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*Runs on his sword, and dies.*(5)

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Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and* Army.

OCT. What man is that?
MES. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
LUCIL. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
OCT. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
OCT. Do so, good Messala.
MES. How died my master, Strato?
STRA. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them all: (6)
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
OCT. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.]

The passages from North's "Plutarch," which we have chosen to illustrate the action of this tragedy, are extracted chiefly from the lives of Julius Cæsar and Brutus; and while attesting the almost literal fidelity with which Shakespeare, in the present case, adhered to his authority, will show the unerring skill and judgment by which he was guided in his selection of incidents for representation.

"At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say was the feast of shepheards or heardmen, & is much like unto the feast of the LYCÆIANS in ARCADIA. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble mens sons, yong men, (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern then) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs, haire and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholers hold them out to their schoolemaster, to be stricken with the ferula: perswading themselves that being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so being barren, that it wil make them to conceive with child."

(2) SCENE II.—*The rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar.*] "*Cæsar* sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chaire of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. *Antonius* who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course. So when he came into the market place, the people made a lane for him to runne at liberty, and he came to *Cæsar*, and presented him a Diademe wreathed about with laurell, Whereupon there rose a certaine crie of reioycing, not very great, done onely by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when *Cæsar* refused the Diademe, then all the people together made an outerie of ioy. Then *Antonius* offering it him againe, there was a second shout of ioy, but yet of a few. But when *Cæsar* refused it againe the second time, then all the whole people shouted. *Cæsar* having made this proofe, found that the people did not like of it and thereupon rose out of his chaire, and commanded the crowne to be caried unto *Jupiter* in the Capitoll. After that, there were set up images of *Cæsar* in the city, with Diadèmes upon their heads, like kings."

(3) SCENE III.—

His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.]

"Now when *Cassius* felt his friends, and did stirre them up against *Cæsar*: they all agreed, and promised to take part with him, so *Brutus* were the chiefe of their conspiracie. For they told him, that so high an enterprise and attempt as that, did not so much require men of manhood and courage to draw their swords, as it stood them upon to have a man of such estimation as *Brutus*, to make every man boldly thinke, that by his onely presence the fact were holy and iust, If he tooke not this course, then that they should go to it with fainter hearts; and when they had done it, they should be more fearefull, because every man would thinke that *Brutus* would not have refused to have made one with them, if the cause had been good and honest. Therefore *Cassius* considering this matter with himselfe, did first of all speake to *Brutus*, since they grew strange together for the suite they had for the Prætorship. So when he was reconciled to him againe, and that they had embraced one another, *Cassius* asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate house the first day of the moneth of March, because he heard say that *Cæsars* friendes should move the councell that day, that *Cæsar* should be called king by the Senate. *Brutus* answered him, he wold not be there. But if we be sent for (said *Cassius*) how then? For my selfe then (said *Brutus*,) I meane not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die then lose my liberty."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!]

"But for *Brutus*, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements, and sundrie rumours of the citie, and by many bils also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus*, (that drave the kings out of ROME) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, *Brutus!* and againe, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils: *Brutus* thou art asleepe, and art not *Brutus* indeed."

(2) SCENE I.—

—— *can I bear that with patience,*
And not my husband's secrets?]

"His wife *Portia* was the daughter of *Cato*, whom *Brutus* maried being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband *Bibulus*, by

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whom she had also a young sonne called *Bibulus*, who afterwards wrote a booke of the acts and gestes of *Brutus*, extant at this present day. This young ladie being excellently well seene in Philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by her selfe: she tooke a little razour, such as Barbers occupie to pare mens nailes, and causing her maydes and women to go out of her chamber gave her selfe a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a goare bloud: and incontinently after, a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest paine of all, she spake in this sort unto him: I being, ô *Brutus*, (said she) the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion in bedde and at boord onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now for thy selfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee, which requireth secrecie and fidelitie? I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet (*Brutus*) good education, and the company of vertuous men, have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I have this benefite moreover, that I am the daughter of *Cato*, and wife of *Brutus*, This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me. With those words shee shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove her selfe. *Brutus* was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good passe, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as *Porcia*: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

(3) SCENE I.—

O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief!]

"Now amongest *Pompeys* frends there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had beno accused unto *Cæsar* for taking parte with *Pompey*, and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so muche for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannicall power; and therefore in his heart he was alwaye his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him, being sicke in his bed, and said unto him, O *Ligarius*, in what a time art thou sicke! *Ligarius*, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hande, said unto him, *Brutus* (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hande worthy of thyself, I am whole."

(4) SCENE II.—

—— these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!]

"Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife *Calpurnia*, all the windows and doores of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Others also do denie that she had any such dreame, as, amongst other, *Titus Livius* writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of *Cæsars* house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certaine pinnacle, *Calpurnia* dreamed that she saw it broken downe, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; insomuch that, *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adjorne the session of the Senate until another day; And if that he made no reckoning of her dreame, yet that he would search further of the Soothsaiers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did feare or suspect somewhat, because his wife *Calpurnia* until that time was never given to any fear and superstition; and that when he saw her so troubled in mind with this dreame she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsaiers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjorne the session of the Senate. But in the meane time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albinus*, in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heire, and yet was of the conspiracie with *Cassius* and *Brutus*: he, fearing that, if *Cæsar* did adjorn the session that day, the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar*, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandement they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diademe in all other places, both by sea and land. And, furthermore, that if any man should tel them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better dreames, what would his enemies and illwillers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them til another time. Therewithal he took *Cæsar* by the hand, and brought him out of his house."

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.]

In his "Discoveries," speaking of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson remarks, "Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" In *The Induction* to "The Staple of News," he has ridiculed the expression—"Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong but with just cause.*" It is uncharitable to believe with Steevens that Jonson wilfully misquoted the passage: the very fact, indeed, of his giving it in this form after its appearance in a different one in the printed copy of the poet's plays, strengthens the probability that he quotes it as in the fervour of composition it originally slipped from Shakespeare's pen, and that he was not aware of any subsequent modification of the words.

(2) SCENE I.—*Et tu, Brute!*] The original authority for this exclamation was probably Suetonius, I. 82, who says that some have written, that when Marcus Brutus ran upon Cæsar, the latter cried out Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον· *And thou too, my*

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son? But the particular expression of the text may have been found in the old Latin play by Dr. Eedes; or have been taken from "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke," &c. which forms the basis of Part III. of King Henry VI.; where we have the following line:—"Et tu, Brute! Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?" It does not occur either in the description of Cæsar's death, which Plutarch gives in the life of Marcus Brutus; or in the following account, which Shakespeare seems to have more closely followed, from the life of Julius Cæsar:—

"And one *Artemidorus* also born in the Ile of GNIDOS, a doctor of Rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certaine of *Brutus* confederates; and therfore knew the most part of al their practises against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a litle bill written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He marking how *Cæsar* received all the supplications that were offered him, & that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: *Cæsar*, reade this memoriall to your selfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearely. *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him: but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate house. Howbeit other are of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, & not *Artemidorus*, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it *Cæsar*, but he was alwayes repulsed by the people. For these things, they may seeme to come by chance; but the place where the murther was prepared, & where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of *Pompey* dedicated by himselfe amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the Theater, all these were manifest proofes, that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that *Cassius* (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of *Epicurus*) beholding the image of *Pompey*, before they entred into the action of their traiterous enterprise, he did softly call upon it, to aide him: but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did sodainly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man halfe besides himselfe. Now *Antonius* that was a faithfull friend to *Cæsar*, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him *Decius Brutus Albinus* entertained out of the Senate house, hauing begunne a long tale of set purpose. So *Cæsar* comming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feete to do him honour. Then part of *Brutus* companie and confederates stood round about *Cæsars* chaire, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suite with *Metellus Cimber*, to call home his brother againe from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their suite, they followed *Cæsar* till he was set in his chaire. Who denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnester with him, *Metellus* at length, taking his gowne with both his hands, pulled it over his necke, which was the signe given the confederates to set upon him. Then *Casca* behind him, strake him in the necke with his sword; howbeit the wond was not great nor mortall, because it seemed, the feare of such a divellish attempt did amaze him, & take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But *Cæsar* turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard, & they both cried out, *Cæsar* in latin: O vile traitor *Casca*, what doest thou! And *Casca* in Greek to his brother: Brother, help me. At y^e^ beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracie, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to flie, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outerie. They on y^e^ other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that *Cæsar* turned him no where, but he was stricken at by some, and stil had naked swords in his face, & was hackled & mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because al their parts shold be in this murther: and then *Brutus* himself gave him one wound about his privities. Men report also, that *Cæsar* did stil defend himself against y^e^ rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw *Brutus* with his sword drawne in his hand, then he pulled his gowne over his head, and made no more resistance, & was driven either casually or purposedly, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base, whereupon *Pompeys* image stood which ran all of a goare blood till he was slaine. Thus it seemed that the image tooke iust revenge of *Pompeys* enemie, being throwne down on the ground at his feet, & yeelding up the ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three & twentie wounds upon his bodie: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blowes. When *Cæsar* was slaine, the Senate (though *Brutus* stood in the middest amongst them, as though he would have said something touching this fact) presently ranne out of the house, and flying, filled all the citie with marvellous feare and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut too the doores, others forsooke their shops and ware-houses, and others ranne to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had scene it, ran home to their houses againe."

(3) SCENE II.—*I pause for a reply.*] Steevens observes that "the speech of Brutus may be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then [Shakespeare's day] in vogue, than as a specimen of a laconick brevity." Surely not. Shakespeare here adopts the very style which the historian tells us Brutus affected:—"He was properly learned in the Latin tong, and was able to make long discourse in it: beside that he could also pleade very well in Latine. But for the Greek tong, they do note in some of his Epistles, that he counterfeited that briefe compendious maner of speech of the LACEDÆMONIANS. As when the war was begun, he wrot unto the PERGAMENIANS in this sort: I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you confesse you have offended me; if against your wils, shew it then by giving me willingly. Another time againe unto the SAMIANS: Your councels be long, your doings be slow, consider the end. And in another Epistle he wrote unto the PATARREIANS: The XANTHIANS, despising my goodwil, have made their country a grave of despaire, and the PATARREIANS that put themselves into my protection, have lost no iot of their liberty: and therefore whilest you have liberty, either chuse the judgement of the PATAREIANS, or the fortune of the XANTHIANS. These were *Brutus* maner of letters, which were honored for their briefnesse."

(4) SCENE II.—*Pluck down forms, windows, anything!*] Then *Antonius* thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his bodie should be honourably buried, and not in hugger mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that *Antonius* should be slaine: and therefore he was iustly accused, that therby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemie of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsars* funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsars* testament was openly read among them, wherby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of ROME, 75 Drachmaes a man; and that he left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorie for him. Afterwards, when *Cæsars* bodie was brought into the market place, *Antonius* making his funerall oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custome of ROME, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearne the more; and taking *Cæsars* gowne all bloodie in his hand, he layd it open to the sight of them

all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the people fell presently into such a rage and mutinie, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers: others plucked up formes, tables, and stalles about the market place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius*, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the bodie of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the mids of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was throughly kindled, some here, some there, tooke burning firebrands, and ranne with them to the murtherers houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators foreseeing the danger before had wisely provided for themselves, and fledde."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—*You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella.*] The next day after, *Brutus*, upon complaint of the SARDIANS, did condemne and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed person, that had beene a Prætor of the ROMAINES, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilferie in his office. This judgement much misliked *Cassius*, because he himselfe had secretly (not many daies before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved *Brutus*, for that he would shew himselfe so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to beare a little, then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrarie manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of march, at which time they slue *Iulius Cæsar*, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but onely was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoile, by his countenance and authoritie. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside justice and equitie, they should have had more reason to have suffered *Cæsars* friends to have robbed and done what wrong and iniurie they had would, then to beare with their owne men. For then said he, they could but have said they had been cowards, but now they may accuse us of iniustice, beside the paines we take, and the danger we put our selves into."

(2) SCENE III.—*Companion, hence!*] "Then they began to powre out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within, and angry betweene themselves, they were both amazed & afraid also, lest it wold grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one *Marcus Phaonius*, that had been a friend and follower of *Cato* while he lived, and tooke upon him to counterfeit a Philosopher, not with wisedome & discretion, but with a certaine bedlem and franticke motion: he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keepe him out. But it was no boote to let *Phaonius*, when a mad moode or toy tooke him in the head: for he was a hote hastie man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a Senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynicke Phylosophers (as who would say, Dogs) yet his boldnesse did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the doore-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certaine scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer*:

My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seene moe yeares then suchie three.

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dogge, and counterfeit Cynicke."

(3) SCENE III.—*Well: then I shall see thee again?*] "But as they both prepared to passe over againe out of ASIA into EUROPE, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. *Brutus* was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in warre, and his head over busily occupied to thinke of his affaires, and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the Captains, pettie Captaines and Colonels, did use to come to him. So, being readie to goe into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the campe tooke quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a litle light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, that he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him, and said never a word. So *Brutus* boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evill spirit, *Brutus*; and thou shalt see me by the citie of PHILIPPES. *Brutus* being no otherwise affraid, replyed againe unto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away; and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who tolde him that they heard no noise, nor sawe any thing at all."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*This morning are they fled away and gone.*] "Whey they raised their campe, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensignes, and alwaies followed the souldiers, which gave them meate, and fed them, untill they came neare to the citie of PHILIPPES: and there one day onely before the battell, they both flew away. * * * Notwithstanding, being busily occupied about the ceremonies of this purgation, it is reported that there chanced certaine unluckie signes unto *Cassius*. For one of his Sergeants that caried the rods before him, brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worne on his head in the time of sacrificing. Moreover it is reported also, that another time before, in certaine sports & triumph where they caried an image of *Cassius* victorie, of cleane gold, it fell by chance, the man stumbling that caried it. And yet further there was seene a marvellous number of fowles of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses: & Bee hives also were found where Bees were gathered together in a certain place within the trenches of the camp: the which place the Soothsayers thought good to shut out of the precinct of the campe, for to take away the superstitious feare and mistrust men would have of it. The which began somewhat to alter *Cassius* mind from *Epicurus* opinions, and had put the souldiers also in a marvellous feare. Thereupon *Cassius* was of opinion not to trie this warre at one battell, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length, considering that they were the stronger in money, and the weaker in men and armor. But *Brutus* in contrary maner, did alway before and at that time also, desire nothing more, then to put all to the hazard of battell, as soone as might be possible: to the end he might either quickly restore his countrey to her former liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world, being still troubled in following and maintaining of such great armies together. * * * But touching *Cassius*, *Messala* reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent with a few of his friends, & that all supper time he looked very sadly, & was ful of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hand, & holding him fast (in token of kindnesse, as his maner was) told him in Greek: *Messala*, I protest unto thee, & make thee my witnesse, that I am compelled against my mind & wil (as *Pompey* the great was) to ieopard the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be lively, & of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evill counsell. *Messala* writeth, that *Cassius* having spoken these last words unto him, he bad him farewel, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birth day."

(2) SCENE I.—

But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun.]

"There *Cassius* began to speake first, and said: The gods grant us O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to day then we wish or looke for, we shall hardly meet againe, what art thou then determined to doe, to flie, or die? *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a yong man, and not over greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himselfe, as being no lawfull nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yeeld to divine providence, & not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw backe and flie: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if it be not the will of God that this battel fall out fortunate for us, I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gave up my life for my countrey in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world."

(3) SCENE III.—

—— Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.]

"First of all he was marvellous angrie to see how *Brutus* men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and taried not for the word of the battell, nor commandement to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoile, and were not carefull to compasse in the rest of y^e^ enemies behind: but with tarying too long also, more then through the valiantnesse or foresight of the Captaines his enemies, *Cassius* found himselfe compassed in with the right wing of his enemies armie. Whereupon his horsmen brake immediatly, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keepe them from flying, and tooke an ensigne from one of the ensigne-bearers that fled, and stucke it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keepe his owne guard together. So *Cassius* himselfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a litle hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit *Cassius* himselfe saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinnius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus* horsemen saw him coming a farre off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius* chiefest friends, they shouted out for ioy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horsback, with songs of victory & great rushing of their harnesse, so that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For *Cassius* thinking indeed that *Titinnius* was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where no body was, and tooke *Pindarus* with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battell of the PARTHIANS, where *Crassus* was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then casting his cloake over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never seene more. Whereupon, some tooke occasion to say that he had slaine his maister without his commandement. By & by they knew the horsmen that came towards them, and might see *Titinnius* crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived by the cries & teares of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his Captaine *Cassius*, by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had taried so long, & so slue himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the meane time came forward still, and understood also

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that *Cassius* had hin overthrowne: but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very neare to his campe. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the ROMANES; being unpossible that ROME should ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the citie of THASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within his campe should cause great disorder."

(4) SCENE IV.—

I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.]

"There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slaine, valiantly fighting among the lustie youth. For notwithstanding that he was very wearie and over-harried, yet would he not therefore flie, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his fathers name, at length he was beaten downe amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slaine round about him. So there were slaine in the field, all the chiefest Gentlemen and Nobilitie that were in his armie, who valiantly ranne into any danger to save *Brutus* life: amongst whom there was one of *Brutus* friends called *Lucilius*, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against *Brutus*, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus:* and because they should beleeve him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cæsar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking them selves happie men, they caried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius*, to tel him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meete them that brought him. Others also understanding that they had brought *Brutus* prisoner, they came from all parts of the campe to see him, some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying, that it was not done like himselfe, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people, for feare of death. When they came neare together, *Antonius* staid awhile bethinking himselfe how he should use *Brutus*. In the meane time *Lucilius* was brought to him, who with a bold countenance said: *Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken or shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune: but wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himselfe: and touching my selfe, I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of armes making them beleeve that I was *Brutus*, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. *Lucilius* words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: My friends, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better bootie then that you followed. For in stead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I can not tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends then mine enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custodie; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

(5) SCENE V.—*Runs on his sword, and dies.*] "Now the night being farre spent, *Brutus*, as he sat, bowed towards *Clitus*, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanus*, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to *Volumnius* him selfe, and, speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him, for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others; and amongest the rest, one of them sayd there was no tarying for them there, but that they must needes fly. Then *Brutus*, rising upp, we must flie in deede, said he, but it must be with our handes, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words unto them with a cheerefull countenance. It rejoiceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my countries sake: for, as for me, I think my selfe happier than they that have over come, considering that I have a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto by force nor money; neither can let their posteritie to say that they, being naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men, to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having sayd so, he prayed everie man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of Rethoricke. He came as neere to him as he coulde, and taking his sword by the hilts with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himselfe through. Others say that not he but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell downe upon it, and so ranne himself through and dyed presently. *Messala*, that had bene *Brutus* great frend, became afterwards *Octavius Cæsar's* frend. So, shortly after, *Cæsar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus* frende, unto him, and weeping sayd—*Cæsar*, beholde, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*. *Cæsar* welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithfull service in all his affairs as any Grecian els he had about him, until the battle of Actium."

(6) SCENE V.—*This was the noblest Roman of them all.*]
"But *Brutus* in contrary manner, for his vertue and valiantnesse, was well-beloved of the people and his owne, esteemed of noblemen, and hated of no man, not so much as of his enemies; because he was a marvellous lowly and gentle person, noble minded, and would never be in any rage, nor caried away with pleasure and covetousnesse, but had ever an upright mind with him, and would never yeeld to any wrong or iniustice; the which was the chiefest cause of his fame, of his rising, & of the goodwill that every man bare him: for they were all perswaded that his intent was good. For they did not certainly beleeve, that if *Pompey* himself had overcome *Cæsar*, he would have resigned his authority to the law, but rather they were of opinion, that he would stil keepe the soveraigntie and absolute government in his hands, taking onely, to please the people, the title of Consul, or Dictator, or of some other more civill office. And as for *Cassius*, a hote, cholericke, and cruell man, that would oftentimes be caried away from justice for gaine, it was certainly thought that he made warre, and put himselfe into sundrie dangers, more to have absolute power and authoritie, then to defend the liberty of his countrey. For, they that will also consider others, that were elder men then they, as *Cinna*, *Marinus*, & *Carbo*, it is out of doubt that the end & hope of their victorie, was to be the Lords of their countrey, and in manner they did all confesse, that they fought for the tyranny, and to be Lords of the Empire of ROME. And in contrary maner, his enemies themselves did never reprove *Brutus* for any such change or desire. For, it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly diverse times, that he thought, that of all them that had slaine *Cæsar*, there was none but *Brutus* onely that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspiratours did conspire his death for some private malice or envie, that they otherwise did beare unto him."

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

"The piece of 'Julius Cæsar,' to complete the action, requires to be continued to the fall of Brutus and Cassius. Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus. The amiable beauty of his character, his feeling and patriotic heroism, are portrayed with peculiar care. Yet the poet has pointed out with great nicety the superiority of Cassius over Brutus in independent volition and discernment in judging of human affairs; that the latter, from the purity of his mind, and his conscientious love of justice, is unfit to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted; and that these very faults give an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. In the part of Cæsar, several ostentatious speeches have been censured as unsuitable. But as he never appears in action, we have no other measure of his greatness than the impression which he makes upon the rest of the characters, and his peculiar confidence in himself. In this, Cæsar was by no means deficient, as we learn from history and his own writings; but he displayed it more in the easy ridicule of his enemies than in pompous discourses. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by a partial falling off of the last two acts, compared with the preceding, in external splendour and rapidity. The first appearance of Cæsar in festal robes, when the music stops, and all are silent whenever he opens his mouth, and when the few words which he utters are received as oracles, is truly magnificent; the conspiracy is a true conspiracy, which, in stolen interviews and in the dead of night, prepares the blow which is to be struck in open day, and which is to change the constitution of the world;—the confused thronging before the murder of Cæsar, the general agitation even of the perpetrators after the deed, are all portrayed with most masterly skill; with the funeral procession and the speech of Antony, the effect reaches its utmost height. Cæsar's shade is more powerful to avenge his fall than he himself was to guard against it. After the overthrow of the external splendour and greatness of the conqueror and ruler of the world, the intrinsic grandeur of character of Brutus and Cassius is all that remains to fill the stage and occupy the minds of the spectators: suitably to their name, as the last of the Romans, they stand there, in some degree alone; and the forming a great and hazardous determination is more powerfully calculated to excite our expectation, than the supporting the consequences of the deed with heroic firmness."—Schlegel.

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Act IV. Sc. 1.

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MACBETH.

"The Tragedie of Macbeth" appears to have been first printed in the folio of 1623. The date of its composition is not determinable. Malone, from internal probabilities, satisfied himself that it must have been written not later than 1606: his chief grounds for this conviction being two passages in the Porter's soliloquy, Act II. Sc. 3:—"Here 's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:" and, "Here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven." In the former passage he detects an allusion to the extreme cheapness of corn in 1606, as shown by the audit book of Eton College; the latter he maintains, with great ingenuity, to be a pointed reference to the doctrine of *equivocation* avowed by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, in the same year. But there is, perhaps, still stronger evidence for conjecturing this tragedy was produced very early in the reign of James I., in the apparent allusion to the union of the three kingdoms under that monarch in 1604, in the words,—

"—— Some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The reference here can hardly be gainsaid, and it is certainly one not likely to have been introduced at a period at all remote from the event which it adumbrates. Still this is only surmise. The earliest tangible information regarding the chronology of "Macbeth" is that it was acted at the Globe Theatre, on the 20th of April, 1610: a fact derived from the interesting MS. Diary of Dr. Forman (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*), which contains the following minute analysis of the plot:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What! all to Macbeth and nothing to me! Yes, said the Nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the court of Scotland, to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived * to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the King in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

* Plotted.

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"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, [the other to] Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he, for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived * the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England, to the King's son, and so they raised an army and came to Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words."

The historical incidents of this great tragedy are contained in the *Scotorum Historiæ* of Boethius, first printed at Paris, in 1526, and afterwards translated by Bellenden into the Scottish dialect, and published in 1541. From the latter it was copied by Holinshed, and on that Chronicler's relation of the story Shakespeare based his play. The opinion once prevalent, that some portion of the poet's preternatural machinery was borrowed from Middleton's "Witch," has no longer supporters. "The Witch" is now generally thought to have been written about 1613. (See *the Illustrative Comments at the end of the Play.*)

* Plotted.

Persons Represented.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.

MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *Sons to* Duncan.

MACBETH, *General of the* King's *Army, afterwards* King.

BANQUO, *General of the* King's *Army.*

FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.

MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } Scottish *Noblemen.*

SIWARD, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* English *Forces.*

Young SIWARD, *Son to the Earl of* Northumberland.

Son *to* Macduff.

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on the* King.

An English *Doctor.*

A Scotch *Doctor.*

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An old Man.

LADY MACBETH, *afterwards* Queen.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman, *attending on the* Queen.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, *and other Apparitions.*

SCENE,—*In the end of Act IV. in* ENGLAND; *through the rest of the Play, in* SCOTLAND.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's[a] done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

[a] *When the* hurly-burly's *done.*—] The word "hurly-burly," explained by Henry Peacham in "The Garden of Eloquence," 1577, to signify *uproare* and *tumultuous stirre*, occurs in a much earlier work, More's *Utopia*, translated by Ralphe Robinson, 1551:—"Furthermore, if I should declare unto them, that all this busy preparance to war, whereby so many nations for his sake should be brought into a troublesome hurly burly, when all his treasures were emptied, his treasures wasted, and his people destroyed."

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2 WITCH. Upon the heath.
3 WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.[a]
1 WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!
ALL.[b] Paddock calls:—anon!—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches *vanish.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near* Forres. *Alarum without.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Captain.

KING. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
MAL. This is the sergeant,[c]
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
CAP. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald
(Worthy to be a rebel,—for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied:
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel[d] smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
Which[e] ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

KING. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
CAP. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;[f]
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark!
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
KING. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
CAP. Yes:
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;[g]
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
KING. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit* Captain, *attended.*
Who comes here?
MAL. The worthy thane of Ross.
LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems[h] to speak things strange.

Enter ROSS.*

ROSS. God save the king!
KING. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
ROSS. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,[i]
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

[a] *There to meet with Macbeth.*] Pope, to remedy the defective verse, reads, "There *I go* to meet Macbeth;" Capell, "There to meet with *great* Macbeth;" and Steevens,—

"3 *Witch.* There to meet with—
1 *Witch.* *Whom?*
3 *Witch.* Macbeth."

[b] ALL. Paddock calls: &c.] The folio prints these lines as if spoken in chorus by the three witches; but the distribution commonly adopted by modern editors,—

"2 *Witch.* Paddock calls:—anon.—
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air,"—

is certainly preferable. The dialogue throughout, with the exception of the two lines, "I come, Graymalkin!" and "Paddock calls:—anon!—" was probably intended to be sung or chaunted.

[c] *This is the sergeant,—*] *Sergeants* were not formerly the non-commissioned officers now so called, but a guard specially appointed to attend the person of the king; and, as Minsheu says, "to arrest Traytors or great men, that doe, or are like to contemne messengers of ordinarie condition, and to attend the Lord High Steward of England, sitting in judgement upon any Traytor, and such like."

[d] *And Fortune, on his damned* quarrel *smiling,* &c.] The old text has, "— damned *Quarry,*" &c.; but the fact that *quarrel,* a most appropriate word, occurs in the corresponding passage of Holinshed, is almost certain proof that the latter term is the genuine reading:—"Out of the westerne Iles there came unto him [Makdowald] a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious *quarell*."—*History of Scotland.*

[e] Which *ne'er shook hands,* &c.] "Which" has been altered, and perhaps rightly, to *And.*

[f] *— direful thunders* break: &c.] The word *break* is wanting in the folio 1623, and was supplied by Pope out of the subsequent folios, which read, "breaking."

[g] *As cannons overcharg'd with double* cracks: &c.] Johnson interprets this, "cannon charged with double thunders;" and observes truly that cracks was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play the writer terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom.*

[h] *— that* seems *to speak things strange.*] Johnson proposed, "that *treme* to speak things strange;" and Mr. Collier's annotator, with characteristic vapidity, "that *comes* to speak," &c; but compare, Scene 5,—

"Which fate and metaphysical aid doth *seem*
To have thee crown'd withal."

[i] *— with* terrible numbers,—] Pope's transposition, "numbers terrible," is, prosodically, an improvement.

(*) Old text, *Enter Rosse and Angus.*

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The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,[a] lapp'd in proof,[b]
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point, against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

KING. Great happiness!

ROSS. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes'-inch,[c]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

KING. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS. I'll see it done.

KING. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 WITCH. Killing swine.

3 WITCH. Sister, where thou?

1 WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:

[a] — Bellona's bridegroom,—] By "Bellona's bridegroom" is meant, not Mars as Steevens too hastily concluded, but the leader of the royal host, Macbeth.

[b] — proof,—] *Armour.*

[c] *Saint* Colmes'-inch,—] *Inch* or *inse* is Erse and Irish for *island*, and *Colmes'-inch*, now *Inchcomb*, is a small island in the Frith of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb. See note by Steevens *ad l.* in the *Variorum* edition.

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Aroint[a] *thee, witch!* the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:[b]
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,(1)
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.
1 WITCH. Thou art kind.
3 WITCH. And I another.
1 WITCH. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:[c]
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:(2)
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.—
Look what I have.
2 WITCH. Show me, show me.
1 WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
[*Drum without.*
3 WITCH. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
ALL. The weird[d] sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:—
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
BAN. How far is't call'd to Forres?*—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?(3)—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards[e] forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
MACB. Speak, if you can;—what are you?
1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
BAN. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[f] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
1 WITCH. Hail!
2 WITCH. Hail!
3 WITCH. Hail!
1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1 WITCH. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

(*) Old text, *Soris.*

[a] Aroint *thee, witch!*] It is strange that although the word "aroint," supposed to signify *avaunt! away! beyone!* occurs again in Shakespeare, "King Lear," Act III. Sc. 4,—"Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!" no example of its employment by any other writer has yet been discovered. From this circumstance it has been supposed by some commentators to be only a misprint for *anoint*, a term consistent enough with the vulgar belief which represents witches sailing through the air on their infernal missions by the aid of unguents. Others have ingeniously suggested that "aroint thee" may be a corruption of *a rowan-tree*, *i.e.* the mountain ash; a tree, time out of mind, believed to be of such sovereign efficacy against the spells of witchcraft, that any one armed with a slip of it may bid defiance to the machinations of a whole troop of evil spirits. We make no question, however, that "aroint" is the genuine word: it was not likely to be thrice misprinted. And besides, there is a North-country proverb, "*Rynt ye witch!* quoth Bessie Locket to her mother," which seems to have been formed upon the exclamation in the text.

[b] Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:] Sir W. C. Trevelyan has noted that in Hakluyt's Voyages there are several letters and journals of a voyage made to Aleppo in the ship Tiger, of London, in the year 1583.

[c] — forbid:] *Forespoken, bewitched.*

[d] *The* weird *sisters,*—] *Weird* (in the old text *weyward*) from the Saxon *wyrd=fatum*, signifies *prophetic* or *fatal*. Holinshed, whom Shakespeare follows, speaking of the witches who met Macbeth, says, "— But afterwards the common opinion was that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphes or fairies."

[e] And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.]

Witches, according to the popular belief, were always bearded So, in "The Honest Man's Fortune," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"—— and the women that
Come to us, for disguises *must wear beards;*
And that's, they say, *a token of a witch.*"

[f] — fantastical,—] *Fictionary; illusions of the fantasy.*

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With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. [Witches *vanish.*

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

MACB. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

BAN. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root,[a]
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And thane of Cawdor too,—went it not so?

[a] — *the* Insane *root*,—] Shakespeare is supposed to have found the name of this root in Batman's Commentary on Bartholeme *de Proprietat. Rerum*:—"Henbane is called *Insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perilious; for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly *Mirilidium*, for it taketh away wit and reason." —*Lib.* xvii. *ch.* 87.

BAN. To the self-same tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS.

ROSS. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale[a]
Came[*] post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

ANG. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

ROSS. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

BAN. [*Aside.*] What! can the devil speak true?

MACB. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

ANG. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

MACB. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

BAN. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACB. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion[b]
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single[c] state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BAN. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

MACB. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour[d] runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour:—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *Can*. Corrected by Rowe.

a — *as thick as* tale—] That is—as rapid as counting. Rowe most unwarrantably changed "*tale*" to "*hail*;" and this alteration has been adopted by many editors, for no other reason, it would appear, than that the former simile was unusual, and the latter commonplace.

b — suggestion—] *Temptation.*

c — *my* single *state of man*,—] "Single" here bears the sense of *weak*, my *feeble government* (or *body-politic*) of man. Shakespeare's affluence of thought and language is so unbounded that he rarely repeats himself, but there is a remarkable affinity both in idea and expression between the present passage and one in Act II. Sc. 1, of "Julius Cæsar,"—

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; *and the state of man*,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

d Time and the hour—] Examples of this phrase may readily be found in the early writers of England. Mr. Dyce has shown that it was familiar also to those of Italy:—

"Ferminsi in un momento *il tempo e l'ore*."
Michel Agnolo.—Son. xix.

"Aspettar vuol ch' occasion gli dia,
Come dar gli potrebbe, *il tempo e l'hora*."
Dolce,—Prime Imprese del Conte Orlando,
c. xvii. p. 145, ed. 1572.

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SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.

KING. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are[a] not
Those in commission yet return'd?
MAL. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle.[b]
KING. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O, worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine![c] only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.
KING. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

BAN. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
KING. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland:[d] which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
MACB. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
KING. My worthy Cawdor!
MACB. [*Aside.*] The prince of Cumberland!—that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!
[*Exit.*
KING. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed,—
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

LADY M. *They met me in the day of success;*[e] *and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives*[f] *from the king, who all-hailed me,* Thane

[a] — Are *not*—] So the second folio; that of 1623 has, "*Or not*," &c.

[b] As 't were a careless trifle.] "The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the Queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, of his dearest friend."—STEEVENS.

[c] —— *Would thou hadst less deserv'd;*
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine!]

For "mine," which no one can for a moment doubt to be a corruption, we would suggest that the poet wrote *meet*, i.e. *equivalent, just*, and the like; the sense then being,—That the proportion both of thanks and payment might have been *equal* to your deserts.

[d] — *in the day of* success;] In this place, as in Scene 3 of the present Act,—

"The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy *success*:"—

Shakespeare employs *success* in the sense it bears at this day; but its ordinary signification, when unaccompanied by an adjective of quality, was, as we have before said, *event, issue*, &c.

[e] missives—] *Messengers.*

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of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical* aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—

* — metaphysical *aid*—] *Supernatural* aid

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

ATTEND. The king comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou 'rt mad to say it!—
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTEND. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. [*Exit* Attendant.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.[a] Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket[b] of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present,[c] and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M. And when goes hence?

MACB. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

LADY M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACB. We will speak further.

LADY M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* MACBETH *attending. Enter* KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

KING. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BAN. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,[*] does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry,[d] that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most[†] breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.(5)

KING. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

[a] —the raven himself is hoarse, &c.] "The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath to make up his message; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan, but in a note of unwonted harshness."—JOHNSON.

[b] *Nor heaven peep through the* blanket *of the dark*, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *blankness* for the familiar "blanket" of the text; and Mr. Collier is infatuated enough to applaud this miserable perversion of the poet's language. If "blanket" is a word too coarse for the delicacy of these commentators, what say they to the following from Act III. Sc. i, of Middleton's "Blurt Master Constable"?—

"Blest night, wrap Cynthia in *a sable sheet*."

[c] —ignorant present,—] Even this fine expression has undergone mutation; some editors actually printing,—

"ignorant present *time*."!!

[d] By his lov'd mansionry,—] Looking to the context,—"his pendent bed and procreant cradle," should we not read, *love-mansionry*?

(*) Old text, *Barlet*. (†) Old text, *must*.

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.[a]
KING. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
LADY M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,[b]
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
KING. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

MACB. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success;[c] that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal[*] of time,—
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this[d] even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my Intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—[e]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?
LADY M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?
MACB. Hath he ask'd for me?
LADY M. Know you not he has?
MACB. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
LADY M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.[f]
MACB. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do[*] more, is none.
LADY M. What beast[g] was 't then,

(*) Old text. *Schoole*, corrected by Theobald.

(*) Old text, *no*.

[a] — hermits.] *Beadsmen; bound to pray for your welfare.*

[b] — in compt,—] In *trust;* to be *accounted for.*

[c] —— *and catch,*
With his surcease, success;]

The obscurity which critics lament in this famous passage is due to themselves. If, instead of taking "success" in its modern sense of *prosperity*, they had understood it according to its usual acceptation in Shakespeare's day, as *sequel, what follows*, &c., they must have perceived at once that to "*catch*, with his surcease, *success*," is no more than an enforcement of "trammel up the consequence." The meaning obviously being,—If the assassination were an absolutely final act, and could shut up all consecution, "— be the be-all and the end-all" even of this life only,—we would run the hazard of a future state.

[d] — this *even-handed justice*—] Mason suggested that we might more advantageously read,—"*Thus* even-handed justice."

[e] "—— I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—]

Malone's exposition of this troublesome passage is as follows,—"I apprehend that there is not here one long-drawn metaphor, but two distinct ones; I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent: I have nothing to *stimulate* me to the execution *of* my purpose but ambition, which is apt to overreach itself; this he expresses by the second image, of a person meaning to vault into his saddle, who, by taking too great a leap, will fall on the other side." This does not assist us much; still less does the fanciful suggestion to read for "itself" *its self*, *i. e.* its saddle. The only resolution of the enigma which presents itself to our mind is to suppose *Intent* and *Ambition* are represented in Macbeth's disordered imagination by two steeds, the one lacking all incentive to motion, the other so impulsive that it overreaches itself and falls on its companion.

[f] Like the poor cat i' the adage.] *Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas;* or, as it is rendered in Heywood's Proverbs, 1566, —"The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

[g] *What* beast *was't then*, &c.] As Mr. Collier, in deference to critical opinion, has rejected from his latest edition of the poet the preposterous substitution *boast* for "beast" in this line, we are spared the necessity of citing a host of passages collected for the purpose of substantiating the original reading.

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That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail?

LADY M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,[a]
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,[b]
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt[c] of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACB. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACB. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know! [*Exeunt.*

[a] — *the* sticking place,—] The *abiding place*,—

"Which flower out of my hand shall never passe,
But in my heart shall have a *sticking place*."
The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions.

The metaphor may have been taken from the screwing up the chords of a musical instrument.

[b] — so convince,—] So *subdue* or *overpower*.

[c] — receipt *of reason*—] *Receptacle* of reason.



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Inverness. *Court of* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—there's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,—
And yet I would not sleep:—Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword,—
Who 's there?

Enter Macbeth, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess to your officers:*
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.[a]
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.[b]
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

[a] —— and shut up
In measureless content.]

Shut up, meant *finished, concluded.*

[b] If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.]

(*) Old text, *offices.*

This passage, we apprehend, has suffered some mutilation or corruption since it left the poet's hands. It seems impracticable to obtain a consistent meaning from the lines as they now stand

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My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
MACB. Good repose, the while!
BAN. Thanks, sir; the like to you!
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
MACB. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon * gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; [b] Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides,* towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they† walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell is struck.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell! [*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.—
Hark!—Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good-night.—
He is about it: The doors are open;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores:
I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
MACB. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!
LADY M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

MACB. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
LADY M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
MACB. When?
LADY M. Now.
MACB. As I descended?
LADY M. Ay.
MACB. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
LADY M. Donalbain.
MACB. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
LADY M. A foolish thought, to say *a sorry sight*.
MACB. There's one did laugh in 's sleep,
And one cried, *Murder!* that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.
LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.
MACB. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us.*
LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.
MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen?*
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

(*) Old text, *sowre.* (†) Old text, *which they may.*

a — dudgeon—] The wooden *haft* or *handle* of a dagger.

b The curtain'd sleep; Witchcraft celebrates, &c.] To perfect the measure, D'Avenant reads, "—*now* witchcraft celebrates," &c.; but Steevens' emendation, "The curtain'd *sleeper;*" &c. is more generally adopted.

c With Tarquin's ravishing strides,—] It is painful to reflect, that, with the exception of "Pericles," and "All's Well that Ends Well," this sublime drama is more carelessly printed in the only old edition of it we possess, than any other in the collection; there are probably not thirty consecutive lines throughout which have come down to us as the poet wrote them. In the line above, the folio reads *sides*, and this, which was corrected by Pope, it may be suspected is not the only error. "Tarquin's ravishing strides," reads very like a transposition of "Ravishing Tarquin's strides."

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Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the aces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.* *Knocking without.*

MACB. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

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The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking without.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking without.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knocking without.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking without.*

PORTER. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?—*Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.*—Come in, Time;[a] have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the other devil's name?—*Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven.*—O, come in, Equivocator. [*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there?—*Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose.*—Come in, Tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock! never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking without.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

PORT. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACD. What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORT. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with Lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACD. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORT. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

LEN. Good morrow, noble sir!
MACB. Good morrow, both.
MACD. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
MACB. Not yet.
MACD. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
MACB. I'll bring you to him.
MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.
MACB. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
MACD. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited[b] service. [*Exit.*
LEN. Goes the king hence to-day?
MACB. He does:—he did appoint so.
LEN. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,

[a] Come in, Time;] The editors concur in printing this, "Come in time;" but what meaning they attach to it none has yet explained. As we have subsequently, "Come in, Equivocator," and "Come in, Tailor," "Time" is probably intended as a whimsical appellation for the "farmer that hanged himself."

[b] — limited—] *Appointed.*

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Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time.
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:
Some say, the earth was feverous and did shake.

MACB. 'Twas a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACD. O, horror! horror! horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACB., LEN. What 's the matter?

MACD. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

MACB. What is 't you say? *the life?*

LEN. Mean you his majesty?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.
Awake! awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Alarum-bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACD. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O, Banquo! Banquo! our royal master 's murder'd!

LADY M. Woe, alas! what, in our house?

BAN. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

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Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

DON. What is amiss?
MACB. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACD. Your royal father 's murder'd.
MAL. O, by whom?
LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
MACB. O, yet, I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
MACD. Wherefore did you so?
MACB. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
LADY M. Help me hence, ho!
MACD. Look to the lady.
MAL. [*Aside to* DON.] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
DON. [*Aside to* MAL.] What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush and seize us? Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
MAL. [*Aside to* DON.] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
BAN. Look to the lady:—

[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice!
MACD. And so do I!
ALL. So all!
MACB. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
ALL. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all except* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

MAL. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.
DON. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
MAL. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSS *and an* OLD MAN.

OLD M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
ROSS. Ah, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
OLD M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, touring in her pride of place,*
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

* *A falcon*, touring in her pride of place,—] That is, *circling at her highest point of elevation*. So in Massinger's play of "The Guardian," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such *a place* flies, as he seems to say,
See me or see me not!"

See also note (1), p. 333, Vol. I.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
OLD M. 'T is said they eat each other.(1)
Ross. They did so,—to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.—Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

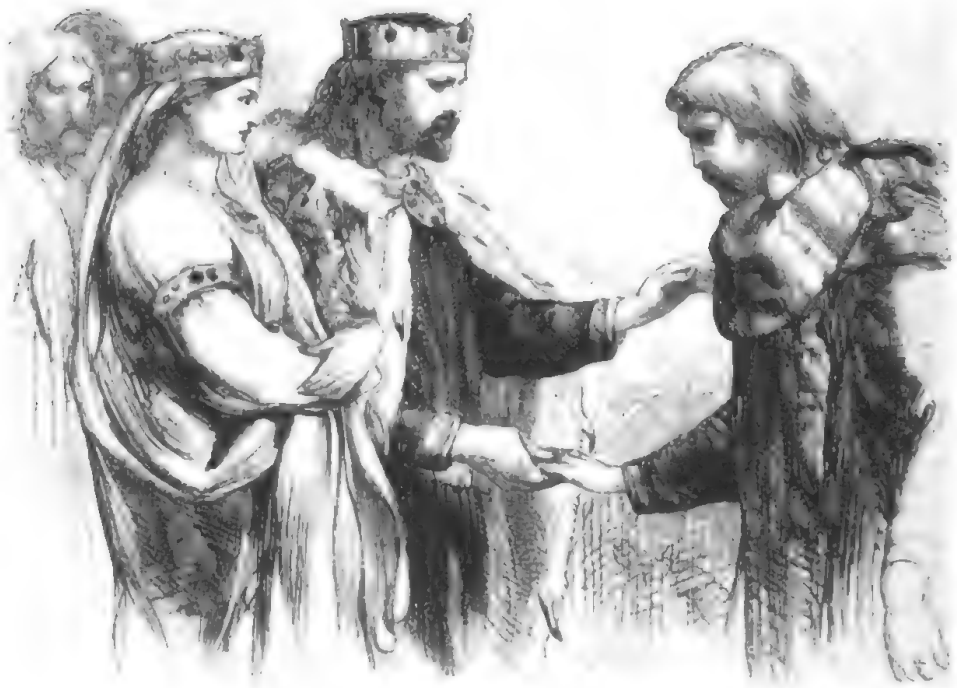
How goes the world, sir, now?
MACD. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
MACD. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.*
MACD. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone (2)
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
MACD. Carried to Colme-kill; (3)
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
MACD. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
MACD. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu,—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
OLD M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

* Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.]

Macbeth by his birth stood next in succession to the crown after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Beatrice, was the mother of Duncan; the younger, called Donada, the mother of Macbeth.



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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

BAN. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King;* LADY MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

K. MACB. Here 's our chief guest.
QUEEN. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing[a] unbecoming.
K. MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
BAN. Let[b] your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties

a — all-thing—] *Every-way.*

b — Let your highness
Command upon me;]
This has been changed to, "*Lay* your highness," &c., and "*Set* your highness," &c. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, reads,—

"Your Majesty lays your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey."

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
K. MACB. Ride you this afternoon?
BAN. Ay, my good lord.
K. MACB. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?
BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
K. MACB. Fail not our feast.
BAN. My lord, I will not.
K. MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention,—but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse! adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
BAN. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
K. MACB. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so do I commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men our pleasure?
ATTEND. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
K. MACB. Bring them before us.—
[*Exit* Attendant.
To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.[a] Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature[b]
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed[c] of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![c]—Who 's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 MUR. It was, so please your highness.
K. MACB. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand,[d] how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, *Thus did Banquo.*
1 MUR. You made it known to us.
K. MACB. I did so: and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 MUR. We are men, my liege.
K. MACB. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

[a] To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.]
To be a king is nothing, unless to be safely one. This is out of doubt the meaning of the poet; but the modern punctuation,—
"To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—"
renders the passage quite incomprehensible.

(c) Old text, *Seedes.*

[b] — royalty of nature—] A form of expression correspondent to, and confirmatory of, "sovereignty of reason," and "nobility of love."

[c] — *to the* utterance!] From the French; *se battre à l'outrance*, to fight to extremity, to the last gasp.

[d] — borne in hand,—] *Encouraged by delusive promises.*

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Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clep'd [a]
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,

[a] — clep'd—] *Called.*

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Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what I do
To spite the world.
1 MUR. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.
K. MACB. Both of you know
Banquo was your enemy.
2 MUR. True, my lord.
K. MACB. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 MUR. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 MUR. Though our lives—
K. MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness:[a] and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I 'll come to you anon.
BOTH MUR. We are resolv'd, my lord.
K. MACB. I'll call upon you straight; abide within. [*Exeunt* Murderers.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN *and a* Servant.

QUEEN. Is Banquo gone from court?
SERV. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
QUEEN. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
SERV. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
QUEEN. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter KING MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
K. MACB. We have scotch'd[*] the snake, not kill'd it;
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place,[b] have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
QUEEN. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks:
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
K. MACB. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we[c]
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
QUEEN. You must leave this.
K. MACB. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
QUEEN. But in them Nature's copy 's[d] not eterne.

[a] —— always thought
That I require a clearness:]
Never forgetting that I must stand clear of all suspicion.

[b] *Whom we, to gain our* place,—] So the second folio; the first reads,—"to gayne our *peace*."

[c] Unsafe the while, that we—] Steevens conjectured that some words, which originally rendered the sentiment less obscure, had dropped out here.

(*) Old text, *scorch'd*.

[d] — Nature's copy's not eterne.] Nature's *lease* or *copy* of their lives is only temporal.

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K. Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne[a] beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Queen. What 's to be done?
K. Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;[b]
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *The* shard-borne *beetle,*—] The *shard-borne* beetle, as Steevens has conclusively shown, is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings.*

[b] —— *Come,* seeling *night,*
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
3 Mur. Macbeth.
2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Without.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 Mur. Then 't is he; the rest,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.
1 Mur. His horses go about.
3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,

The expression is derived from falconry. To *seel* up the eyes of a hawk was to sew the upper and under eyelids together; an operation always performed on a newly taken bird, that it might become accustomed to the hood.

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So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
2 MUR. A light, a light!
3 MUR. 'T is he.
1 MUR. Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *the latter with a torch.*

BAN. It will be rain to-night.
1 MUR. Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
BAN. O, treachery!—Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O, slave! (1)
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*[a]
3 MUR. Who did strike out the light?
1 MUR. Was 't not the way?
3 MUR. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
2 MUR. We have lost best half of our affair.
1 MUR. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter KING MACBETH, QUEEN, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.
K. MACB. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state;[b] but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
QUEEN. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
K. MACB. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:

Enter First Murderer, *to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.
MUR. 'T is Banquo's then.
K. MACB. 'T is better thee without than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
MUR. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
K. MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
MUR. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
K. MACB. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe?
MUR. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
K. MACB. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed;
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
QUEEN. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
K. MACB. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
LEN. May 't please your highness sit?
K. MACB. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

The Ghost *of* BANQUO *rises, and sits in* MACBETH's *place.*

ROSS. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

[a] FLEANCE *escapes.*] "Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the Prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of Walter Steward. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime."—MALONE.

[b] — *her state;*] A *state* was a seat of dignity; usually surmounted with a canopy.

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K. MACB. The table 's full!
LEN. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
K. MACB. Where?
LEN. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
K. MACB. Which of you have done this?
LORDS. What, my good lord?
K. MACB. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
QUEEN. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[a]
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
K. MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
QUEEN. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
(Impostors to true fear)[b] would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
K. MACB. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost *disappears.*
QUEEN. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
K. MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.
QUEEN. Fie, for shame!
K. MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

QUEEN. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
K. MACB. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghost *again rises.*

K. MACB. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
QUEEN. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
K. MACB. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl.[c] Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—
[Ghost *disappears.*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
QUEEN. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
K. MACB. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are * blanch'd with fear.
ROSS. What sights, my lord?

[a] — upon a thought—] "As speedily as *thought* can be exerted," Steevens says. So, in Henry IV. Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4, "— and, with a *thought*, seven of the eleven I paid."

[b] (Impostors to true fear)—] Mr. Singer expresses astonishment "that none of the commentators should be aware that this was a form of *elliptic* expression, commonly used even at this day in the phrase, 'this is nothing *to* them,' i.e. in *comparison* to them." But both Steevens and Mason have pointed out this sense of the preposition *to* in their notes on the present passage.

(*) Old text, *is*.

[c] The baby of a girl.] Steevens altered the above, which is the old text, to,—"If trembling I *inhibit thee*," but we concur with Henley in thinking that "inhabit" is here used in a neutral sense, and that the original affords a better and more forcible meaning than the alteration,—"Dare me to an encounter in the desert, and if then, trembling, I keep house, proclaim me," &c.

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QUEEN. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LEN. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

QUEEN. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.

K. MACB. It will have blood they say! blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations,[a] have

[a] *Augurs, and understood relations, &c.*] So, unintelligibly, reads the folio. What the poet wrote we cannot doubt was,—

"Augurs *that* understood relations," &c.

which D'Avenant turned to,—

"Augurs well read in Languages of Birds," &c.

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By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
QUEEN. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
K. MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?[a]
QUEEN. Did you send to him, sir?
K. MACB. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There 's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
QUEEN. You lack the season[b] of all natures, sleep.
K. MACB. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE,(2) *meeting the three* Witches.

1 WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.
HEC. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Without.*] *Come away, come away,* &c.(3)

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
1 WITCH. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENNOX, *and another* Lord.

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth,—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late.
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late;
Who cannot[c] want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

[a] How say'st thou, &c.] This has been interpreted, "What say you to the fact that Macduff refuses to appear upon our summons!"

[b] — the season—] The *preservative.*

[c] *Who* cannot *want the thought,* &c.] The sense obviously requires us to read,—"Who *can want,*" &c. *i.e.* Who *can be without,* &c.; but, as Malone remarks, Shakespeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ.*

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Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

LORD. The son* of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the* king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

(*) Old text, *Sonnes.*

LEN. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

LEN. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

LORD. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *their.*



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.(1)
2 Witch. Thrice and once, the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 Witch. Harpier cries:—'t is time! 'tis time!
1 Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

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Toad, that under cold stone,[a]
Days and nights has thirty-one;
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

3 WITCH. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf[b]
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[c]
For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.[d]

HEC. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and Song*, "Black spirits," *&c.*(2) [*Exit.*

2 WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter KING MACBETH.

K. MACB. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

K. MACB. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me,—
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;
Though bladed[e] corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[*] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 WITCH. Speak.

2 WITCH. Demand.

3 WITCH. We 'll answer.

1 WITCH. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

K. MACB. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.[f]

K. MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 WITCH. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

[a] *Toad, that under cold stone,—*] The deficiency in this line has been variously supplied. D'Avenant has,—

"*This* Toad *which* under *mossy stone*," &c.

Pope,—

"Toad, that under *the* cold stone," &c.

Steevens,—

"Toad, that under *coldest* stone," &c.

We ought probably to read, with Pope, "*the* cold stone," or "*a* cold stone."

[b] — *gulf*—] The *throat*, the *swallow*.

[c] — *chaudron*,—] *Entrails*.

[d] *Enter* HECATE.] The stage direction of the folio is, "Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches," but it is very unlikely that Shakespeare purposed any addition to the original triad Nothing is more common in our early dramas than upon the entrance of each character on a scene, for the stage direction to recapitulate the personages already there, as if they had entered at the same time with the last comer.

(*) Old text, *Germaine*, corrected by Theobald.

[e] *Though* bladed *corn be lodg'd*, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read, "*blended* corn;" and, although the impropriety of the alteration has been clearly shown, Mr. Collier has not hesitated to substitute it for the genuine word. Had he turned to chap. iv. Book I. of "Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft,"—a work the poet was undoubtedly well read in,—he would have found, among other actions imputed to witches, "that they can transferre *corn in the blade* from one place to another." And from the article on *Husbandry* in Comenius, Janua Linguarum, 1673, he might have learned that "As soon as standing corn shoots up to *a blade*, it is in danger of scathe by a tempest."

[f] — *an armed Head*—] "The armed head represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane."—UTTON.

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APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.[a]
[*Descends.*

K. MACB. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more,—

1 WITCH. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

K. MACB. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

K. MACB. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top[b] of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to 't.

APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane[c] hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

K. MACB. That will never be!
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head[d] rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

K. MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1 WITCH. Show!
2 WITCH. Show!
3 WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO *following.*

K. MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!—
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more!—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd[e] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,[f]
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;

[a] Dismiss me:—enough.] See note (d), p. 349, Vol. II.

[b] —— *the round*
And top *of sovereignty?*]

Query, "And *type* of sovereignty?" Thus in "Henry VI." Part I. Act I. Sc. 4,—

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples;"

and in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"The high imperial *type* of this earth's glory."

[c] — to high Dunsinane hill —] The accent of *Dunsinane*, in this instance, is correctly placed: but Shakespeare elsewhere pronounces the word *Dunsinane*. There is authority, however, for both quantities.

[d] *Rebellious* head—] So Theobald; the old text having, "Rebellious *dead*." Mr. Collier's annotator, following Hanmer, has "Rebellion's head," a reading Mr. Dyce declares "is evidently the right one."

[e] — blood-bolter'd—] *Blood-clotted*. The term, according to Malone, is well known in Warwickshire. "When a horse, sheep, or other animal perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *bolter'd*: and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood bolter'd*."

[f] — sprites,—] The customary pronunciation of *spirits* in Shakespeare's time.

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That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and then vanish.*
K. MACB. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

LEN. What's your grace's will?
K. MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?
LEN. No, my lord.
K. MACB. Came they not by you?
LEN. No, indeed, my lord.
K. MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
LEN. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
K. MACB. *Fled to England!*
LEN. Ay, my good lord.
K. MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts,—be it thought and done,—
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

L. MACD. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
ROSS. You must have patience, madam.
L. MACD. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
ROSS. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. MACD. *Wisdom!* to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
ROSS. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;*
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. MACD. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
ROSS. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*
L. MACD. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?
SON. As birds do, mother.
L. MACD. What, with worms and flies?
SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. MACD. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.
SON. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. MACD. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?
SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. MACD. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. MACD. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. MACD. Ay, that he was.

* — yet know not what we fear;] "The times are cruel when we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears."—STEEVENS.

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Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd[a] villain!

Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit* Lady Macduff, *crying* Murder! *and pursued by the* Murderers.

[a] — shag-hair'd—] The folio has, "shagge-ear'd," but *ear'd* is an obvious misprint of the old word *heard*=*hair'd*.

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SCENE III.—England. *Before the* King's *Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACD. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n* birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
MAL. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,[a] I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may deserve[b] of him through me; and wisdom[c]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.
MACD. I am not treacherous.
MAL. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
MACD. I have lost my hopes.
MAL. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd![d]—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
MAL. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
MACD. What should he be?
MAL. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
MACD. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth!
MAL. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,* malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such an one to reign.
MACD. Boundless intemperance

(*) Old text, *downfall.*

[a] *As I shall find the time* to friend,—] The expression "to friend," meaning *propitious, assistant, favourable,* &c. occurs again in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 4,—"Had I admittance and opportunity *to friend:*" and in "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Sc. 1,—"I know that we shall have him well *to friend.*" It is not uncommon in our old poets. Thus, in Spenser, "Faerie Queen," Book I. c. 1, Stanza xxviii.:—

"So forward on his way (with God *to frend*)
He passed forth;"

and also in Massinger's play of "The Roman Actor," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"—— with this assurance,
That the state, sick in him, the gods *to friend,*
Though at the worst will now begin to mend."

[b] *You may* deserve *of him through me;*] Theobald's correction, the old text having,—

"You may discerne," &c.

[c] —and wisdom—] One more of the innumerable passages in this great play which have suffered by mutilation or corruption. We ought, perhaps, to read,—

"—— and wisdom *'t is*
To offer," &c.

or,—

"—— and wisdom *bids*
To offer," &c.

[d] *The title is* affeer'd!—] To *affeer*—a legal term—signifies to *assess* or *confirm:* and the meaning of the passage may, therefore, be, "Great tyranny, be firmly seated now, since goodness dare not curb thee! Wear openly thy ill-got acquisitions, for the title to them is approved!"

* Sudden,—] *Impetuous, violent.*

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In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey[a] your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves
Finding it so inclin'd.

MAL. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming[b] lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour[c] the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACD. O, Scotland! Scotland!

MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

MACD. *Fit to govern!*
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,—
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,—
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith: would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself.—What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth;
Now we'll together: and the chance of goodness
Belike[d] our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.(3)

Enter a Doctor.

MAL. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCT. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[e]

[a] "—— *you may*
Convey *your pleasures in a spacious plenty*,—]

For "convey," signifying to manage any thing by stealth, an admirably appropriate word here, Mr. Collier substitutes the comparatively inexpressive one *enjoy*, and styles it an "important change"! That Mr. Collier should be unacquainted with the following quotation, where "convey" occurs in precisely the same sense as Shakespeare uses it above, is pardonable,—"But verily, verily, though the adulterer do never so closely and cunningly *convey* his sin under a canopy, yet," &c.—*The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, 1599:—but how comes he to have forgotten that the word is found in the corresponding passage of "The History of Makbeth," which he himself edited? Macduff there says, in reply to Malcolm's confession of immoderate sensuality, "Make thy selfe king, and I shall *conceale* the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof."

[b] — summer-seeming lust;] Warburton proposed to read, "summer-*teeming*;" Blackstone, "summer-*seeding*;" while Steevens conjectured that "summer-seeming" might be right, and signify lust that seems as hot as summer. As Malone has quoted from Donne's Poems "winter-seeming," we are unwilling to disturb the old text, though we have a strong persuasion that the poet wrote, "summer-*seeming* lust," *i. e.* lust *fattened* by summer heat.

[c] Pour *the sweet milk of concord into hell*,—] By "hell," may be meant *confusion*, *anarchy*, *disorder*, and if so, we ought possibly to read, "*Sour* the sweet milk," &c.

[d] —— *and the chance of goodness*
Belike *our warranted quarrel!*]

This passage has been inexplicable heretofore from "Belike" being always printed as two words, *Be like*. The meaning is,—And the fortune of goodness *approve* or *favour* our justifiable quarrel.

[e] — convinces —] To *convince*, as we have seen before, signified to *vanquish*, to *overcome*.

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The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
MAL. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.
MACD. What's the disease he means?
MAL. 'Tis call'd the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.
MACD. See, who comes here?
MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter ROSS.

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
MAL. I know him now:—good God, betimes remove
The means[a] that makes us strangers!
ROSS. Sir, Amen.
MACD. Stands Scotland where it did?
ROSS. Alas, poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy;[b] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
MACD. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
MAL. What 's the newest grief?
ROSS. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
MACD. How does my wife?
ROSS. Why, well.
MACD. And all my children?
ROSS. Well too.
MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
ROSS. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

[a] *The* means—] Used perhaps as *moans, for woes, troubles,* &c. See note (b), p. 423, Vol. I.

[b] A modern ecstasy;] An ordinary excitation.

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MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes 't?
ROSS. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd[a] the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
MAL. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
ROSS. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[b] them.
MACD. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
ROSS. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
MACD. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
ROSS. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
MACD. Hum! I guess at it.
ROSS. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
MAL. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
MACD. My children too?
ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
MACD. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?
ROSS. I have said.
MAL. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
MACD. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
MAL. Dispute it like a man.
MACD. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief,
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
MAL. This tune[c] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.[d] Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day!
[*Exeunt.*

[a] — to my belief witness'd—] Evidenced to my belief.
[b] — latch—] To *latch* is a provincial word, signifying the same as to *catch*.
[c] *This* tune *goes manly.*] The old text has, "time;" but though *time* and *tune*, in their musical acceptation, were often used indifferently, few will have the hardihood to dispute the fitness of Rowe's correction here.
[d] Put on their instruments.] *Incite, stir up* their instruments against the king.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physic and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

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DOCT. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may to me; and 't is most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you! here she comes.

Enter QUEEN, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is* shut.

DOCT. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

QUEEN. Yet here 's a spot.

DOCT. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

QUEEN. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCT. Do you mark that?

QUEEN. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCT. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

QUEEN. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCT. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCT. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

QUEEN. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

DOCT. Even so?

QUEEN. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

DOCT. Will she go now to bed?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician:—
God, God* forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near* Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTRITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

MENT. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified[b] man.

ANG. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITH. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

MENT. What does the tyrant?

(*) Old text, *are.*

a God, *God forgive us all!*] A misprint, probably, for "*Good God,*" &c.

b — *the* mortified *man.*] The *ascetic*, the *anchorite.*

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CAITH. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause[a]
Within the belt of rule.
ANG. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
MENT. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
CAITH. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine[b] of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
LEN. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

K. MACB. Bring me no more reports;—let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,—
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag[c] with doubt nor shake with fear.—

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
SERV. There is ten thousand—
K. MACB. Geese, villain?
SERV. Soldiers, sir.
K. MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?[d]
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
SERV. The English force, so please you.
K. MACB. Take thy face hence.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair[e] me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way[f] of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure?
K. MACB. What news more?
SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
K. MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.
SEY. 'T is not needed yet.
K. MACB. I'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
DOCT. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
K. MACB. Cure her of that:

[a] *He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause*—] The late Mr. S. Walker proposed *course* for "cause," but surely change may be dispensed with here.

[b] — the med'cine—] The *physician*.

[c] — sag—] *Droop, flag*.

[d] — patch?] *Fool*. See note (d), p. 372, Vol. I.

[e] *Will* chair *me ever, or dis-seat me now.*] "Chair" is an emendation due to Dr. Percy, the old text having "cheer."

[f] — way *of life*—] The arguments for and against Johnson's proposal to read "*May* of life," extend over four pages of the *Variorum* edition. It is unnecessary now to repeat them: most readers have learnt from Capell or Gifford that "way of life," the *cursus vitæ* of the Romans, is "a simple periphrasis for *life*." Those who are unacquainted with the latter's excellent note upon this phrase, should refer to it:—Massinger's Works, Vol. IV. p. 309, ed. 1813. See also Florio's "World of Wordes," 1611, *in voce* "Guado," which "resolute John" explains to mean, among other things, "the *way, course*, or *race* of *man's life*."

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Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff[a]
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCT. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
K. MACB. Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,* or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of them?
DOCT. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
K. MACB. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
[*Exeunt all except the* Doctor.
DOCT. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near* Dunsinane: *a Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
MENT. We doubt it nothing.
SIW. What wood is this before us?
MENT. The wood of Birnam.
MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
SOLD. It shall be done.
SIW. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.(1)
MAL. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,[b]
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
MACD. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
SIW. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, KING MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

K. MACB. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd[c] with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
SEY. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
[*Exit.*
K. MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

(*) Old text, *Cyme.*

a *Cleanse the* stuff'd *bosom of that* perilous stuff—] To avoid the disagreeable recurrence of the word "stuff," Steevens was led to read, "*foul* bosom," and he adduced in support of his emendation the line in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 6,—

"Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."

Notwithstanding Malone's defence of the repetition, we are strongly inclined to believe with Steevens that the line originally stood as he presents it, or thus,—

"Cleanse the *clogg'd* bosom of that perilous stuff," &c.;

or,—

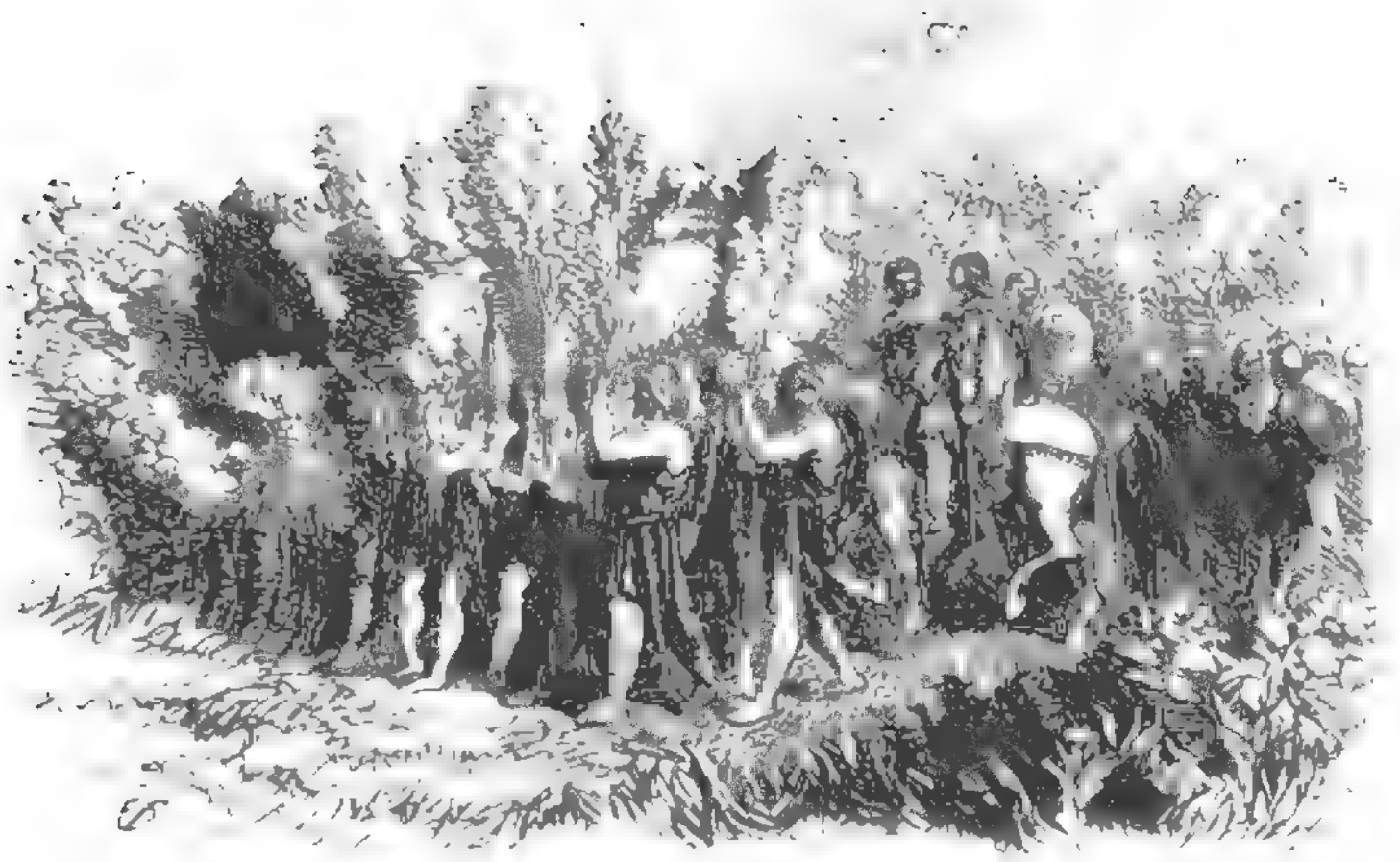
"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous *load*," &c.

b *For where there is advantage to be* given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;]

Given, in the first line, is indubitably wrong, and was probably caught up by the compositor from the line which follows. Johnson suggested, "—advantage to be *gone*;" &c. Steevens, "—advantage to be *got*," &c.; and Mr. Singer, "—advantage to be *gain'd*," &c.

c —forc'd—] *Strengthened.* Mr. Collier's annotator reads, *farc'd!*

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Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

K. MACB. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

K. MACB. Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.

K. MACB. Liar, and slave!

MESS. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

K. MACB. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling[a] thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;*—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane!—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their* Army *with boughs.*

MAL. Now, near enough, your leafy screens throw down,

[a] *Till famine* cling *thee:*] To *cling* is a north-country word, and means to *starve*, to *shrivel*, to *shrink*.

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And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
SIW. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
MACD. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter KING MACBETH.

K. MACB. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

YO. SIW. What is thy name?
K. MACB. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
YO. SIW. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
K. MACB. My name 's Macbeth.
YO. SIW. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
K. MACB. No, nor more fearful.
YO. SIW. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant! with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
K. MACB. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited.—Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

SIW. This way, my lord;—the castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
MAL. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
SIW. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter KING MACBETH.

K. MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
K. MACB. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
MACD. I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
K. MACB. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
MACD. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

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K. Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part (2) of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

K. Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, *old* Siward, Ross, Lennox, Angus, Caithness, Menteith, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, *with* King Macbeth's *head.*(3)

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free!
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;

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Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

MAL. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place!
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE III.—*But in a sieve I'll thither sail.*] In a pamphlet entitled "Newes from Scotland, declaring the damnable life and death of Doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer," &c. 1591, which professes to expose a conspiracy of two hundred witches with Dr. Fian at their head, "to bewitch and drowne" King James in the sea, we read,—

"Item—Agnis Tompson was brought again before the kings majesty and his council, and being examined of the meetings and detestable dealings of those witches, she confessed that upon the night of All-hallawn-even last she was accompanied as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that they altogether went by sea, each one in a *riddle* or *sieve*, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same riddles or sieves, to the kirk of North Berwick in Lothian, and that after they had landed they took hands on the land and danced this reel or short dance, singing all with one voice,—

"Commer goe ye before, commer goe ye,
Gif you will not goe before, commer let me!"

(2) SCENE III.—

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.]

For a particular account of the manner in which this mischief was sometimes effected see note (4), p. 43, Vol. I. To what is there related, we need only add the following notable charm from "Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft:"—"*A charme teaching how to hurt whom you list with images of wax*, &c. Make an image in his name, whom you would hurt or kill, of new virgine wax; under the right armepoke whereof place a swallow's heart, and the liver under the left; then hang about the neck thereof a new thred in a new needle pricked into the member which you would have hurt, with the rehearsall of certain words:" &c.

(3) SCENE III.—

—— *What are these,*
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?]

Compare Holinshed:—"It fortuned as Makbeth and Banquho journied towards Fores, where the king then laie, they went sporting by the waie togither without other companie, save onelie themselves, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the middest of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentivelie beheld, woondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said; 'All haile Makbeth, thane of Glammis' (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said; 'Haile Makbeth thane of Cawdor.' But the third said; 'All haile Makbeth that héereafter shalt be king of Scotland.'

"Then Banquho; 'What manner of women (saith he) are you, that séeme so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all?' 'Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits unto thée, than unto him, for he shall reigne in déed, but with an unluckie end: neither shall he leave anie issue behind him to succéed in his place, where contrarilie thou in déed shalt not reigne at all, but of thée those shall be borne which shall governe the Scotish kingdome by long order of continuall descent.'

"Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine fantasticall illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest, king of Scotland; and Makbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, because everie thing came to passe as they had spoken. For shortlie after, the thane of Cawdor being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed; his lands, livings and offices were given of the kings liberalitie to Makbeth."

(4) SCENE IV.—*The prince of Cumberland.*] "But shortlie after it chanced that king Duncane, having two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolme prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his sucessor in the kingdome, immediatlie after his decease. Makbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succéed were not of able age to take the charge upon himselfe, he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarell so to doo (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all maner of title and claime, which he might in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

(5) SCENE VI.—

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.]

Sir Joshua Reynolds was struck,—as who possessing a spark of sensibility can fail to be,—with the exceeding beauty of this brief colloquy before the castle of Macbeth, and he observes on it,—"This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader by introducing some quiet rural image, a picture of domestick life."

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ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—*'T is said they eat each other.*] Very many of the incidents connected with Duncan's death are not to be found in the narrative of that event, but are taken from the Chroniclers' account of King Duffe's murder. Among them are the prodigies mentioned in this speech:—"Monstrous sightes also that were seene without the Scottishe kingdome that yeare were these, horses in Lothian being of singuler beautie and swiftnesse, did eate their owne fleshe and would in nowise taste any other meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a child without eyes, nose, hands, or foote. There was a Sparhauke also strangled by an Owle. Neither was it any lesse wonder that the sunne, as before is sayd, was continually covered with clouldes, for VI. monethes space: But all men understood that the abhominable murder of king Duffe was the cause hereof."

(2) SCENE III.—

He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.]

"Scone is well known to have early obtained historical importance. It received, it would appear, the title of the 'Royal City of Scone,' so early as A.D. 906 or 909. The Pictish Chronicle informs us that Constantine the son of Ed, and Kellach the Bishop, together with the Scots, solemnly vowed to 'observe the laws and discipline of faith, the rights of the churches and of the Gospel, on the Hill of Credulity, near the Royal City of Scone.' If the Stone of Destiny was transferred by Kenneth Mac Alpine from Dunstaffnage in Argyleshire to Scone in A.D. 838, we may see a reason for the title 'Royal City,' which seems to have been acquired before the meeting of the Ecclesiastical Council. One of the most memorable of the combats with the Danes was fought at Collin near Scone, in the time of Donald IV. the son of Constantine II., for the possession of this stone. This must have been previous to A.D. 904, in which year Donald fell in battle at Forteviot. It is said that a religious house was established at Scone, when the stone was transferred by Kenneth Mac Alpine. During the reign of Alexander, Scone seems to have been occasionally a royal residence, and, like St. Andrews and other places in which monasteries were established, it was a market for foreign nations. Alexander addressed a writ to the merchants of England, inviting them to trade to Scone, and promising them protection on condition of their paying a custom to the monastery. This custom was an impost on all ships trading with Scone, from which it appears to have been anciently a port.

"About a mile from the river there was at a comparatively recent period a bog called the *full sea mere*, which according to tradition has been covered by the tide, and in which when digging for a pond, stones similar to those in the bed of the Tay were found. Whatever may be the value of the commonly received fact as to the transference of the fatal stone to Scone, there can be no doubt that many of the Scottish kings were inaugurated here.

"Edward I. having penetrated to the north as far as Elgin, and having reduced Baliol to a state of the most abject submission, on his return ordered the famous stone on which the Scottish kings had been wont to be crowned, to be removed from the Abbey of Scone and conveyed to Westminster, in testimony, says Hemingford, an English contemporary chronicler, of the conquest and surrender of the kingdom. The restoration of the stone, though omitted in the treaty of Northampton (1328), was stipulated by a separate instrument. The stone, as is well known, was never restored. 'This fatal stone,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'was said to have been brought from Ireland by Fergus the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyleshire. Its virtues are preserved in the celebrated leonine verse:—

Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Inveniant lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

There were Scots who hailed the accomplishment of this prophecy at the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, and exulted that, in removing their palladium, the policy of Edward resembled that which brought the Trojan horse in triumph within their walls, and which occasioned the destruction of their royal family. The stone is still preserved, and forms the support of King Edward the Confessor's chair, which the sovereign occupies at his coronation.' In preparing this chair for the coronation of her present Majesty, some small fragments of this stone were broken off."—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1845, vol. x. p. 1047.

(3) SCENE III.—

—— *Where is Duncan's body?*
MACD. *Carried to Colme-kill.*]

"To the Highlanders of the present day, Iona is known as 'Innis-nan-Druidhneach,' or *the Island of the Druids*—as 'Ii-cholum-chille,' or *the Island of Colum, of the Cell*, or *Cemetery*, from whence the English word Icolymkill is derived.

"In Macfarlane's MS., Advocates' library, there is a description of this island by Dean Monro, who travelled through the Western isles in 1549.

"'*Colmkill.*—Narrest this be twa myles of sea, layes the Isle the Erische call it I. colmkill, that is, Sanct Colm's Isle, ane faire mayne Isle of twa myle lange, and maire and ane myle braid, fertill and fruitfull of corn and store, and guid for fishing. Within this ile there is a monastery of Mounkes and ane uther of nuns, with a paroche kirke, and sundry other chappels dotat of auld be the kings of Scotland, and be Clandonald of the Iyles. This abbay forsaid was the cathedrall kirk of the bischops of the Iyles sen the tyme they were expulsed out of the Iyle of Man by the Englishmen; for within the Iyle of Man was the cathedrall kirke, and living of auld. Within this ile of Colmkill, there is ane sanctuary also, or kirkaird, callit in Erische, Religoram, quhilk is a very fair kirkyaird, and weill bigrit about with staine and lime. Into this sanctuary there is three tombes of staine formit like litle chappels with ane braid gray marble or quhin staine in the gavle of ilk ane of the tombes. In the staine of the tomb there is written in Latin letters *Tumulus Regum Scotiæ*, that is, the tombe or grave of the Scotts kinges. Within this tombe according to our Scotts and Erische chronickles, ther layes fortyeight crouned Scotts kinges, through the quhilk this ile has beine richlie dotat be the Scots kinges, as we have said. * * * Within this sanctuarie also lyes the maist past of the Lords of the Iles with ther lynage, two clan Lynes with ther lynage, M'Kynnon and M'Quare, with ther lineages, with sundrie uthers inhabitants of the hail iles, because this sanctuary was wont to be the sepulture of the best men of all the isles; and als of our kinge's as we have said: because it was the maist honorable and ancient place that was in Scotland in thair days as we read."—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1845, vol. vii. p. 313.

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ACT III.

(1) SCENE III.—

—— Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O, slave!]

The murder of Banquo is told very briefly by Holinshed :—

"The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in deed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers, whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if anie thing were laid to his charge upon anie suspicion that might arise.

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the sonne yet by the helpe of Almightie God reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger: and afterwards having some inkeling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no lesse than his fathers, who was slaine not by chance medlie (as by the handling of the matter Makbeth would have had it to appeare) but even upon a prepensed devise: whereupon to avoid further perill he fled into Wales."

(2) SCENE V.—*Enter* HECATE.] "Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' b. iii. c. ii. and c. xvi., and b. xii. c. iii., mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly 'meetings with Herodias, and the pagan gods,' and that in the night-times they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the pagans,' &c. Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old pagan, as 'the Ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or Diana.'"—TOLLET.

(3) SCENE V.—SONG. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*] The song actually sung here we conjecture to be that given in the corresponding scene of Middleton's "Witch," and in D'Avenant's paraphrase of "Macbeth." It was probably written by Shakespeare, and derived by Middleton and D'Avenant from stage tradition, or from some less imperfect copy of "Macbeth" than is now known.

Song in "The Witch."

"Come away, come away;
Hecat, Hecat, come away. } in the aire
Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may."

"Now I goe, now I flie,
Maikin my sweete spirit and I.
Oh what a daintie pleasure tis
To ride in the aire
When the moone shines faire,
And sing and daunce, and toy and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,
Over seas, our mistris fountaines,
Over steepe towres and turretts
We fly by night, 'mongst troopes of spirritts.
No ring of bells to our eares sounds,
No howles of wolves, no yelpes of hounds;
No, not the noyse of water's-breache,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reache."

"The Witch" is supposed to have been written about 1613, but it was not printed before 1778. D'Avenant's alteration of "Macbeth" was printed a century earlier. From this circumstance, as well as from the differences observable in passages common to both, it may be inferred that the latter did not copy those passages from Middleton, but that each derived them from the same original. The following is D'Avenant's version of the preceding song :—

"Come away Hecate, Hecate! Oh come away:
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may."

"Now I go, and now I flye
Maikins my sweet Spirit and I.
O what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i' th' Air
While the *Moon* shines fair;
To sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiss,
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains;
Over Hills, and misty Fountains;
Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets:
We flye by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.
No Ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,
No howles of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;
No, nor the noise of Waters breach,
Nor Cannons Throats, our Height can reach."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*] "Dr. Warburton has adduced classical authority for the connexion between Hecate and this animal, with a view to trace the reason why it was the agent and favourite of modern witches. It may be added, that among the Egyptians the cat was sacred to Isis or the Moon,—their Hecate or Diana, and accordingly worshipped with great honour. Many cat-idols are still preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and the sistrum or rattle used by the priests of Isis is generally ornamented with a figure of a cat with a crescent on its head."—DOUCE.

(2) SCENE I.—*Music and Song,* "Black spirits," *&c.*] This "charm song," like the song in Act III., is found both in Middleton's "Witch" and D'Avenant's alteration of "Macbeth" :—

"Black Spirits, and White,
Red Spirits and Gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

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(3) Scene III.—

——*Such welcome and unwelcome things at once*
'Tis hard to reconcile.

The foregoing dialogue very closely follows Holinshed's abridgment of the Scottish history :—

"At his comming unto Malcolme, he declared into what great miserie the estate of Scotland was brought, by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant Makbeth, having committed manie horrible slaughters and murders, both as well of the nobles as commons, for the which he was hated right mortallie of all his liege people, desiring nothing more than to be delivered of that intollerable and most heavie yoke of thraldome, which they sustained at such a caitaifes hands

"Malcolme hearing Makduffes woords, which he uttered in verie lamentable sort, for méere compassion and verie ruth that pearsed his sorrowfull hart, bewailing the miserable state of his countrie, he fetched a deepe sigh; which Makduffe perceiving, began to fall most earnestlie in hand with him, to enterprise the delivering of the Scotish people out of the hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too manie plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be: which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not onelie the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to have some occasion ministred, whereby they might be revenged of those notable injuries, which they dailie susteined by the outragious crueltie of Makbeths misgovernance. Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in maner as Makduffe had declared; yet doubting whether he were come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth.

"'I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certeine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable founteine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should séeke to defloure young maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable unto you, than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is.' Heereunto Makduffe answered: 'This suerlie is a verie evill fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same; nevertheless there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall convcie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.'

"Then said Malcolme, 'I am also the most avaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should séeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods, and possessions; and therefore to shew you what mischiefe may insue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on hir overset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir bloud: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside her, she answered no: for if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie egerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my blond farre more to my greevance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such; that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should séeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage, which might insue through my coming amongst you.'

"Makduffe to this made answer, 'how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have béene slaine and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thée the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy grédie desire.' Then said Malcolme againe, 'I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoise in nothing so much as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same; you sée how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.'

"Then said Makduffe: 'This yet is the woorst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; O ye unhappie and miserable Scotishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities, ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his own confession he is not onelie avaritious, and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation:' and with those woords the brackish teares trickled downe his chéekes verie abundantlie.

"At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sléeve, and said: 'Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I have none of these vices before remembred, but have jested with thée in this manner, onelie to proove thy mind: for diverse times héeretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of meanes to bring me into his hands, but the more slow I have shewed my selfe to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same.'"

ACT V.

(1) SCENE IV.—

—— the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.]

"In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such favor at king Edwards hands, that old Siward earle of Northumberland was appointed with ten thousand men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise, for recoverie of his right. After these nowes were spread abroad in Scotland, the nobles drew into two severall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth, and the other with Malcolme. Hereupon insued oftentimes sundrie bickerings, and diverse light skirmishes: for those that were of Malcolmes side, would not jeopard to joine with their enimies in a pight field, till his comming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perceived his enimies power to increase, by such aid as came to them foorth of England with his adversarie Malcolme, he recoiled backe into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enimies, if they ment to pursue him; howbeit some of his friends advised him, that it should be best for him, either to make some agréement with Malcolme, or else to flée with all spéed into the Iles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage sundrie great princes of the realme to take his part, and reteine strangers, in whome he might better trust than in his owne subjects, which stale dailie from him: but he had such confidence in his prophesies, that he beléeved he should never be vanquished, till Birnam wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slaine with anie man, that should be or was borne of anie woman."

(2) SCENE VIII.—*My better part.*] The note on that long controverted expression, "Atalanta's *better part*," in "As You Like It," having been omitted in the proper place from lack of room, it may be well to explain here that Atalanta's *better part* was not her *modesty*, nor her *heels*, nor her *wit*, as critics have variously conjectured, but simply her *spiritual part*. The old epitaph quoted by Mr. Whalley in the *Variorum* almost proves, although he was apparently unconscious of the meaning, that *better part* signified the *immortal*, the *intelligent* part:—

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,
Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:
Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*."

But the following lines from Overbury's poem "A Wife," places this beyond doubt:—

"Or rather let me *love*, then *be in love*:
So let me chuse, as *wife* and *friend* to find,
Let me forget her *sex* when I *approve*:
B eaute likeness lies in *shape*, but *ours* in *mind*:
Our *soules no sexes* have, their love is cleane,
No *sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*."

The Italics, we may remark, are the author's.

(3) SCENE VIII.—*Re-enter* MACDUFF, *with* KING MACBETH'S *head.*] The catastrophe is thus told by the historian:—"Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell unto Birnam wood; and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded everie man to get a bough of some trée or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march foorth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner within view of his enimies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembred himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the comming of Birnam wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enimies had scarselie cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceiving their numbers, betooke him streict to flight, whome Makduffe pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horse, saieng; 'Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receive thy reward which thou hast deserved for thy paines,' and therwithall he lifted up his sword thinking to have slaine him.

"But Makduffe quicklie avoiding from his horse, yer he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand) saieng: 'It is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie have an end, for I am even he that thy wizzards have told thée of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe:' therewithall he stept unto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolme."

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON MACBETH.

"Who could exhaust the praises of this sublime work? Since 'The Eumenides' of Æschylus, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been written The witches are not, it is true, divine Eumenides, and are not intended to be: they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. A German poet, therefore, very ill understood their meaning, when he transformed them into mongrel beings, a mixture of fates, furies, and enchantresses, and clothed them with tragic dignity. Let no man venture to lay hand on Shakspeare's works thinking to improve anything essential: he will be sure to punish himself. The bad is radically odious; and to endeavour in any manner to ennoble it, is to violate the laws of propriety. Hence, in my opinion, Dante, and even Tasso, have been much more successful in their portraiture of dæmons than Milton. Whether the age of Shakspeare still believed in ghosts and witches, is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which in 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' he has made of pre-existing traditions. No superstition can be widely diffused without having a foundation in human nature: on this the poet builds; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits, which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of superstition; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns it into ridicule, but, what is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions. But when he ventures to make arbitrary changes in these popular traditions, he altogether forfeits his right to them, and merely holds up his own idle fancies to our ridicule. Shakspeare's picture of the witches is truly magical: in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary witch-dance. He has been abused for using the names of disgusting objects; but he who fancies the kettle of the witches can be made effective with agreeable aromatics, is as wise as those who desire that hell should sincerely and honestly give good advice. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks, are here emblems of the hostile powers which operate in nature; and the repugnance of our senses is outweighed by the mental horror. With one another the witches discourse like women of the very lowest class; for this was the class to which witches were ordinarily supposed to belong: when, however, they address Macbeth they assume a loftier tone: their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity of oracles.

"We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere. With what intent did Shakspeare assign the same place to them in his play, which they occupy in the history of Macbeth as related in the old chronicles? A monstrous crime is committed: Duncan, a venerable old man, and the best of kings, is, in defenceless sleep, under the hospitable roof, murdered by his subject, whom he has loaded with honours and rewards. Natural motives alone seem inadequate, or the perpetrator must have been portrayed as a hardened villain. Shakspeare wished to exhibit a more sublime picture: an ambitious but noble hero, yielding to a deep-laid hellish temptation; and in whom all the crimes to which, in order to secure the fruits of his first crime, he is impelled by necessity, cannot altogether eradicate the stamp of native heroism. He has, therefore, given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication of victory, when his love of glory has

been gratified; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what in reality can only be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for all their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity of murdering the King immediately offers; the wife of Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has at command all those sophisms that serve to throw a false splendour over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth; he is driven into it, as it were, in a tumult of fascination. Repentance immediately follows, nay, even precedes the deed, and the stings of conscience leave him rest neither night nor day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell; truly frightful is it to behold that same Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come,* clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of the way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to compassionate the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities, and even in his last defence we are compelled to admire the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. We might believe that we witness in this tragedy the overruling destiny of the ancients represented in perfect accordance with their ideas: the whole originates in a supernatural influence, to which the subsequent events seem inevitably linked. Moreover, we even find here the same ambiguous oracles which, by their literal fulfilment, deceive those who confide in them. Yet it may be easily shown that the poet has, in his work, displayed more enlightened views. He wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. An accurate scale is followed in the retaliation. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human participators in the king's murder is the most guilty, is thrown by the terrors of her conscience into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle. The noble Macduff is allowed the satisfaction of saving his country by punishing with his own hand the tyrant who had murdered his wife and children. Banquo, by an early death, atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted the wish to know his glorious descendants, as he thereby has roused Macbeth's jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the evil suggestions of the witches: his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold for his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of 'Hamlet:' it strides forward with amazing rapidity, from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. 'Thought, and done!' is the general motto; for as Macbeth says,

'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.'

In every feature we see an energetic heroic age, in the hardy North which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years perhaps, according to the story; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much could ever have been compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events,—the very inmost recesses in the minds of the dramatic personages are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal this picture in its power to excite terror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth; what can possibly be said on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression they naturally leave? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa."—SCHLEGEL.

* "We'd jump the life to come."

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"'Macbeth' stands in contrast throughout with 'Hamlet;' in the manner of opening more especially. In the latter, there is a gradual ascent from the simplest forms of conversation to the language of impassioned intellect,—yet the intellect still remaining the seat of passion; in the former, the invocation is at once made to the imagination and the emotions connected therewith. Hence the movement throughout is the most rapid of all Shakspeare's plays, and hence, also, with the exception of the disgusting passage of the Porter (Act II. Sc. 3), which I dare pledge myself to demonstrate to be an interpolation of the actors, there is not, to the best of my remembrance, a single pun or play on words in the whole drama. I have previously given an answer to the thousand times repeated charge against Shakspeare upon the subject of his punning; and I here merely mention the fact of the absence of any puns in 'Macbeth' as justifying a candid doubt, at least, whether even in these figures of speech and fanciful modifications of language, Shakspeare may not have followed rules and principles that merit and would stand the test of philosophic examination. And hence, also, there is an entire absence of comedy, nay, even of irony and philosophic contemplation in 'Macbeth,'—the play being wholly and purely tragic. For the same cause, there are no reasonings of equivocal morality, which would have required a more leisurely state and a consequently greater activity of mind;—no sophistry of self-delusion,—except only that previously to the dreadful act, Macbeth mistranslates the recoilings and ominous whispers of conscience into prudential and selfish reasonings, and, after the deed is done, the terrors of remorse into fear from external dangers,—like delirious men who run away from the phantoms of their own brains, or, raised by terror to rage, stab the real object that is within their reach:—whilst Lady Macbeth merely endeavours to reconcile his and her own sinkings of heart by anticipations of the worst, and an affected bravado in confronting them. In all the rest, Macbeth's language is the grave utterance of the very heart, conscience-sick, even to the last faintings of moral death. It is the same in all the other characters. The variety arises from rage, caused ever and anon by disruption of anxious thought, and the quick transition of fear into it.

"In 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' the scene opens with superstition; but in each it is not merely different, but opposite. In the first it is connected with the best and holiest feelings; in the second, with the shadowy, turbulent, and unsanctified cravings of the individual will. Nor is the purpose the same; in the one the object is to excite, whilst in the other it is to mark a mind already excited.

"The Weird Sisters are as true a creation of Shakspeare's as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key-note of the character of the whole drama.

"Macbeth is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have everything he wanted, he would rather have it innocently;—ignorant, as alas, how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies. Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakspeare, is a class individualized:—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony."—COLERIDGE.

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Act V. Sc. 2.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

No edition of this tragedy, previous to that in the folio of 1623, is now known; although, from the fact of its having been entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the folio, in May, 1608, there is a bare possibility that an earlier impression may some day come to light. It was probably written at the latter end of the year 1607, but we have no evidence to prove when it was first acted, or, indeed, that it was acted at all. There were two preceding dramas on the subject; the "Cleopatra" of Samuel Daniel, 1594; and "The Trajedie of Antonie," a translation from the French by Lady Pembroke, 1595, to neither of which, however, was Shakespeare under any obligation, his story and incidents being evidently borrowed directly from the Life of Antonius in North's *Plutarch*, which he has followed, even to the minutest circumstances, with scrupulous fidelity. The action comprehends the events of ten years; beginning with the death of Fulvia, B.C. 40, and terminating with the overthrow of the Ptolemean dynasty, B.C. 30.

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Persons Represented.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus,
Triumviri.

Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Friends of Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus,
Friends of Cæsar.

Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
Friends of Pompey.

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæsar.

Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to* Antony.

Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*

Euphronius, *an Ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Seleucus,
Diomedes,
Attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Egypt.

Octavia, *Sister to* Cæsar, *and Wife of* Antony.

Charmian,
Iras,
Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*Dispersed; in several parts of the* Roman Empire.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war

Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

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The buckles on his breast, reneges[a] all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!
[*Flourish without.*
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their* Trains; Eunuchs *fanning her.*

CLEO. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
CLEO. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
ANT. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

ATT. News, my good lord, from Rome.
ANT. Grates me:—the sum.
CLEO. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn[b] *thee.*
ANT. How, my love!
CLEO. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?[c] Cæsar's, I would say.—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame [gers!
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-
ANT. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

CLEO. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not;—Antony
Will be himself.
ANT. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?
CLEO. Hear the ambassadors.
ANT. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose[*] every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger but thine; and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people.(1) Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEOP., *with their* Train.
DEM. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
PHI. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
DEM. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar,[d] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.[e]

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change[f] his horns with garlands!
ALEX. Soothsayer,—
SOOTH. Your will?
CHAR. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

[a] — reneges—] That is, *denies* or *renounces*. Though odd and obsolete now, it was probably the genuine word, as in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 2, we have,—"*Renege, affirm*," &c.

[b] — damn *thee*.] *Condemn* thee.

[c] — process?] *Citation*.

[d] That he approves the common liar,] That he confirms the reports of *Rumour*.

[e] *Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.] The direction of the folio is, "Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas." And Steevens thought it possible that "Lamprius, Rannius, Lucillius," &c. might have been speakers in the scene as it was originally written by the poet, who afterwards, when omitting the speeches, forgot to erase the names.

(*) First folio, who.

[f] — change *his horns with garlands!*] So the old text; to "*change* his horns," may mean to *vary*, or *garnish* them. The modern reading, however, of *charge*, suggested by Southern and Warburton, is certainly very plausible.

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Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.[a]
Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names:[b]—pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile[c] every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

[a] I love long life better than figs.] This was a proverbial saying.
[b] — my children shall have no names:] That is, be illegitimate.
[c] *And* fertile *every wish*,—] A correction of Theobald or Warburton. The old copy has, "And *fardel*," &c

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ALEX. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHAR. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEX. We 'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

IRAS. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHAR. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHAR. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTH. I have said.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHAR. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHAR. Our worser thoughts heaven mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! [a]—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHAR. Amen.

ALEX. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'd do 't!

ENO. Hush! here comes Antony.

CHAR. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEO. Saw [*] you my lord?

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, madam.

CLEO. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

ENO. Madam?

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where 's Alexas?

ALEX. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

CLEO. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

MESS. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANT. Against my brother Lucius?

MESS. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

ANT. Well, what worst?

MESS. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done, with me.—'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESS. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended [b] Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

ANT. *Antony*, thou wouldst say,—

MESS. O, my lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds [c] lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing! [d] Fare thee well a while.

MESS. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

ANT. From Sicyon ho,* the news! Speak there!

1 ATT. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

(*) First folio, *Saue.*

[a] Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—] The compositor of the folio, mistaking "Alexas" for the prefix to the speech, has attributed what follows to him. The error was pointed out by Theobald a century ago, and has been rectified in every edition since.

[b] Extended—] *Seized.*

[c] *When our quick* winds—] Has been changed, by Warburton, to, "When our quick *minds*," &c. perhaps without necessity. "Quick *winds*" may mean, *quickening winds:* and Johnson's explanation of the passage,—"that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good,"—is possibly the true one.

(*) Old text, *how.*

[d] —earing!] *Ploughing.*

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2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.—

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.(2)

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit* Messenger.

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempt * doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling * occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

(*) Old text, *contempts*.

(*) Old text inserts, *as*.

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ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANT. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

ENO. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[a] to the queen,
And get her leave* to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair,[b] hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires[c]
Our quick remove from hence.

ENO. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is he?

CHAR. I did not see him since.

CLEO. [*To* ALEX.] See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEX.

CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEO. What should I do, I do not?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

CHAR. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;[d]
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

CLEO. I am sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEO. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANT. What 's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know,—

CLEO. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT. Most sweet queen,—

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,

(*) Old text, *love*. Corrected by Pope.

[a] —expedience—] *Expedition.*

[b] Which, like the courser's hair, &c.] An allusion to the vulgar superstition that a horse hair left in water or dung became a living serpent.

[c] To such whose place is under us, requires, &c.] The lection of the second folio. In the first, we have,—

"To such whose *places* under us *require*," &c.

[d] I wish, forbear;] *I commend forbearance.*

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Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:[a] they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
ANT. How now, lady!
CLEO. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
ANT. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use[b] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port[c] of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly-grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
CLEO. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?
ANT. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils[d] she awak'd; at the last, best,*
See when and where she died.
CLEO. O, most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.
ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier-servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st!
CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!—
But let it be:—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.[f]
ANT. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence[g] to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
CLEO. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
ANT. You 'll heat my blood: no more!
CLEO. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
ANT. Now, by my* sword,—
CLEO. And target!—Still he mends;
But this is not the best:—look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chief.[h]
ANT. I 'll leave you, lady.
CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten!
ANT. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
CLEO. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me:
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

[a] — a race of heaven:] The meaning is probably—*of divine mould*, or *origin*.

[b] — in use—] *In possession*.

[c] — *the* port *of Rome*:] The *gate* of Rome.

[d] — garboils—] *Turmoils, commotions*.

[e] —— at the last, best,
See, &c.]
The commentators will have the word *best* to relate to the "good end" made by Fulvia. But it is no more than an epithet of endearment which Antony applies to Cleopatra;—read at your leisure the troubles she awakened; and at the last, *my best one*, see when and where she died.

[f] I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.]
This has been misconceived: "*So* Antony loves" is "*As* Antony loves," and the sense therefore,—My health is as fickle as the love of Antony.

[g] *And give* true evidence *to his love*, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator, in his eagerness to confound all traces of our early language, would poorly read, "true *credence*," which, like many of his suggestions, is very specious and quite wrong. The meaning of Antony is this,—"Forbear these taunts, and demonstrate to the world your confidence in my love by submitting it freely to the *trial* of absence." In adopting his mythical corrector's "excellent emendation," Mr. Collier had, of course, forgotten that the very phrase rejected may be found in another of these plays,—

"Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from *true evidence*, of good esteem,
He be approv'd," &c.—*Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

[h] *How this* Herculean *Roman does become*
The carriage of his chief.]
The old and every modern editum read, "The carriage of his *chafe*." But can any one who considers the epithet "Herculean," which Cleopatra applies to Antony, and reads the following extract from Shakespeare's authority, hesitate for an instant to pronounce *chafe* a silly blunder of the transcriber or compositor for "chief," meaning Hercules, the *head* or *principal* of the house of the Antonii? "Now it had bene a speech of old time, that the family of the *Antonij* were descended from one *Anton* the son of *Hercules*, whereof the family took the name. *This opinion did Antonius seeke to confirme in all his doings: not only resembling him in the likenesse of his body, as we have said before, but also in the wearing of his garments.*"—*Life of Antonius*. NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

(*) First folio omits, *my*.

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Sit laurel Victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
ANT. Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter*, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

CÆS. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our* great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaf'd* to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract† of all faults
That all men follow.
LEP. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
CÆS. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, 'tis not amiss
To tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[b] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't:[c] but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.
LEP. Here's more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
CÆS. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd* by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying† the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
MESS. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear[d] and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.
CÆS. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.‡ When thou once
Was't beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: (3) and all this

(*) First folio, *vouchsafe.* (†) First folio, *abstracts.*

[a] Our *great competitor:*] So Heath; the old text having, "*One* great competitor."

[b] — *his* soils,—] A reading suggested by Malone in lieu of "*foyles,*" the very doubtful word of the old text.

[c] Call on him for 't:] *Call him to account for it.* The change, "*Fall* on him," &c. of Mr. Collier's annotator is a modern dilution.

(*) Old text, *fear'd.* Corrected by Warburton.
(†) Old text, *lacking.* Corrected by Theobald.
(‡) Old text, *Vassailes.*

[d] — *they* ear—] They *plough.*

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(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
LEP. 'T is pity of him.
CÆS. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we* immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
LEP. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
CÆS. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
LEP. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
CÆS. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

CLEO. Charmian,—
CHAR. Madam.
CLEO. Ha, ha!—Give me to drink mandragora.
CHAR. Why, madam?
CLEO. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
CHAR. You think of him too much.
CLEO. O, 't is treason!
CHAR. Madam, I trust not so.
CLEO. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
MAR. What's your highness' pleasure?
CLEO. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
MAR. Yes, gracious madam.
CLEO. Indeed!
MAR. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
CLEO. O, Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
CLEO. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient[a] pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.
CLEO. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
ALEX. *Good friend*, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt[b] steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.[c]

(*) First folio, *me.*

[a] — orient—] *Pellucid, lustrous.* See note (A), p. 395.

[b] — *an* arm-gaunt *steed,*—] The epithet "arm-gaunt" has been fruitful of controversy. Hanmer reads *arm girt;* Mason suggests, not unhappily, *termagant;* and Mr. Boaden, *arrogant.* If the original lection be genuine, which we doubt, "gaunt" must be understood to mean *fierce, eager;* a sense it, perhaps, bears in the following passage from Ben Jonson's "Catiline," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"—— and let
His own *gaunt* eagle fly at him, and tire."

[c] —— that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him]

The correction of "dumb'd" for *dumbe*, the reading of the folio, was made by Theobald, and is countenanced by a passage in "Pericles," Act V. Sc. 1.— (Gowan.)

"Deep clerks she *dumbe;*" &c.

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CLEO. What, was he sad or merry?
ALEX. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
CLEO. O, well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O, heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes
So* does it no man* else.—Mett'st thou my posts?
ALEX. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

(*) Old text, *mans*.

* So *does it*—] That is, *As* does it.

CLEO. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
CHAR. O, that brave Cæsar!
CLEO. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, *the brave Antony!*
CHAR. The valiant Cæsar!
CLEO. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!
CHAR. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
CLEO. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood:
To say as I said then!—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.
[*Exeunt.*



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in* Pompey's *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

POM. If the great gods be just, they shall[a] assist
The deeds of justest men.
MENE. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
POM. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
MENE. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
POM. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent,[b] and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
MEN. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.
POM. Where have you this? 'tis false.
MEN. From Silvius, sir.
POM. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

a — *they* shall *assist*—] The precision now observable in the employment of *shall* and *will* among the best writers was not regarded in Shakespeare's day. He commonly follows the old custom of using the former for the latter to denote futurity, whether in the second and third persons or in the first.

b *My* powers are *crescent, and my auguring hope*
Says it will come to the full.]
Theobald, for the sake of concord, reads, "My *power's* a crescent," &c., a change generally, though perhaps too readily, adopted by subsequent editors.

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Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness—[a]

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius?

VAR. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

POM. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MEN. I cannot hope[b]
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd[*] upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

POM. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square[c] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon[d] to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of* Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day!

LEP. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

LEP. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

ENO. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

ANT. If we compose well here, to Parthia!
Hark, Ventidius.

CÆS. I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

LEP. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANT. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

CÆS. Welcome to Rome.

ANT. Thank you.

CÆS. Sit.

ANT. Sit, sir.

CÆS. Nay, then.

ANT. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

CÆS. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you,
Chiefly i' the world, more laugh'd at, that I should

(*) First folio, *wan'd*.

[a] —— *may* prorogue *his honour*
Even till *a Lethe'd dulness*—]

Malone would have "honour" to be a misprint for *hour*; but, however unauthorised, Shakespeare certainly uses "prorogue" here, as he employs it in "Pericles," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"—— nor taken sustenance,
But to *prorogue* his grief,"—

in the sense of *deaden* or *benumb*.

[b] *I cannot* hope, &c.] As in our early language, *to expect* most commonly meant *to stay* or *wait*, so *to hope* on some occasions was used where we should now adopt *to expect*.

[c] — square—] *Quarrel*.

[d] —— It only stands
Our lives upon—]

Our existence solely depends, &c., or it is incumbent on us for our lives' sake, &c.

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Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
ANT. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
CÆS. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on[a] my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
ANT. How intend you, practis'd?
CÆS. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.[b]
ANT. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not[c] to make it with,
It must not be with this.
CÆS. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
ANT. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
ENO. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
ANT. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.
CÆS. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
ANT. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
CÆS. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
LEP. Soft, Cæsar!
ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour 's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—
CÆS. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
ANT. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
LEP. 'T is noble spoken.
MEC. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
LEP. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
ANT. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
ENO. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
ANT. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

[a] — practise on—] *Plot* or *intrigue against.*

[b] —— and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.]

The meaning is apparent, though the construction is obscure and perhaps corrupt. We ought possibly to read,—

" —— and their contestation
Had you for theme," &c.

[c] *As matter whole you have* not *to make it with,*—] The negative was inserted by Rowe, and is clearly indispensable; but, to satisfy the metre, Shakespeare may have adopted the old form *n'have* instead of *have not*,—

" As matter whole you *n'have* to make it with."

So likewise in "Henry the Fifth," Act V. Sc. 2, where the original has, " — for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath entered," we ought probably to read, " *n'hath* entered."

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ENO. Go to then; your considerate stone.*
CÆS. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions[b]
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
AGR. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.
AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
CÆS. Say not so,* Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof[c]
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
ANT. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,[d]
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.(1)
ANT. Will Cæsar speak?
CÆS. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
ANT. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?
CÆS. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.
ANT. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
CÆS. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts: and never
Fly off our loves again!
LEP. Happily, amen!
ANT. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
LEP. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
ANT. Where lies he?
CÆS. About the Mount Misenum.*
ANT. What is his strength by land?
CÆS. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
ANT. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
CÆS. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.
ANT. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
LEP. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANT., *and* LEPIDUS.
MEC. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
ENO. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!—
AGR. Good Enobarbus!
MEC. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.
ENO. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
MEC. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there! is this true?
ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
MEC. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

(*) Old text, *say*.

(*) Old text, *Mount-Mecena*.

a —your considerate stone.] *As silent as a stone* was an expression not unusual formerly, and the words in the text may hereafter be found to be proverbial; at present they are inexplicable.

b —conditions—] *Dispositions, natures;* thus, in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 1,—"She's full of most blessed *condition*," and again, Act IV. Sc. 1,—"and then, of so gentle a *condition*."

c —— *your* reproof
Were well desere'd of rashness.]

Warburton's emendation of the old reading,—"your *proofe*," &c.

d —— *truths would* be *tales,*
Where now half tales be truths:]

Theobald, to perfect the metre, inserted *but*,—
"—— would be but tales," &c.;
and Steevens, for the same purpose, proposed,—"*as* tales." Yet the remedy most accordant with the poet's manner is to read,—
"—— truths would be *half* tales,
Where now half tales be truths."

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ENO. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGR. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

ENO. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth-of-gold of tissue) [a]
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow* the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.[b]

AGR. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: [c] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd 'n the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.(2)

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENO. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MEC. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

MEC. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

AGR. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

ENO. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them, and* Attendants.

ANT. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTA. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

(*) Old text, *glove.*

a —(*cloth-of-gold of tissue*)—] That is, cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue. The expression so repeatedly occurs in early English books that we cannot imagine how any one familiar with such reading can have missed it. And yet Mr. Collier, adopting the modernization of his annotator.—"cloth of gold *and* tissue," observes with incredible simplicity that "'cloth of gold *of* tissue,' as it stands in the old copies, is nonsense; it could not be cloth of gold if it were *of* tissue."!

b *To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,*
And what they undid, did.]

Johnson makes exception to the last phrase, and would read,—

"And what they *did, undid;*"

we should prefer,—

"And what they *undy'd, dy'd,*"

that is, while diminishing the colour of Cleopatra's cheeks, by cooling them, they reflected a new glow from the warmth of their own tints.

c —— tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings:]

The disputation on this *crux* in the *Variorum* extends over six closely printed pages, and though amusing, is not very instructive. For "tended her i' the eyes,"—which, if it have any sense, must signify *waited upon her in her sight,*—Mason proposed "tended her i' the *guise,*" that is, the guise of mermaids, understanding "their bends *which they made adornings*" to mean the caudal appendages which common opinion has always assigned to the descendants of Nereus! This is sufficiently absurd, and has been mercilessly ridiculed by Steevens. Warburton's suggestion to read *adorings* for "adornings" is of a very different character. By adopting this likely substitution, and supposing the not improbable transposition of "eyes" and "bends," we may at least obtain a meaning:—

"—— tended her i' the *bends,*
And made their *eyes adorings.*"

It may count for something, though not much, in favour of the transposition we assume, that in "Pericles," Act II. Sc. 4, we find,—

"That all *those eyes ador'd* them."

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Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.[a]

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,[b] as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away,* 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit* Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.(3) I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.—

[a] Good night, sir.] So the second folio; in the first, these words form a portion of Antony's speech.

[b] Becomes a Fear,—] The personification of fear renders the passage more poetical; but it may be questioned, considering the old text has, "Becomes *a feare*," whether Upton's conjectural emendation, "Becomes *afeard*," is not the true reading.

(*) Old text, *alway*.

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Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
MEC. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount[a]
Before you, Lepidus.
LEP. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
MEC., AGR. Sir, good success!
LEP. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me some music;—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
ATT. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.
CHAR. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you 'll play with me, sir?
MAR. As well as I can, madam.
CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we 'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd* fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *Ah, ha! you 're caught.*
CHAR. 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up. (4)
CLEO. That time,—O, times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.[b]

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram[c] thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
MESS. Madam, madam,—
CLEO. Antony 's dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but, *well and free!*
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
MESS. First, madam, he is well.
CLEO. Why, there 's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
MESS. Good madam, hear me.
CLEO. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour[d]
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal[e] man.
MESS. Will 't please you hear me
CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well;
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

[a] — be at Mount—] Mount Misenum. The second folio reads,—"at *the* Mount."

[b] — *his sword* Philippan.] The sword so named after the great battle of Philippi.

[c] Ram *thou*, &c.] Hanmer was of opinion Shakespeare wrote, —"*Rain* thou," &c. Assuredly not; the expression in the text is quite characteristic of the speaker.

[d] Be free and healthful—so tart a favour, &c.] Some editors, after Hanmer, print,—"*why* so tart a favour," &c.

[e] — *a formal man.*] *A composed, sober-minded* man. Thus in "The Comedy of Errors," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him *a formal man* again."

(*) Old text, *Tawny fine.*

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I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
MESS. Madam, he 's well.
CLEO. Well said.
MESS. And friends with Cæsar.
CLEO. Thou 'rt an honest man.
MESS. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.
MESS. But yet, madam,—
CLEO. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet!*
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
MESS. *Free*, madam! no, I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.
CLEO. For what good turn?
MESS. For the best turn i' the bed.
CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.
MESS. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.
CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
MESS. Good madam, patience.
CLEO. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
MESS. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
CLEO. Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
MESS. He 's married, madam.
CLEO. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a knife.*

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MESS. Nay, then I 'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
CLEO. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call!
CHAR. He is afeard to come.
CLEO. I will not hurt him:—
[*Exit* CHARMIAN.
These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
MESS. I have done my duty.
CLEO. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say *Yes.*
MESS. He 's married, madam.
CLEO. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
MESS. Should I lie, madam?
CLEO. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
MESS. I crave your highness' pardon.
CLEO. He is married?
MESS. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.
CLEO. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of![a]—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Messenger.
CHAR. Good your highness, patience.
CLEO. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
CHAR. Many times, madam.
CLEO. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence:
I faint:—O, Iras, Charmian!—'t is no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.[b]—Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near* Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet; from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
CÆS. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
POM. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the[c] all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

[a] That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—] Mason's arrangement of this passage,—

"That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure *of* 't!"

is preferred by Steevens and some later editors; but the simple change proposed, though not adopted, by Malone, is more Shakespearian,—

"That art not what thou 'rt *sure* of!"

[b] Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.—]

An allusion to the "double" pictures in vogue formerly, of which Burton says,—"Like those double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl." And Chapman, in "All Fools," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"But like a couzening picture, which *one way*
Shows like a crow, another like a swan."

[c] *Made* the *all-honour'd*, &c.] "The" is inserted from the second folio.

To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

CÆS. Take your time.

ANT. Thou canst not fear[a] us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

POM. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;[b]
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

LEP. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

CÆS. There 's the point.

ANT. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

CÆS. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

POM. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

CÆS., ANT., LEP. That 's our offer.

POM. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANT. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

POM. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANT. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

CÆS. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

POM. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

LEP. Well met here.

POM. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

CÆS. That 's the next to do.

POM. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANT. That will I, Pompey.

POM. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar grew fat with feasting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POM. I have fair meanings,* sir.

ANT. And fair words to them.

POM. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

ENO. No more of that:—he did so.

POM. What, I pray you?

ENO. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

POM. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

ENO. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

POM. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POM. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

CÆS., ANT., LEP. Show us the way, sir.

POM. Come.

[*Exeunt all except* MENAS *and* ENOBARBUS.

MEN. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

ENO. At sea, I think.

MEN. We have, sir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MEN. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

[a] *Thou canst not* fear *us*, &c.] Thou canst not *affright* us.

[b] — my father's house;] The circumstance to which this taunt refers is told in North's Plutarch —"Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very straunge, and was offended with them."

(*) Old text. *meaning*. Corrected by Heath.

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ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MEN. No slander; they steal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

MEN. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENO. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MEN. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENO. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MEN. Pray ye, sir?

ENO. 'Tis true.

MEN. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

ENO. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MEN. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENO. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MEN. Who would not have his wife so?

ENO. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

MEN. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENO. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

MEN. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*On board* Pompey's *Galley, lying off* Misenum.

A banquet set out, Servants *attending*. *Music.*

1 SERV. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants[a] are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 SERV. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 SERV. They have made him drink alms-drink.[b]

2 SERV. As they pinch one another by the disposition,[c] he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 SERV. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 SERV. Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan[d] I could not heave.

1 SERV. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Sennet. *Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other* Captains.

ANT. [*To* CÆSAR.] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile(5)
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEP. You 've strange serpents there.

ANT. Ay, Lepidus.

LEP. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

ANT. They are so.

POM. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

LEP. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

ENO. [*Aside.*] Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MEN. [*Aside to* POM.] Pompey, a word.

POM. [*Aside to* MEN.] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

MEN. [*Aside to* POM.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

POM. [*Aside to* MEN.] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

LEP. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANT. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as

[a] —plants—] An equivoque: "plants" being used here, besides its ordinary meaning, for the soles of the feet.

[b] —alms-drink.] According to Warburton, "That liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him."

[c] —*by the* disposition,—] A very questionable expression. We ought perhaps to read,—"by the *disputation*," that is, *in the controversy*.

[d] —a partisan—] A weapon, half pike and half halberd.

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broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of?

ANT. Of it own colour too.

LEP. 'T is a strange serpent.

ANT. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

CÆS. [*Aside to* ANT.] Will this description satisfy him?

ANT. [*Aside to* CÆS.] With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POM. [*Aside to* MEN.] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

MEN. [*Aside to* POM.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

POM. [*Aside to* MEN.] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

MEN. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POM. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

ANT. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for[a] you sink.

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POM. What say'st thou?

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POM. How should that be?

MEN. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POM. Hast thou drunk well?

MEN. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

POM. Show me which way.

MEN. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats;
All there[b] is thine.

POM. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now.(6) Desist, and drink.

MEN. [*Aside.*] For this, I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

POM. This health to Lepidus!

ANT. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENO. Here's to thee, Menas.

MEN. Enobarbus, welcome!

POM. Fill till the cup be hid.

ENO. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the* Attendant *who carries off* LEPIDUS.

MEN. Why?

ENO. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

MEN. The third part, then, is[*] drunk: would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

ENO. Drink thou; increase the reels.

MEN. Come.

POM. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANT. It ripens towards it.—Strike[c] the vessels, ho!—
Here is to Cæsar.

CÆS. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows[†] fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer:[d]
But I had rather fast from all four days,
Than drink so much in one.

ENO. [*To* ANTONY.] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

POM. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

ANT. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENO. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear[‡] as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

[a] — for *you sink.*] Here, possibly, as in two or three other instances, "for" is a misprint of *fore.*

[b] *All* there *is thine.*] Southern changed this to "All *then*," &c., and Mr. Collier's annotator availed himself of the alteration.

[c] Strike *the vessels,*—] To *strike* means *to tap, to broach,* or *pierce* a cask.

[d] Possess *it, I'll make answer:*] There is some ambiguity in the word "possess," which, if not a misprint, is employed here in a sense we are unaccustomed to; but the meaning of the passage is plain enough. In former days it was the practice, when one good fellow drank to another, for the latter to "do him right", by imbibing a quantity of wine equal to that quaffed by the health-giver. Antony proposes a health to Cæsar, but Cæsar endeavours to excuse himself, whereupon Antony urges him by saying, "Be a child o' the time," *i. e. do as others do; indulge for once.* Cæsar then consents to pledge the health, and says "*possess* it," or *propose* it,—I'll do it justice. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests that we should read, "*Profess* it," &c.

(*) Old text, *then he is.* (†) First folio, *grow.*
(‡) Old text, *beat.* Corrected by Theobald.

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SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne![a]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

ALL. { *Cup us, till the world go round;*
Cup us, till the world go round!

CÆS. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

POM. I'll try you on the shore.

ANT. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

POM. O, Antony, you have my father's house,—
But what? we are friends: Come down into the boat.

ENO. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* Attendants.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

MEN.[b] No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd! sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

ENO. Ho! says 'a.—There's my cap.

MEN. Ho!—noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

[a] —*pink eyne!*] *Small eyes.*
[b] MEN.] By the inadvertent omission of the prefix in the old copies, this speech is made to appear a part of what Enobarbus says.





ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in* Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers *and* Soldiers: *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

VEN. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
SIL. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly; so thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
VEN. O, Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,

* — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,—] Pacorus was the son of Orodes, the Parthian king.

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But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
SIL. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants[a] scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
VEN. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
SIL. Where is he now?
VEN. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On there! pass along! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

AGR. What, are the brothers parted?
ENO. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
AGR. 'T is a noble Lepidus.
ENO. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
ENO. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.
AGR. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
ENO. Spake you of Cæsar? Ho! the non-pareil!
AGR. O, Antony! O, thou Arabian bird!
ENO. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—*Cæsar;*—go no further.
AGR. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
ENO. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures,* scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder!
AGR. Both he loves.
ENO. They are his shards,[b] and he their beetle. So,— [*Trumpets.*
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
AGR. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell. [AGRIP. *and* ENOB. *retire.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

ANT. No further, sir.
CÆS. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band[c]
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
ANT. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
CÆS. I have said.
ANT. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[d] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
CÆS. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee,[e] and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
OCTA. My noble brother!—
ANT. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
OCTA. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
CÆS. What,
Octavia?
OCTA. I 'll tell you in your ear.
ANT. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

(*) Old text, *figure.*

[a] Grants scarce distinction.] The meaning seems to be, as Warburton was the first to show,—Thou hast that, (*wisdom*, or *prudence*) wanting which a soldier shows himself hardly better than his senseless sword. Mr. Collier's annotator, it should be observed, would read,—

"*Gains* scarce distinction."

[b] —*his* shards,—] His *scaly wings*. So in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"The *shard borne* beetle," &c.

[c] — band.] That is, *bond*.

[d] — curious,—] *Over punctilious*, or *scrupulous*.

[e] The elements be kind, &c.] Johnson's explanation of this wish,—"May the *elements* of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful,"—has been decried as too profound, and the expression said to mean no more than,—"May the elements of air and water be kind to you." In other words,—"May you have a prosperous voyage." But there is a passage, altogether forgotten by the commentators, in "Julius Cæsar," Act V. Sc. 5, which is entirely confirmatory of Dr. Johnson's interpretation,—

"His life was gentle; and *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *this was a man*!"

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Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,*
And neither way inclines.
ENO. [*Aside to* AGR.] Will Cæsar weep?
AGR. [*Aside to* ENO.] He has a cloud in 's face.[b]
ENO. [*Aside to* AGR.] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
AGR. [*Aside to* ENO.] Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
ENO. [*Aside to* AGR.] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept* too.
CÆS. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
ANT. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you;—thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
CÆS. Adieu; be happy!
LEP. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
CÆS. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
ANT. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is the fellow?
ALEX. Half afeard to come.
CLEO. Go to, go to:—

Enter a Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
ALEX. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
CLEO. That Herod's head
I 'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
MESS. Most gracious majesty,—
CLEO. Didst thou behold Octavia?
MESS. Ay, dread queen.
CLEO. Where?
MESS. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
CLEO. Is she as tall as me?
MESS. She is not, madam.
CLEO. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
MESS. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
CLEO. That 's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
CHAR. *Like her?* O, Isis! 't is impossible.
CLEO. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
MESS. She creeps,—
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue than a breather.
CLEO. Is this certain?
MESS. Or I have no observance.
CHAR. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
CLEO. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't:—there 's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
CHAR. Excellent.
CLEO. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
MESS. Madam,
She was a widow,—
CLEO. *Widow!*—Charmian, hark.
MESS. And I do think she 's thirty.
CLEO. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?
MESS. Round even to faultiness.
CLEO. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what colour?
MESS. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.[c]
CLEO. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Messenger.
CHAR. A proper man.

(*) Old text, *weepe*, corrected by Theobald.

* — at full *of tide*,—] So the second folio; the first reads, less harmoniously,—
"— at *the* full of Tide."

[b] — a cloud in 's face.] This is said of a horse which has a black or dark spot on his forehead between the eyes.

[c] *As low* as she would wish it.] "The phrase is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival—'that her legs were as thick *as she could wish them*.'"—STEEVENS.

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CLEO. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
CHAR. Nothing, madam.
CLEO. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
CHAR. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
CLEO. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
CHAR. I warrant you, madam.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *House.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

ANT. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

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He vented them:* most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took'd,[a]
Or did it from his teeth.[b]

OCTA. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANT. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so[c] branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain[d] your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

OCTA. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your† reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

ANT. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has‡ mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

ENO. How now, friend Eros!

EROS. There 's strange news come, sir.

ENO. What, man?

EROS. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENO. This is old: what is the success?*

EROS. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[f] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,[g] no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one[h] the other.—Where 's Antony?

EROS. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

ENO. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

EROS. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

ENO. 'T will be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

EROS. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

CÆS. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more;
In Alexandria—here 's the manner of 't,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

MEC. This in the public eye?

CÆS. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

(*) Old text, *then*. (†) First folio, *You*.
(‡) First folio, *he's*.

[a] —*he not* took'd,—] An emendation by Thirlby; the old lection being,—"he not *look'd*."

[b] *Or did it* from his teeth.] To do any thing *from the teeth*, was to do it in *pretence* only, not from the heart; thus Burton,—"friendship *from teeth outward*, counterfeit." So in "Withal's Dictionary for Children," 1616, quoted by Mr Singer, "*Lingua amicus*: A friend from the teeth outward."

[c] Than yours so, &c.] The text of the second folio, that of 1623 has, "*Than your so*," &c.

[d] —stain—] Stain, if correct, must mean *eclipse* or *cast in the shade*: a sense the word is often found to bear in old literature; but *stay*, as suggested by Boswell, is more accordant with the context, and may easily have been misprinted *stain*.

[e] —*what is the* success?] What *follows?* what is the *upshot?*

[f] —rivality;] *Participation, copartnership.*

[g] *Then*, world, *thou* hast *a pair of chaps*,—] A restoration by Hanmer; the old text having, "Then *would* thou *hadst* a paire," &c.

[h] *Then 'll grind* the one *the other*, &c.] Capell supplied, "*the one*," which had obviously been omitted in the early copies.

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His sons he there* proclaim'd the kings† of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis (1)
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

MEC. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

AGR. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆS. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

AGR. Who does he accuse?

CÆS. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGR. Sir, this should be answer'd.

CÆS. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MEC. He 'll never yield to that.

CÆS. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, *with her* Train.

OCTA. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

CÆS. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

OCTA. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆS. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd:* we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTA. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return. (2)

CÆS. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct[b] 'tween his lust and him.

OCTA. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCTA. My lord, in Athens.

CÆS. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

OCTA. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

CÆS. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong'd,[c]
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome!
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make* them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us!

AGR. Welcome, lady!

(*) Old text, *hither*. Corrected by Capell.
(†) Old text, *King*.

a —— *which, left unshown,*
Is often left unlov'd:—]
With more likelihood we should read,—
"Is often left *unpriz'd*."
Unlov'd is a very problematical expression here, and appears to have been partly formed by the compositor from the word *love* in the preceding line.

(*) First folio, *makes his*. Corrected by Capell.

b *Being an* obstruct, &c.] The old copies read,—"an *abstract*." For the correction we are indebted to Warburton.

c *Till we perceived, both how you were* wrong'd,
And we, &c.]
Capell's emendation of the old text,—"how you were *wrong led*," &c., and the origin, manifestly, of that proposed by Mr. Collier's annotator,—"how you were *wronged*."

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MEC. Welcome, dear madam!
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[a] to a trull,
That noises it against us.
OCTA. Is it so, sir?
CÆS. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Antony's *Camp near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
ENO. But, why, why, why?
CLEO. Thou hast forspoke[b] my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.
ENO. Well, is it, is it?
CLEO. If not denounc'd against us,[c] why should not we
Be there in person?
ENO. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
CLEO. What is't you say?
ENO. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity: and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.
CLEO. Sink Rome! and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
ENO. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

ANT. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in[d] Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?
CLEO. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
ANT. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
CLEO. By sea! what else?
CAN. Why will my lord do so?
ANT. For that he dares us to 't.
ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
ENO. Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters,* reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare,* yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
ANT. By sea, by sea.
ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge: quite forego
The way which promises assurance: and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
ANT. I 'll fight at sea.
CLEO. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
ANT. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
MESS. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
ANT. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;

[a] — regiment—] *Directorship, rule, command.*
[b] — forspoke—] *Prejudiced, spoken against, forbidden.*
[c] If not denounc'd against us,—] This may mean, as Malone expounds it, "If there be no particular denunciation against me," &c.; but, as more emphatic, Shakespeare perhaps wrote,—

"If not, *denounc'd* against us why," &c.

[d] — take in—] *Conquer, overcome.* The exact sense is shown in a passage from "A Winter's Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"I think affliction may *subdue* the cheek,
But not *take in* the mind."

(*) First folio, *Militers.*

* Yare,—] *Nimble, manageable.*

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Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We 'll to our ship,
Away, my Thetis!—

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

SOLD. O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? (3) Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

SOLD. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLD. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

CAN.[a] Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

SOLD. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions[b]
As beguil'd all spies.

CAN. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLD. They say, one Taurus.

CAN. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The emperor calls Canidius.

CAN. With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near* Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

CÆS. Taurus,—

TAUR. My lord.

CÆS. Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

ANT. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land* Army *one way over the stage; and* TAURUS, *the* Lieutenant *of* CÆSAR, *the other way. After their going out, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCAR. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

ENO. What 's thy passion?

SCAR. The greater cantle[c] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight?

SCAR. On our side like the token'd pestilence,[d]
Where death is sure. You ribaudred[e] nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

[a] CAN.] In the ancient copies this speech has the prefix *Ven.*, an abbreviation Mr. Collier suggests for *Vennard*, the actor who may have played Canidius.

[b] — distractions—] Detachments.

[c] — cantle—] A *corner*, or *coign*. French, *chanteau*, *quignon*; Latin, *quantillum*.

[d] — *the* token'd pestilence,—] See note (3), p. 320.

[e] — ribaudred nag—] This has been variously and needlessly changed to *ribald hag*, *ribald-rid hag*, and *ribald-rid nag*. *Ribaudred nag*, means filthy strumpet.

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Both as[a] the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize[b] upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails, and flies!
ENO. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
SCAR. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
ENO. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

CAN. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has* given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!
ENO. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why then, good night, indeed.
CAN. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
SCAR. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
CAN. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
ENO. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

ANT. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,—
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated[c] in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
ALL. *Fly!* not we.
ANT. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon!
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that* be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS, EROS *following.*

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.
IRAS. Do, most dear queen.
CHAR. Do! why, what else?
CLEO. Let me sit down. O, Juno!
ANT. No, no, no, no, no!
EROS. See you here, sir?
ANT. O fie, fie, fie!
CHAR. Madam,—
IRAS. Madam; O, good empress!—
EROS. Sir, sir,—
ANT. Yes, my lord, yes:[d]—he, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer,* while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[f] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
CLEO. Ah! stand by.
EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen!
IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

(*) First folio, *his ha's.*

(*) First folio, *them.*

[a] *Both* as *the same,*—] This is oddly expressed. Can "as" be a transcriber's slip for *ag'd?* The context,—"or rather ours *the elder*,"—favours the supposition.

[b] *The* brize—] The *œstrum*, or gad-fly.

[c] — lated—] *Benighted, belated;* as in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace."

[d] Yes, my lord, yes:—] This kind of rejoinder, sometimes in play, sometimes in petulance, is not unfrequent in our old dramas. See note (*), p. 413, Vol. I.

[e] His sword e'en like a dancer,—] See note (2), p. 55, Vol. II.

[f] Dealt on lieutenantry,—] "Dealt on lieutenantry" means, probably, as Steevens conjectured, *fought by proxy:* or it may signify *traded in war's theory:*—"I met just now a usurer, that only *deals upon* ounces."—*The Witty Fair One*, Act V. Sc. 1.

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CLEO. Well then,—sustain me:—O!
EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her, but[a]
Your comfort makes the rescue.
ANT. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS. Sir, the queen.
ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey[b] my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
CLEO. O, my lord, my lord!

[a] — but—] *Unless.*
[b] *How I* convey, &c.] How I *pass by sleight* my shame out of thy sight, in looking another way.

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Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow * me after: o'er my spirit
Thy † full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
CLEO. O, my pardon!
ANT. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
CLEO. Pardon, pardon!
ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates[a]
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;—
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—
Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.(4)
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—Cæsar's *Camp in* Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,‡ *and others.*

CÆS. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
DOL. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:[b]
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.§

CÆS. Approach, and speak.
EUP. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.[c]
CÆS. Be 't so:—declare thine office.
EUP. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle[d] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
CÆS. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there; this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
EUP. Fortune pursue thee!
CÆS. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
[*To* THYREUS.] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: despatch!
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
THYR. Cæsar, I go.
CÆS. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,[e]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
THYR. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
ENO. Think,[f] and die.
CLEO. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
ENO. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled

(*) First folio, *stowe.*
(†) Old text, *The.* Corrected by Theobald.
(‡) Old text, *Thidias*, all through.
(§) First folio, *Ambassador from Antony.*

[a] — rates—] *Counts for, is equivalent to.*
[b] — his schoolmaster:] Euphronius was the tutor of Antony's children by Cleopatra.
[c] *To his grand sea.*] Here, as usual, "*his*" stands for the then rare *its*; and "*its* grand sea" imports the ocean whence the dew-drop was exhaled. See Steevens' note *ad l.* in the *Variorum.*
[d] *The* circle—] The *round and top of sovereignty*, the *diadem.*
[e] *Observe how Antony* becomes his flaw.—] This is not very clear. Johnson explains it, "how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune."
[f] Think, and die.] *Despair* and die. To *take thought* was formerly an expression equivalent to *take to heart*, or *yield to sorrow.* Thus, in "Julius Cæsar," Act II. Sc. 1.—
"—— All that he can do
Is to himself,—*take thought*, and die for Cæsar."

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From that great face of war, whose several ranges[a]
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd[b] his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered[c] question, 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
CLEO. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

ANT. Is that his answer?
EUP. Ay, my lord.
ANT. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she will yield us up.
EUP. He says so.
ANT. Let her know 't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
CLEO. That head, my lord?
ANT. To him again: tell him, he wears the rose [note
Of youth upon him; from which the world should
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.
ENO. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer[d] all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

ATT. A messenger from Cæsar.
CLEO. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
[*Exit* Attendant.
ENO. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.[e]
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly:—yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place[f] i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

CLEO. Cæsar's will?
THYR. Hear it apart.
CLEO. None but friends; say boldly.
THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
ENO. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are; and that is Cæsar's.
THYR. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.*
CLEO. Go on: right royal!
THYR. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
CLEO. O!
THYR. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
CLEO. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
ENO. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for[g]
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.
THYR. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,[h]
The universal landlord.
CLEO. What 's your name?
THYR. My name is Thyreus.
CLEO. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this:—in disputation[i]

[a] *From that great face of war, whose several ranges*—] The commentators, perhaps, have a perception of what this means, since they pass it silently; to us it is inexplicable, and we cannot choose but look on "ranges" as a misprint for the *rages* of grim-visag'd war.

[b] *Have* nick'd—] Have *emasculated*.

[c] The mered *question*,—] Possibly, the *entire*, or *sole* question; but the word reads suspiciously. Johnson suggested, "The *mooted* question," and is followed by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[d] *To suffer*—] The verb is apparently used here in an active sense, meaning to *punish* or *afflict*.

[e] — to square.] *To quarrel*.

[f] — a place—] *A seat of dignity*.

(*) First folio, *Cæsare*. Corrected in the second folio.

[g] — for
Thy dearest quit thee.]
See note (a), p. 550.

[h] And put yourself under his shroud,—] Capell adds, "the great;" Mr. Collier's annotator, "who is."

[i] — in disputation—] Theobald reads, "in *deputation*;" we are of opinion, however, that, as in Act II. Sc. 7, *disposition* was misprinted *disputation*, the reciprocal error has been perpetrated here, and that the poet wrote, "in *disposition*," that is, *in inclination, willingly*.

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I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
THYR. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
CLEO. Your Cæsar's father, oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

ANT. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
THYR. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
ENO. [*Aside to* THYR.] You will be whipp'd.
ANT. Approach, there!—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,[a] kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?*

Enter Attendants.

Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
ENO. [*Aside.*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
ANT. Moon and stars!—
Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?——Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
THYR. Mark Antony,—
ANT. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—this* Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* THYREUS.
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?[b]
CLEO. Good my lord,—
ANT. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on 't!) the wise gods seel[c] our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.
CLEO. O, is 't come to this?
ANT. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though[d] you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
CLEO. Wherefore is this?
ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—

Re-enter Attendants, *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?
1 ATT. Soundly, my lord.
ANT. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 ATT. He did ask favour.
ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say
He makes me angry with him, for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,

(*) Old text, *The.*

[a] — a muss,—] *A scramble.*
[b] — feeders?] An old nickname for servants. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Nice Valour," Act III. Sc. 1,—
"Now servants he has kept, lusty tall *feeders.*"
[c] — seel our eyes;] See note (b), p. 194.
[d] Though—] "Though" carries here the sense of *if*, or even *if.*

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Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me:* urge it thou!
Hence with thy stripes, begone! (5)

[*Exit* THYREUS.

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

CLEO. I must stay his time.

ANT. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[b] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!*
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[c] of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

ANT. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[d] threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There 's hope in 't yet.

CLEO. That 's my brave lord!

ANT. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy* night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls; once more
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

CLEO. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANT. We will yet do well.

CLEO. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all except* ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on* reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *Cæsarian smile.*

* — to quit me:] To *repay*, or *requite* me, for the indignity he receives at my hands.

[b] — *as it* determines,—] As it *melts away.*

[c] — *discandying*—] *Liquefying.* The old copies read *discandering*, "from which corruption," Theobald says, "both Dr. Thirlby and I saw we must retrieve the word with which I have reformed the text."

[d] — *and* fleet,—] That is, *float*, the words of old being synonymous.

* — *one other* gaudy *night:*] A *festival* night; from *gaudium*. "Gaudy days" is still a collegiate term.

(*) First folio, *prayes in reason.*



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, *reading a letter;* Agrippa, Mecænas, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat:
Cæsar to Antony!—Let the old ruffian know,
I have[a] many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction:—never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

[a] I have, &c.] Hanmer reads, "*He hath* many," &c., as Shakespeare would have done had he not mistaken the corresponding passage of his authority, North's Plutarch:—"Antonius sent againe to chalenge Cæsar to fight with him hande to hande. Cæsar answerd him, that he had many other ways to die than so."

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SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
ENO. No.
ANT. Why should he not?
ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
ANT. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight.—Or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again.—Woo 't thou fight well?
ENO. I 'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*
ANT. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.—

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
CLEO. [*Aside to* ENO.] What means this?
ENO. [*Aside to* CLEO.] 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
ANT. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
SERVANTS. The gods forbid!
ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
CLEO. [*Aside to* ENO.] What does he mean?
ENO. [*Aside to* CLEO.] To make his followers weep.
ANT. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!
ENO. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
ANT. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire you [hearts,
To burn this night with torches: know, my
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, *to their guard.*

1 SOLD. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day. [well.
2 SOLD. It will determine one way: fare you
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 SOLD. Nothing. What news?
2 SOLD. Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.
1 SOLD. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 SOLD. Soldiers,
Have careful watch.
3 SOLD. And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first and second go to their posts.*
4 SOLD. Here we: [*Taking their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 SOLD. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*
4 SOLD. Peace! what noise?
1 SOLD. List, list!
2 SOLD. Hark!
1 SOLD. Music i' the air!
3 SOLD. Under the earth!
4 SOLD. It signs* well,
Does 't not?
3 SOLD. No.
1 SOLD. Peace, I say! What should this mean?
2 SOLD. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 SOLD. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
[*They advance to another post.*

* It signs well,—] It is a *good sign*, an *auspicious omen*.

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2 Sold. How now, masters?
Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] How now?
How now? do you hear this?
1 Sold. Ay; is 't not strange?
3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how 't will give off.
Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] Content: 'tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra; Charmian, Iras, *and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

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Enter Eros *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine* iron on:—
If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:—come.
CLEO. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
ANT. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart;—false, false; this, this.
CLEO. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.[a]
ANT. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
EROS. Briefly, sir.
CLEO. Is not this buckled well?
ANT. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: despatch.—O, love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an Officer *armed.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
OFF. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout and flourish of trumpets without.*

Enter other Officers, *and* Soldiers.

2 OFF.† The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
ALL. Good morrow, general.
ANT. 'T is well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, *and* Soldiers.
CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber?
CLEO. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *thine*. Corrected by Johnson.
(†) First folio, *Alex.*

a — thus it must be.] This and the two preceding speeches stand thus in the old copies,—
"CLEO. Nay, Ile helpe too, Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee,"
and were correctly arranged by Hanmer and Malone.

SCENE V.—Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *an* Officer *meeting them.*

OFF.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
ANT. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
OFF.* Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
ANT. Who 's gone this morning?
OFF.* Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
ANT. What say'st thou?
OFF. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
ANT. Is he gone?
OFF. Most certain.
ANT. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
AGR. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *Eros.*

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CÆS. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Antony
Is come into the field.
CÆS. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except* ENOBARBUS.
ENO. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade*
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

SOLD. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
ENO. I give it you.
SOLD. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*
ENO. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O, Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude [heart:
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[a] my
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought[b] will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

AGR. Retire! we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

SCAR. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
ANT. Thou bleed'st apace.
SCAR. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.[c]
ANT. They do retire.
SCAR. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

EROS. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
SCAR. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'T is sport to maul a runner.
ANT. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
SCAR. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and* Forces.

ANT. We have beat him to his camp:—run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.[d]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy* I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the world,

(*) First folio, *dissuade.*

a — blows—] *Swells.*
b — thought—] "*Thought,*" as Malone remarks, "in this passage means *melancholy.*"
c — an H.] The same play (if any were intended here) on H and *ache* occurs in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III. Sc. 4.
d — our gests.—] Our *exploits.* So Theobald. The old copies have, *yours.*
* — fairy—] *Enchantress.*

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Chain mine arm'd neck! leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[a] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!
CLEO. Lord of lords!
O, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
ANT. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.(1)
ANT. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march:
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[b]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's *Camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

1 SOLD. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
2 SOLD. This last day
Was a shrewd one to 's.

[a] — proof of harness—] *Armour of proof.*
[b] — tabourines;] *Tabourines* was another name for drums, and occurs again in "Troilus and Cressida," Act IV. Sc. 5,—"Beat loud the *tabourines*."

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Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 SOLD. What man is this?
2 SOLD. Stand close, and list him.
ENO. Be witness to me, O, thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 SOLD. *Enobarbus!*
3 SOLD. Peace!
Hark further.
ENO. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O, Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive!
O, Antony! O, Antony! [*Dies.*
2 SOLD. Let's speak to him.
1 SOLD. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Cæsar.
3 SOLD. Let's do so. But he sleeps.
1 SOLD. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his was never yet for[a] sleep.
2 SOLD. Go we to him.
3 SOLD. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.
2 SOLD. Hear you, sir?
1 SOLD. The hand of death hath raught him! Hark! the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely[b] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 SOLD. Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.—*Space between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with* Forces *marching.*

ANT. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

SCAR. For both, my lord.
ANT. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given!
They have put forth the haven:—[c]
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with his* Forces *marching.*

CÆS. But[d] being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales!
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

ANT. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*
SCAR. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers[*]
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.
[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

ANT. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost!—Triple-turn'd whore![*] 'tis thou

[a] — for *sleep.*] Another instance, we apprehend, where "for" is either intended to represent *fore*, or has been misprinted instead of that word. See note (f), p. 87, Vol. II.

[b] —— *the drums*
Demurely *wake the sleepers.*]
"Demurely" in this place is more than auspicious. Mr. Collier's annotator conjectures, "*Do surly;*" and Mr. Dyce, "*Do merrily,*" but neither reading is very felicitous.

[c] They have put forth the haven:] We have adopted a suggestion of Mr. Knight in printing the sentence,—
" —— order for sea is given!
They have put forth the haven:"—
parenthetically, though there can be little doubt some words after "*haven*" have been accidentally omitted. Rowe supplied the presumptive deficiency by reading, "Further on;" Capell, by "Hie we on;" Malone, by "Let's seek a spot;" Tyrwhitt, by "Let us go;" and Mr. Dyce, by "Forward now." The last, slightly altered to "*forward then,*" strikes us as preferable to any of the other additions.

[d] But *being charg'd,*—] "But" seems to be used here in its exceptive sense—*unless* or *without.*

[*] Triple-turn'd—] From Julius Cæsar to Cneius Pompey, from Pompey to Antony, and, as he suspects now, from him to Octavius Cæsar.

(*) First folio, *auguries.*

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Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly!
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—bid them all fly! be gone!
[*Exit* SCARUS.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more!
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd* me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all! Betray'd I am:
O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[a]—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[b]
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
CLEO. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
ANT. Vanish! or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;† and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live: but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me:—teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self.[c] The witch shall die!
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't!—Eros, ho!
[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *pannelled*. Corrected by Hanmer.
(†) Old text, *dolts*. Corrected by Warburton.

[a] O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—] Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—

"O, this false *spell* of Egypt, this *great* charm."

Spell is very plausible: but "*great* charm" is infinitely less expressive and appropriate than "*grave* charm," *i.e. pernicious, deadly, fatal* sorceress.

[b] — fast and loose,—] A cheating game similar to what is now called *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*.

[c] *Subdue my* worthiest *self*.] The commentators, excepting Hanmer, have not suspected any corruption here; but would Antony, in this hour of bitter remorse, speak of his "*worthiest self*"? He might have said, "my worthless self;" yet the context, "the witch shall die," makes it more probable he is thinking of Cleopatra, and that what the author wrote was, "Subdue my *worthless elf*." *Elf* being synonymous with witch or fairy.

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly[d]
Was never so emboss'd.*
CHAR. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
CLEO. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
EROS. Ay, noble lord.
ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish; (2)
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs?
They are black vesper's pageants.
EROS. Ay, my lord.
ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
EROS. It does, my lord.
ANT. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

[d] — the boar of Thessaly—] The boar killed by Meleager.

* — emboss'd.] See note (a), p. 228, Vol. I.

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I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar,* and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph!—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
MAR. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
ANT. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
MAR. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, *Antony! most noble Antony!*
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
ANT. Dead, then?
MAR. Dead.
ANT. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep!—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.—[*Exit* MARDIAN.]
Off, pluck off!—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace!—
No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture.—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done!—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

EROS. What would my lord?
ANT. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
EROS. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
ANT. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?
EROS. I would not see 't.
ANT. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
EROS. O, sir, pardon me!
ANT. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
EROS. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
ANT. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*
EROS. My sword is drawn.
ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
EROS. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

(*) First folio, *Cæsars*.



ANT. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.
EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
ANT. Now, Eros.
EROS. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his sword.* thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
ANT. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O, valiant Eros, what [Eros
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 GUARD. What 's the noise?
ANT. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun!
2 GUARD. The star is fall'n!
1 GUARD. And time is at his period.
ALL. Alas, and woe!
ANT. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1 GUARD. Not I.
2 GUARD. Nor I.
3 GUARD. Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.
DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Where 's Antony?
DER. There, Diomed, there.
DIO. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.
ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
DIO. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
ANT. When did she send thee?

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DIO. Now, my lord.
ANT. Where is she?
DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd[a] with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
ANT. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
DIO. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter some of the Guard.

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.
1 GUARD. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
ALL. Most heavy day!
ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XV.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEO. O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.
CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam.
CLEO. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?
DIO. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

CLEO. O, sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!—O, Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;—
Help, friends below;—let 's draw him hither.
ANT. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
CLEO. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
ANT. I am dying,—Egypt,—dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
CLEO. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd[b] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
ANT. O, quick, or I am gone!
CLEO. Here 's sport, indeed![c]—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come!

[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*

And welcome, welcome! die where* thou hast liv'd!
Quicken with kissing! had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
ALL. A heavy sight!
ANT. I am dying,—Egypt,—dying;—
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
CLEO. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,

a — dispos'd *with Cæsar,*—] See note (1), p. 563.
b — brooch'd—] *Adorned, decorated.* So in "Titus Andronicus," Act I. Sc. 1,—
"Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To *beautify* thy triumphs—"
c Here 's sport, indeed!] The pathos of this exclamation, so piteous in the contrast it implies between the fallen queen's present occupation and the diversions of her happier times, is quite lost on Mr. Collier's unsusceptible commentator, who coolly reads, "Here 's *port*, indeed."]

(*) Old text, *when.*

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That the false housewife, Fortune,[a] break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
ANT. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
CLEO. They do not go together.
ANT. Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
CLEO. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
ANT. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off[b] my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd.[13] Now, my spirit is going;—
I can no more.—
CLEO. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
[ANTONY *dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt!—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war!
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable[c]
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*
CHAR. O, quietness, lady!
IRAS. She is dead too, our sovereign!
CHAR. Lady!—
IRAS. Madam!—
CHAR. O madam, madam, madam!—
IRAS. Royal Egypt!
Empress!—
CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras! [commanded
CLEO. No more, but e'en* a woman, and
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel.—All's but nought;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women? [Charmian!
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now,
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs,[d] take heart:— [noble,
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:—
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.—
Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *body.*

[a] —housewife, *Fortune,*—] "Housewife" is here used in the loose sense, which it often bore, of *hussy*, or *harlot*. So in "Henry V." Act V. Sc. 1, Pistol asks,—"Doth Fortune play the *huswife* with me now?"

[b] —— and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—]
Thus the *textus receptus*, but perhaps we ought to read,—
"—— and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly, *but doff* my helmet to
My countryman," &c.

[c] *And there is nothing left* remarkable—] In Shakespeare's time, the word "remarkable" bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us. It then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon.

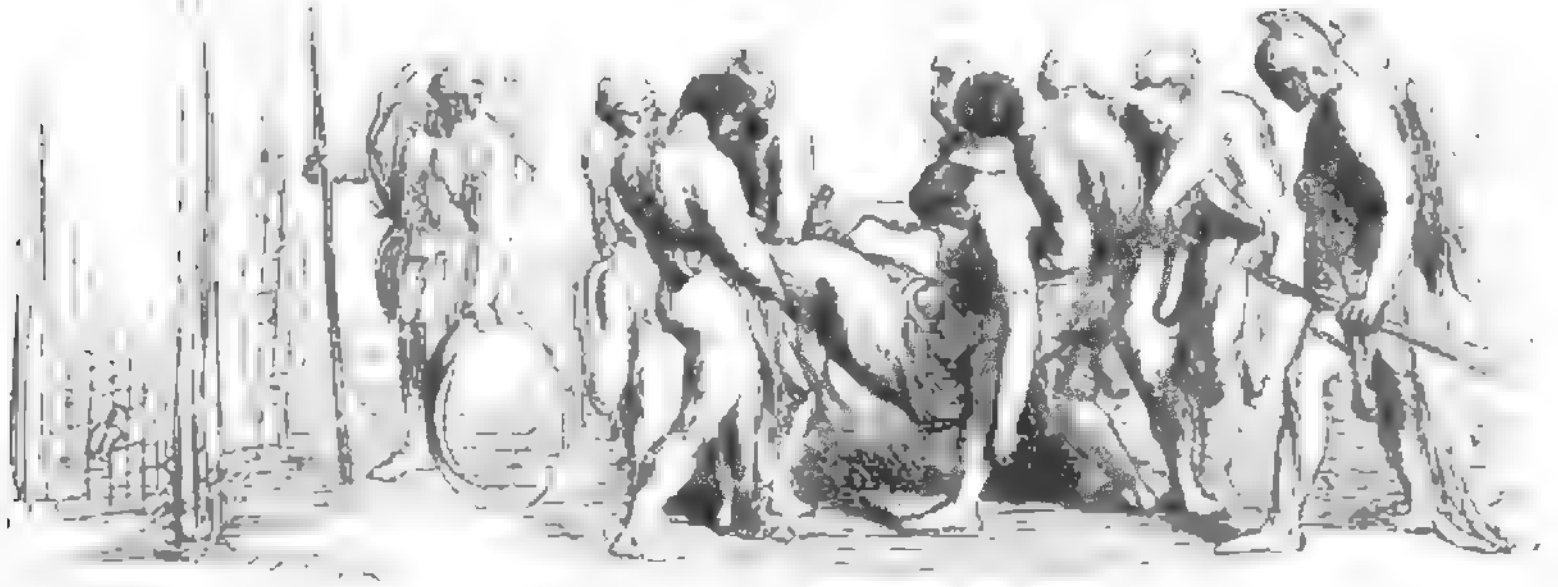
[d] Good sirs, *take heart.*—] Mr. Dyce has shown that this form of addressing women was not unusual; and, consequently, that the modern stage direction here, "[To the Guard below,]" is improper. Thus, as quoted by Mr. Dyce from Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Coxcomb," Act IV. Sc. 3, the mother, speaking to Viola, Nan, and Madge, says,—

"*Sirs*, to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir herself," &c.

Again, as quoted by Mr. Dyce from the same authors' "A King and No King," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
Pan. Sirs, leave me all.
[Exeunt *Waiting-women.*

(*) First folio, *in*, corrected by Capell.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,* tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter Dercetas, *with the sword of* Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O, Cæsar, Antony is dead!
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make

* Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.)
Malone reads, "— tell him, he mocks *us by*—" &c. Steevens proposed, *frustrated*, or to read,—
"—— tell him *that* he mocks —" &c.
Mr. Collier's annotator,—
"—— tell him, that he mocks us
By—"
and Mr. Sidney Walker would adhere to the old text, but, as was not unusual with the poet's contemporaries, pronounce "frustrate" trisyllabically.

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A greater crack: the round world[a]
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
DER. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it, stain'd
With his most noble blood.
CÆS. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
AGR.[a] And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
MEC. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
AGR.[†] A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.—Cæsar is touch'd.
MEC. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
CÆS. O, Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season;
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
MESS. A poor Egyptian yet.[b] The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.
CÆS. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live[c]
To be ungentle.
MESS. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
CÆS. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
PRO. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
CÆS. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit* GALLUS.
Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
AGR., MEC. Dolabella!
CÆS. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEO. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,[c]
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

PRO. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;

(*) First folio, *Del.* (†) First folio, *Del.*

[a] —the round world—] Something has evidently been lost here.

[b] yet.] That is, *now*.

[c] —— *and never palates more the* dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.]

(*) Old text, *leave*. Corrected by Southern.

In the old copies we have,—
"—— and never palates more the *dung*," &c.
an obvious misprint, though not wanting defenders, which was corrected by Warburton.

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And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
CLEO. What's thy name?
PRO. My name is Proculeius.
CLEO. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
PRO. Be of good cheer;
You 're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
CLEO. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
PRO. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.
GAL.[a] You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
[*Here* PROCULEIUS *and two of the* Guard *ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the* Guard *unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.
[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the* Guard. *Exit.*
IRAS. Royal queen!
CHAR. O, Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
CLEO. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
CLEO. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
PRO. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLEO. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
PRO. O, temperance, lady!
CLEO. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,[b]
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chástis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! Rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
PRO. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for[c] the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
PRO. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you 'll employ me to him.
CLEO. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and* Soldiers.
DOL. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
CLEO. I cannot tell.
DOL. Assuredly, you know me.
CLEO. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.—
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?
DOL. I understand not, madam.
CLEO. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
DOL. If it might please ye,—
CLEO. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

[a] GAL.] The prefix in the first folio is "Pro.:" in the second, "Char." Malone first assigned the speech to Gallus, and added the stage direction which follows.

[b] *If idle talk will once be* accessary,—] We adopt here Hanmer's substitution "accessary" in place of *necessary*, the reading of the old copies. The sense is plainly,—"I'll neither eat nor drink, and, if idle talk will, *for the nonce*, be assistant, I'll not sleep."

[c] —for the queen,—] The second folio reads, "*as* for"

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A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O,[a] the earth.
DOL. Most sovereign creature,—
CLEO. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn* 't was,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[b] dropp'd from his pocket.
DOL. Cleopatra,—
CLEO. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?
DOL. Gentle madam, no.
CLEO. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie[c] strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.[d]
DOL. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites†
My very heart at root.
CLEO. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
DOL. I am loth to tell you what I would you know.
CLEO. Nay, pray you, sir,—
DOL. Though he be honourable,—
CLEO. He 'll lead me, then, in triumph?
DOL. Madam, he will; I know 't.
[*Flourish without.*
Without. Make way there,—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

CÆS. Which is the queen of Egypt?
DOL. It is the emperor, madam.
[CLEOPATRA *kneels.*

CÆS. Arise, you shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
CLEO. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
CLEO. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
CÆS. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.
CLEO. And may, through all the world: 't is yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
CÆS. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
CLEO. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus?
SEL. Here, madam.
CLEO. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
SEL. Madam,
I had rather seal* my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
CLEO. What have I kept back?
SEL. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
CÆS. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
CLEO. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.

(*) First folio, *Antony*. Corrected by Theobald.
(†) Old text, *smites*. Corrected by Capell.

[a] *The little* O,—] The little *orb*, *circlet*, or *round*.
[b] — plates—] *Silver* coin.
[c] To vie—] *To vie* was a term at cards, and meant, particularly, to increase the stakes, and, generally, to challenge any one to a *contention*, *bet*, *wager*, &c.
[d] Condemning shadows quite.] We are not sure of having mastered the sense of this, or indeed that the text exhibits precisely what Shakespeare wrote, but the meaning apparently is. "— Nature lacks material to compete with fancy in unwonted shapes, yet the conception of an Antony was a masterpiece of Nature over fancy, abasing phantoms quite."
[e] — seal *my lips*,—] The old reading is, "*seele* my lippes," but here there is no allusion to the practice of *seeling* a hawk's *eyes*, as some editors suppose; to *seal* one's lips was a familiar expression ages before Shakespeare lived.

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The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild :—O, slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee ; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog !
O, rarely base !
CÆS. Good queen, let us entreat you.
CLEO. O, Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek,—that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[a] friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—Pr'ythee, go hence ;
[*To* SELEUCUS.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance :—wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit* SELEUCUS.
CLEO. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits[b] in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
CÆS. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest :(1) still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons ; no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so adieu.
CLEO. My master, and my lord !
CÆS. Not so. Adieu.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his* Train.

CLEO. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.
IRAS. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
CLEO. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.
CHAR. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Where is the queen ?
CHAR. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
CLEO. Dolabella !
DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
CLEO. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
DOL. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.
CLEO. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOL.
Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
IRAS. The gods forbid !
CLEO. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras :—saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune : the quick[c] comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
IRAS. O, the good gods !
CLEO. Nay, that 's certain.
IRAS. I 'll never see 't ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
CLEO. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd[d] intents.—

a — modern *friends*—] *Ordinary, common* friends.
b — merits—] "Merits" is here employed for *demerits* or deserts.

c — *the* quick *comedians*—] The *lively, quick-witted* comedians.
d — absurd *intents.*—] Theobald has, " — *assur'd* intents."

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Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all. [*Exit* IRAS.
Wherefore 's this noise? [*A noise without.*

Enter one of the Guard.

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

CLEO. Let him come in. What poor an instrument[a] [*Exit* Guard.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty!
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with* Clown, *bringing in a basket.*

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEO. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

[a] What poor an instrument—] See note (b), p. 127, Vol. II.

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CLEO. Get thee hence: farewell.

CLOWN. I wish you all joy of the worm.

CLEO. Farewell. [Clown *sets down the basket.*

CLOWN. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEO. Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEO. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEO. Will it eat me?

CLOWN. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEO. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

CLEO. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath:—husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*[a]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

CLEO. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, *Ass Unpolicied!*

CHAR. O, eastern star!

CLEO. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHAR. O, break! O, break!

CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

CHAR. In this vile* world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd!—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown 's awry;†
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 GUARD. Where is the queen?

CHAR. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 GUARD. Cæsar hath sent—

CHAR. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 GUARD. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 GUARD. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; —call him.

1 GUARD. What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?

CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.(2)
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. How goes it here?

2 GUARD. All dead.

DOL. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

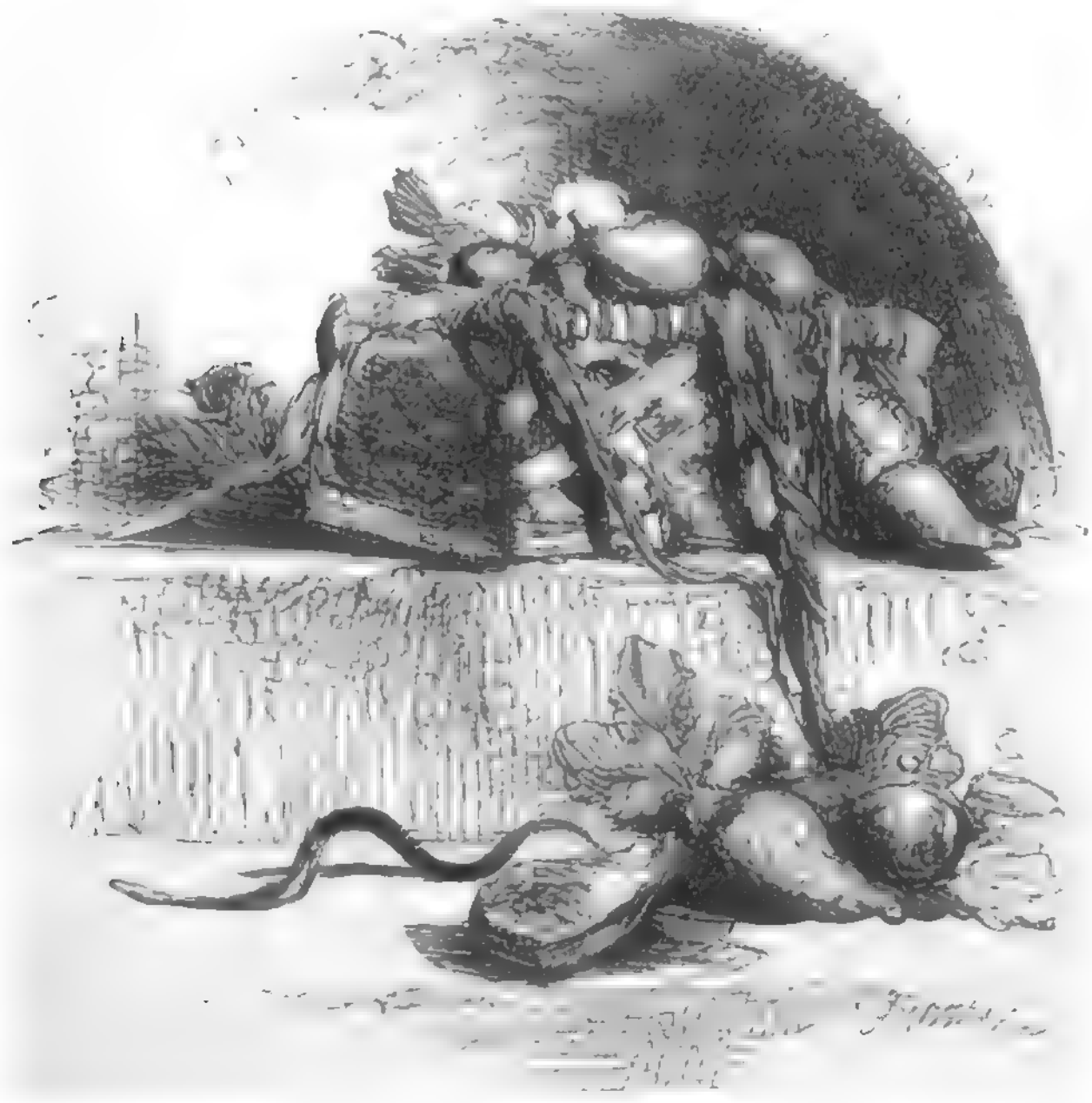
[a] [IRAS *falls and dies.*] "Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon."—STEEVENS.

(*) Old text, *wilde*. Corrected by Capell.
(†) Old text, *awry*. Corrected by Pope.

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Re-enter CÆSAR *and* Attendants.

DOL. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear is done.
CÆS. Bravest at the last!
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
DOL. Who was last with them?
1 GUARD. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
CÆS. Poison'd then.
1 GUARD. O, Cæsar!
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
CÆS. O, noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
DOL. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 GUARD. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
CÆS. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people.]

The extracts selected for the illustration of this tragedy are, with two exceptions, taken from the biography of Antonius in North's translation of Plutarch.

"*Plato* writeth that there are foure kinds of flatterie: but *Cleopatra* devided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have *Antonius* at commandement, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drinke with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activitie of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and downe the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens windowes and their shops, and scold and braule with them within the house, *Cleopatra* would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and downe the streets with him, so that oftentimes *Antonius* bare away both mocks and blowes. Now though most men misliked this maner, yet the ALEXANDRIANS were commonly glad of this iolitie, and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely: that *Antonius* shewed them a comicall face, to wit, a merie countenance: and the ROMAINES a tragicall face, to say, a grimme look."

(2) SCENE II.—*Fulvia thy wife is dead.*] "Now *Antonius* delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill newes were brought him from two places. The first from ROME, that his brother *Lucius* and *Fulvia* his wife, fell out first betweene themselves, and afterwards fell to open warre with *Cæsar*, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to flie out of ITALY. The second newes, as bad as the first: that *Labienus* conquered all ASIA with the army of the PARTHIANS, from the river of Euphrates, and from SYRIA, unto the country of LYDIA and IONIA. Then began *Antonius* with much ado, a litle to rouze himselfe, as if he had bene wakened out of a deepe sleepe, and as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkennesse. So, first of all he bent himselfe against the PARTHIANS, and went as farre as the country of PHOENICIA: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife *Fulvia*. Wherupon he straight returned towards ITALIE, with two hundred saile: and as he went, tooke up his friends by the way that fled out of ITALIE to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife *Fulvia* was the only cause of this war: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troblesome nature, had purposely raised this uprore in ITALIE, in hope thereby to withdraw him from *Cleopatra*. But by good fortune his wife *Fulvia* going to meet with *Antonius*, sickned by the way, and died in the city of SICYONE."

(3) SCENE IV.—

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on.]

"*Antonius* flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once: but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity, and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by vertue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much lesse to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to y^e^ contrary, they yeeld to their accustomed easie life, and through faint heart, and lacke of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers, to see *Antonius* that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots: and moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes, they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE II.—

For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.]

"Thereupon every man did set forward this mariage, hoping thereby that this lady *Octavia*, having an excellent grace, wisdome and honesty, ioyned unto so rare a beauty, when she were with *Antonius* (he loving her as so worthy a Lady deserveth) she should be a good meane to keepe good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when *Cæsar* and he had made the match between them, they both went to ROME about this mariage, although it was against the law, that a widow should be maried within ten moneths after her husbands death. Howbeit the Senate dispensed with the law, and so the mariage proceeded accordingly."

(2) SCENE II.—

—— *to the air; which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.]

"The manner how he fell in love with her was this. *Antonius* going to make war with the PARTHIANS, sent to command *Cleopatra* to appeare personally before him when he came into CILICIA, to answer unto such accusations as

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were laid against her, being this: that she had aided *Cassius* and *Brutus* in their war against him. The messenger sent unto *Cleopatra* to make this summons unto her, was called *Dellius*; who when he had throughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetnesse of her tong, he nothing mistrusted that *Antonius* would do any hurt to so noble a Lady, but rather assured himself, that within few daies she should be in great favour with him. Therupon he did her great honor, and perswaded her to come into CILICIA, as honourably furnished as she could possible; and bad her not to be affraid at all of *Antonius*, for he was a more courteous Lord, then any that she had ever seene. *Cleopatra* on the other side beleeving *Dellius* words, and guessing by the former accesse and credit she had with *Iulius Cæsar* and *C. Pompey* (the son of *Pompey* the Great) only for her beauty, she began to have good hope that she might more easily win *Antonius*. For *Cæsar* and *Pompey* knew her when she was but a yong thing, and knew not then what the world meant: but now she went to *Antonius* at the age when a womans beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgement. So she furnished her selfe with a world of gifts, store of gold & silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy & riche a realme as ÆGYPT was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherin she trusted more then in her selfe, and in the charmes and inchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by diverse letters, both from *Antonius* himselfe, and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poope whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the oares of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, cithernes, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe, she was layed under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddesse *Venus*, commonly drawne in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as Painters do set foorth god *Cupid*, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and Gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nimphes *Nereides* (which are the Mermaides of the waters) & like the *Graces*; some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river side: others also ranne out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that *Antonius* was left post alone in the market place, in his Imperiall seate to give audience: and there went a rumour in the peoples mouthes, that the goddesse *Venus* was come to play with the god *Bacchus* for the generall good of all ASIA. When *Cleopatra* landed, *Antonius* sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him worde againe, he should do better rather to come and suppe with her, *Antonius* therefore to shew himselfe courteous unto her at her arrivall, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can expresse it."

(3) SCENE III.—

—— and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.]

"With *Antonius* there was a soothsayer or astronomer of EGYPT, that coulde cast a figure and judge of mens nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please *Cleopatra*, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told *Antonius* plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether bleamished and obscured by *Cæsars* fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy *Demon*, said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that kepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being corragious and high when he is alone, becommeth fearefull and timerous when he cometh neare unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the ÆGYPTIANS words true: for it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who shold have any thing, or whether they plaid at dice, *Antonius* alwayes lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, *Cæsars* cocks or quailes did ever overcome. The which spited *Antonius* in his mind, although he made no outward shew of it: and therfore he beleeved the ÆGYPTIAN the better. In fine, he recommended the affaires of his house unto *Cæsar*, and went out of ITALY with *Octavia* his wife, whom he caried into GREECE after he had had a daughter by her."

(4) SCENE V.—

'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; &c.]

"But to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, revelling in this sort, it were too fond a part of me, and therefore I will onely tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angrie as could be, because *Cleopatra* stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his booke which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling rod, & brought up a fish twise or thrise. *Cleopatra* found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by her selfe among her owne people, she told them how it was, & bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher boates to see this fishing. *Antonius* then threw in his line, and *Cleopatra* straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before *Antonius* men, & to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of PONT. When he had hung the fish on his booke, *Antonius* thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a laughing. *Cleopatra* laughing also, said unto him: Leave us (my Lord) ÆGYPTIANS (which dwell in the country of PHARUS and CANOBUS) your angling rod: this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of Realmes and countries."

(5) SCENE VII.—*They take the flow o' the Nile.*] It has been suggested that Shakespeare derived his information on this subject from Philemon's translation of Pliny's Natural History, 1601:—"How high it [the Nile] riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage the waters overflow not at all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The provence taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher then 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 feeleth hunger still; 14 cubites comforts their heart, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed."

(6) SCENE VII.—

—— Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: &c.]

"*Sextus Pompeius* at that time kept in SICILIA, and so made many an inrode into ITALY with a great number of pinnaces and other pirates shippes, of the which were Captaines two notable pirates, *Menas* and *Menecrates*, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peepe out with a saile. Furthermore, *Sextus Pompeius* had dealt very friendly with *Antonius*, for he had courteously re-

ceived his mother when she fled out of ITALY with *Fulvia:* and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of MISENA, upon a hill that runneth farre into the sea: *Pompey* having his shippes riding hard by at anker, and *Antonius* and *Cæsar* their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that *Sextus Pompeius* should have SICILE and SARDINIA, with this condition, that he should ridde the sea of all theeves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withall, that he should send a certaine of wheat to ROME: one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was *Pompeius* chance to invite them first. Whereupon *Antonius* asked him: And where shall we suppe? There, said *Pompey;* and shewed him his Admirall gallie which had sixe bankes of oares: That (said he) is my fathers house they have left me. He spake it to taunt *Antonius*, because he had his fathers house, that was *Pompey* the Great. So he cast ankers enow into the sea, to make his gally fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheare. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be mery with *Antonius* love unto *Cleopatra*, *Menas* the pirate came to *Pompey*, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: Shall I cut the cables of the ankers, & make thee Lord not only of SICILE & SARDINIA, but of the whole Empire of ROME besides? *Pompey* having paused a while upon it, at length answered him: Thou shouldest have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for my selfe, I was never taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor."

ACT III.

(1) SCENE VI.—

—— she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd.]

"But the greatest cause of their malice unto him, was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of ALEXANDRIA. And to confesse a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the ROMAINES. For he assembled all the people in the shew place, where yong men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunall silvered, he set two chaires of gold, the one for himself, and the other for *Cleopatra*, and lower chaires for his children, then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish *Cleopatra* Queene of ÆGYPT, of CYPRUS, of LYDIA, and of the lower SYRIA; and at that time also *Cæsarion* king of the same Realmes. This *Cæsarion* was supposed to be the son of *Julius Cæsar*, who had left *Cleopatra* great with child. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her, the kings of kings, and gave *Alexander* for his portion, ARMENIA, MEDIA, and PARTHIA, when he had conquered the country; and unto *Ptolomy* for his portion, PHENICIA, SYRIA, and CICILIA. And therewithall he brought out *Alexander* in a long gowne after the fashion of the MEDES with a high coptanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the MEDES and ARMENIANS do use to weare them: & *Ptolomy* apparelled in a cloake after the MACEDONIAN maner, with slippers on his feet and a broad hat, with a royall band or diademe. Such was the apparell and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of *Alexander* the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of ARMENIAN souldiers set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of MACEDONIANS the other. Now for *Cleopatra*, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times else when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddess *Isis*, and so gave audience unto all her subiects, as a new *Isis*."

(2) SCENE VI.—

—— whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.]

"There his wife *Octavia* that came out of GREECE with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. *Octavia* at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put her self in iourny, and met with her brother *Octavius Cæsar* by the way, who brought his two chiefe friends, *Mæcenas* and *Agrippa* with him. She tooke them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched & unfortunatest creature of all other. For now, said she, every mans eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the Emperours, and wife of the other. And if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid) and that they grow to warres: for your selves, it is uncertaine to which of them two the gods have assigned the victorie or overthrow. But for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

(3) SCENE VII.—

—— do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds?]

"Now as he was setting his men in order of battell, there was a Captaine, a valiant man, that had served *Antonius* in many battels and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut: who, as *Antonius* passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: O noble Emperour, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? let the ÆGYPTIANS and PHOENICIANS fight by sea, and set us on the maine land, where we use to conquer, or to be slaine on our feete. *Antonius* passed by him and said never a word, but onely beckened to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himselfe. For when the masters of the galleys and pilots would have let their sailes alone, he made them clap them on; saying to colour y^e^ matter withal, that not one of his enemies should scape."

(4) SCENE XI.—

—— Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.]

"There *Antonius* shewed plainly, that he had not onely lost the courage and heart of an Emperour, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his owne man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soule of a lover lived in another body, and not in his owne;) he was so caried away with the vaine love of this woman, as if he had bene glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw *Cleopatraes* ship under saile, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and imbarked upon a galley with five bankes of oares, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be

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his utter destruction. When she knew his galley a farre off, she lift up a signe in the poope of her ship; and so *Antonius* comming to it, was pluckt up where *Cleopatra* was: howbeit he saw her not at his first comming, nor she him, but went and sate downe alone in the prow of his ship, and said never a word, clapping his head betweene both his hands. In the meane time came certaine light brigantines of *Cæsars*, that followed him hard. So *Antonius* straight turned the prow of his ship, and presently put the rest to flight, saving one *Eurycles* a LACEDÆMONIAN, that followed him neare, and pressed upon him with great courage, shaking a dart in his hand over the prow, as though he would have throwne it unto *Antonius*. *Antonius* seeing him, came to the fore-castell of his ship, and asked him what he was that durst follow *Antonius* so neare? I am, answered he, *Eurycles* the son of *Lachares*, who through *Cæsars* good fortune seeketh to revenge the death of my father. This *Lachares* was condemned of felonie, and beheaded by *Antonius*. But yet *Eurycles* durst not venture upon *Antonius* ship, but set upon the other Admirall galley (for there were two:) and fell upon him with such a blow of his brazen spurre that was so heavy and bigge, that he turned her round, and tooke her, with another that was loden with very rich stuffe and cariage. After *Eurycles* had left *Antonius*, he turned againe to his place, and sate downe, speaking never a word, as he did before: and so lived three dayes alone, without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of Tenarus, there *Cleopatraes* women first brought *Antonius* and *Cleopatra* to speake together, and afterwards to sup and lie together. Then began there againe a great number of merchants ships to gather about them, and some of their friends that had escaped from this overthrow, who brought newes, that his army by sea was overthrowne, but that they thought the army by land was yet whole."

(5) SCENE XIII.—*Hence with thy stripes, begone!*] "Furthermore, *Cæsar* would not grant unto *Antonius* requests: but for *Cleopatra*, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put *Antonius* to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent *Thyreus* one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man: who bringing letters of credite from a young Lord unto a noble Ladie, and that besides greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have perswaded her. He was longer in talke with her then any man else was, and the Queene her selfe also did him great honour: insomuch as he made *Antonius* jealous of him. Whereupon *Antonius* caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto *Cæsar*: and bad him tell him, that he made him angrie with him, because he shewed himselfe proud and disdainefull towards him; and now specially, when he was easie to be angred, by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he) thou hast *Hipparchus* one of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth *Cleopatra*, to cleare her selfe of the suspition he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanely and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keepe it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousnes and magnificence: so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poore, went away rich."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE VIII.—

I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.]

"Then he came againe to the pallace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed *Cleopatra*, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of armes unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. *Cleopatra* to reward his manlinesse, gave him an armor and head peece of cleane gold: howbeit the man at armes when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night and went to *Cæsar*. *Antonius* sent again to challenge *Cæsar*, to fight with him hande to hande. *Cæsar* aunswered him, That he had many other waies to dye then so. Then *Antonius* seeing there was no way more honorable for him to dye, then fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper (as is reported) he commaunded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his boord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as muche of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall do so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so: to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it that he would leade them to battell, where he thought rather safely to returne with victory, then valiantly to die with honour. Further more the selfe same night within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of feare and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre, it is said, that sodainly they heard a marvellous sweete harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had been dauncing, and had sung as they use in Bacchus feastes."

(2) SCENE XIV.—*Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish.*]
To the instances of a similar thought, which are given in the *Variorum*, may be added the following, from a curious black-letter volume, entitled "A most pleasant Prospect into the Garden of Naturall Contemplation, to behold the Naturall Causes of all Kind of Meteors: &c. &c. by W. Fulke, Doctor of Divinitie. 1602." "Flying Dragons, or as Englishmen call them, fire-Drakes, be caused on this maner. When a certayne quantitie of vapors are gathered together on a heap being very neere compact, and as it were hard tempered together, this lump of vapors ascending to y^e^ region of cold, is forcibly beaten backe, which violence of moving is sufficient to kindle it (although some men wil have it to be caused between 2 cloudes, a hote and a cold) then the highest part which was climing upward, being by reason more subtil and thin, appeareth as the Dragon's neck, smoking, for y^t^ it was lately in the repulse bowed or made crooked, to represent the Dragon's belly. The last part by y^e^ same repulse, turned upward, maketh the tayle, both appearing smaller, for y^t^ it is further off, and also for that the cold bindeth it. This Dragon being thus caused, flieth along in y^e^ ayre, and sometime turneth to and fro, if it meet with a cold cloud to beat it back, to y^e^ great terrour of them that behold it, of whome some call it a fire Drake: some say it is the Devill himselfe, and so make report to other. More than 17 yeeres agoe, on May day, when many young folke went abroad early in the morning, I remember, by sixe of the clocke in the forenoone, there was newes came to London, that the Devill, the same morning, was seene flying over the Temmes: afterward came word, that hee lighted at Stratford, and was there taken and set in the Stockes, and that though he would have dissembled the matter, by turning himselfe into the like resse of a man, yet was hee knowne well yenough by his cloven feete. I knew some then living, that went to see him, and returning,

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affirmed, that hee was indeede seene flying in the ayre, but was not taken prisoner. I remember also, that some wished he had bene shot at with Gunnes or shafts, as hee flew over the Temmes. Thus doe ignorant men iudge of these things that they know not. As for this Divell, I suppose it was a flying Dragon, whereof wee speake, verie fearfull to looke upon, as though hee had life, because hee moveth, whereas hee is nothing else but clowdes and smoake, so mightie is God, that hee can feare his enemies with these and such like operations, whereof some examples may bee found in holy Scripture."

(3) SCENE XV.—

——*a Roman by a Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd.]

"Then she being affraid of his furie, fled into the tombe which he had caused to be made, and there she locked the doores unto her, & shut all the springs of the lockes with great bolts, and in the meane time sent unto *Antonius* to tell him, that she was dead. *Antonius* beleeving it, said unto himselfe: What doest thou looke for further, *Antonius*, sith spitefull fortune hath taken from thee the only ioy thou haddst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber & unarmed himself, & being naked, said thus: O *Cleopatra*, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I wil not be long from thee: but I am sory, that having bene so great a Captaine & Emperor, I am indeed condemned to be iudged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman. Now he had a man of his called *Eros*, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare unto him, that he should kill him when he did command him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had ment to have stricken his master: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himselfe, and fell downe dead at his masters foote, Then said *Antonius*: O noble *Eros*, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell downe upon a little bed. The wound he had, killed him not presently, for the bloud stinted a litle when he was laide: and when he came somewhat to himselfe againe, he prayed them that were about him, to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out tormenting himselfe: untill at the last there came a Secretarie unto him (called *Diomedes*) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where *Cleopatra* was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carie his body thither, and so he was caried in his mens armes into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, *Cleopatra* would not open the gates, but came to the high windowes, and cast out certaine chaines and ropes, in the which *Antonius* was trussed: and *Cleopatra* her owne selfe, with two women onely, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised *Antonius* up. They that were present to behold it, said they never saw so pitifull a sight. For they plucked up poore *Antonius* all bloudie as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding up his hands to *Cleopatra*, raised up himselfe as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up: but *Cleopatra* stooping down with her head, putting too all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the helpe of the women beneath that had her be of good courage, & were as sory to see her labour so, as she her selfe. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomacke. Then she dried up his bloud that had bewrayed his face, & called him her Lord, her husband, & Emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity, for the pity and compassion she took of him. *Antonius* made her ceasse her lamenting, & called for wine, either because he was a thirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her, that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproch & dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust *Proculeius* above any man else about *Cæsar*. And as for himselfe, that she should not lament nor sorow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his daies: but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes and honors he had received; considering that while he lived, he was the noblest & greatest Prince of the world; and that now, he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a ROMAINE by another ROMAINE."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest.]

"At length, she gave him a briefe and memoriall of all the ready mony and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one *Seleucus* by, one of her Treasurers, who to seeme, a good servant, came straight to *Cæsar* to disprove *Cleopatra*, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. *Cleopatra* was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and tooke him by the haire of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. *Cæsar* fell a laughing & parted the fray. Alas, said she, O *Cæsar:* is not this a great shame and reproch, that thou having vouchsafed to take the paines to come unto me, and done me this honor, poore wretch, & caitife creature, brought into this pitifull and miserable state: and that mine owne servants should come now to accuse me: though it may be I have reserved some iewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poore soule) to set out my selfe withall, but meaning to give some pretie presents and gifts unto *Octavias* and *Livia*, that they making meane and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me. *Cæsar* was glad to heare her say so, perswading himselfe thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure, which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully, then she would thinke for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himselfe."

(2) SCENE II.—

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.]

"There was a yong Gentleman *Cornelius Dolabella*, that was one of *Cæsars* very great familiars, and besides did beare no ill will unto *Cleopatra*. He sent her word secretly (as she had requested him) that *Cæsar* determined to take his iourny through SYRIA, & that within three daies he would send her away before with her children. When this was told *Cleopatra*, she requested *Cæsar* that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead, unto the soule of *Antonius*. This being granted her, she was caried to the place where his tombe

was, and there falling downe on her knees, embracing the tombe with her women, the teares running downe her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: O my deare Lord *Antonius*, it is not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman: & now I offer unto thee the funerall sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murthering this captive body of mine with blowes, which they carefully guard and keepe, onely to triumph of thee: looke therefore henceforth for no other honors, offerings, nor sacrifices from me: for these are the last which *Cleopatra* can give thee, sith now they carie her away. Whilest we lived together, nothing could sever our companies: but now at our death, I feare me they will make us change our countries. For as thou being a ROMAIN, hast bene buried in ÆGYPT: even so wretched creature I an ÆGYPTIAN, shall be buried in ITALY, which shall be all the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power & authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be caried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one selfe tombe with thee. For though my griefes and miseries be infinit, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could lesse beare withall, then this small time which I have bene driven to live alone without thee. Then having ended these dolefull plaints, and crowned the tombe with garlands & sundry nosegayes, and marvellous lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath; and when she had bathed and washed herselfe, she fell to her meate, and was sumptuously served. Now whilest she was at dinner, there came a countriman and brought her a basket. The souldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and tooke out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figges. The countrieman laughed to heare them, and bad them take some if they would. They beleeved he told them truly, and so bad him carie them in. After *Cleopatra* had dined, she sent a certaine table written and sealed unto *Cæsar*, and commanded them all to go out of the tombes where she was, but the two women: then she shut the doores to her. *Cæsar* when he received this table, and began to reade her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with *Antonius*, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himselfe: howbeit, he sent one before in all hast that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sodaine: for those whom *Cæsar* sent unto her, ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doores, they found *Cleopatra* starke dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called *Iras*, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called *Charmion*) half dead, & trembling, trimming the Diademe which *Cleopatra* wore upon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: Is that well done *Charmion*? Very well, said she againe, and meete for a Princesse descended from the race of so many noble Kings: she said no more, but fel down dead hard by the bed."

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA' may, in some measure, be considered as a continuation of 'Julius Cæsar:' the two principal characters of Antony and Augustus are equally sustained in both pieces. 'Antony and Cleopatra' is a play of great extent; the progress is less simple than in 'Julius Cæsar.' The fulness and variety of political and warlike events, to which the union of the three divisions of the Roman world under one master necessarily gave rise, were perhaps too great to admit of being clearly exhibited in one dramatic picture. In this consists the great difficulty of the historical drama:—it must be a crowded extract, and a living development of history;—the difficulty, however, has generally been successfully overcome by Shakspeare. But now many things, which are transacted in the background, are here merely alluded to, in a manner which supposes an intimate acquaintance with the history; but a work of art should contain, within itself, everything necessary for its being fully understood. Many persons of historical importance are merely introduced in passing; the preparatory and concurring circumstances are not sufficiently collected into masses to avoid distracting our attention. The principal personages, however, are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination. In Antony we observe a mixture of great qualities, weaknesses, and vices; violent ambition and ebullitions of magnanimity; we see him now sinking into luxurious enjoyment, and then nobly ashamed of his own aberrations,—manning himself to resolutions not unworthy of himself, which are always shipwrecked against the seductions of an artful woman. It is Hercules in the chains of Omphale, drawn from the fabulous heroic ages into history, and invested with the Roman costume. The seductive arts of Cleopatra are in no respect veiled over; she is an ambiguous being made up of royal pride, female vanity, luxury, inconstancy, and true attachment. Although the mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, it still excites our sympathy as an insurmountable fascination:—they seem formed for each other, and Cleopatra is as remarkable for her seductive charms, as Antony for the splendour of his deeds. As they die for each other, we forgive them for having lived for each other. The open and lavish character of Antony is admirably contrasted with the heartless littleness of Octavius, whom Shakspeare seems to have completely seen through, without allowing himself to be led astray by the fortune and the fame of Augustus."—SCHLEGEL.

"The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the 'Antony and Cleopatra' is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello.' *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style, comparatively with that of Shakspeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

"This play should be perused in mental contrast with 'Romeo and Juliet,'—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially,—that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays, 'Antony and Cleopatra' is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much,—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakspeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene; and if you would feel the judgment as well as the genius of Shakspeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's 'All for Love.'"—COLERIDGE.

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TITUS
ANDRONICUS

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

That Shakespeare had some share in the composition of this revolting tragedy, the fact of its appearance in the list of pieces ascribed to him by Meres, and its insertion by Heminge and Condell in the folio collection of 1623, forbids us to doubt. He may, in the dawning of his dramatic career, have written a few of the speeches, and have imparted vigour and more rhythmical freedom to others; he may have been instrumental also in putting the piece upon the stage of the company to which he then belonged; but that he had any hand in the story, or in its barbarous characters and incidents, we look upon as in the highest degree improbable. Upon this point, indeed, all his editors, from Rowe to Dyce, with the exception of Capell, Collier, and Knight, appear to be of one mind.

"On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this [*Titus Andronicus*] into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told' (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687) 'by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.' * * * * *

"To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.*, *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint."—Malone.

Langbaine, in his *Account of English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, says this tragedy "was first printed, 4to. Lond. 1594;" and as the Stationers' Registers show an entry made by John Danter, Feb. 6th, 1593-4, of "A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus," he

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is probably correct, though the only quarto editions at present known are of 1600 and 1611. Of its origin and date of production we know but little. When registering his claim to the "Historye of Tytus Andronicus," Danter coupled with it "the ballad thereof," and this ballad, which will be found among the Comments at the end of the piece, was at one time supposed to be the basis of the drama. It is now a moot point whether the play was founded on the ballad, or the ballad on the play. The story of Titus, however, must have been popular. It is mentioned in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure;* and there is an allusion to it in the comedy called, "A Knack to know a Knave," 1594. Moreover, from a memorandum in Henslowe's Diary, which records the acting of a drama, entitled "*Titus and Ondronicus*," Jan. 23, 1593-4, there appears to have been another play on the subject. Is it to this piece, or to the "Titus Andronicus" attributed to Shakespeare, that Ben Jonson refers in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair"?—"*He that will swear,* Jeronimo *or* Andronicus, *are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well.*"

Persons Represented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late* Emperor *of* Rome, *afterwards* Emperor.

Bassianus, *Brother to* Saturninus.

Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman.

Marcus Andronicus, *Brother to* Titus.

Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.

Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *a noble* Roman.

Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, *Sons to* Tamora.

Aaron, *a* Moor.

A Captain.

A Tribune.

A Messenger.

A Clown.

Romans.

Goths.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths.

Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse.

A black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—Rome, *and the Country near it.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the* Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici *appearing. Enter the* Tribunes *and* Senators, *aloft; and then enter, below,* Saturninus *and his* Followers *from one side, and* Bassianus *and his* Followers *from the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his* first-born son, that was the last

(*) First folio, *I was the.*

That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age[a] with this indignity.
BASS. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence,[b] and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

MARC. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited[c] home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.
SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!
BASS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy[d]
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the* Followers *of* BASSIANUS.
SAT. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt the* Followers *of* SATURNINUS.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates[*] and let me in.
BASS. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS *go up into the* Capitol.

Enter a Captain, *and others.*

CAP. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where[*] he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Drums and trumpets sound, and then enter* MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS. *After them two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black: then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *the Queen of* Goths, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON *the* Moor, *and other* Goths, *prisoners*, Soldiers *and* People *following. The* Bearers *set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd his[f] fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—

[a] *Nor wrong mine age*—] My claim by *seniority*.
[b] — continence,—] That is, *temperance*. So in "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"—— the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, *temperance*," &c.

[c] — accited—] *Summoned*.
[d] — affy—] *Confide*.

(*) First folio, *whence*.

* Open the gates—] Capell prints—"Open the gates, tribunes," &c. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests,—"Open the *brazen* gates," &c.
[f] — his *fraught*,—] "His" is here used for the impersona pronoun, *its*.

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Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—[a]
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O, sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy* prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.[b]

TIT. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAM. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these!
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient[c] yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their† brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHI. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEMET. Oppose not* Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his[d] tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Flourish of trumpets, and they lay the coffin* in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges;[f] here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

(*) First folio, *earthly*. (†) First folio, *the*.

[a] — brethren.] To be pronounced as a trisyllable.

[b] Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.] The ancients, it need hardly be observed, held belief that the spirits of the unburied dead importuned their relatives and friends to obtain funereal rites.

[c] — Patient *yourself*.—] Steevens, among other examples of this verb, cites the following from King Edward I. 1599,—
"*Patient* your highness, 't is but mother's love."

(*) First folio, *me*.

[d] — *in* his *tent*.—] Conceiving this to be an allusion to Polymnestor's death, as related in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, Theobald reads, "in *her* tent."

[*] — *the* coffin—] So the quartos. The folio, 1623, has, "the *coffins*;" but compare the stage direction on the entrance of Titus Andronicus.

[f] — grudges;] *Murmurs of discontent*.

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Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

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Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and* Tribunes; *re-enter* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS, *attended.*

MARC. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
MARC. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—[a]
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
TIT. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What[b] should I don this robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad[c] new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
MARC. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask[d] the empery. [tell?
SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
TIT. Patience, prince Saturninus.
SAT. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!
LUC. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TIT. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
BASS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,*
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
TIT. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
TRIBUNES. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
TIT. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, *Long live our emperor!*
MARC. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, *Long live our emperor, Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish.*
SAT. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,[f]
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon[g] her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy * feet.
SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

[a] And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—]

"—— ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera, debet."

[b] What should I don, &c.] It is customary in cases like the present to print "What" as an exclamation, "What! should I don—" &c. though it is often only equivalent to, *For What:* or to, *Why.*

[c] *And set* abroad—] The folio of 1664 has, "set *abrooch*," &c. and the substitution is adopted by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[d] — thou shalt obtain and ask—] There is here, as Steevens remarks, somewhat too much of the *hysteron proteron*. We might, without much violence, read,—

"Ask, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empery."

[e] — thy friends,—] A correction from the folio of 1664: the prior copies having, *friend.*

[f] — empress,—] To be read as a trisyllable.

[g] — Pantheon—] From the second folio; the earlier editions printing, *Pathan.*

(*) First folio, *my.*

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How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; [*To* TAMORA.
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

SAT. [*Aside.*] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

LAV. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS *courts* TAMORA *in dumb show.*

BASS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing* LAVINIA.

TIT. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?

BASS. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARC. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord!—Lavinia is surpris'd![a]

SAT. Surpris'd! by whom?

BASS. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* BASSIANUS *and* MARCUS, *with* LAVINIA.

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What, villain boy! barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing* MUTIUS.

MUT. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

SAT. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,[b]
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale[c]
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O, monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

SAT. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress[d] of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

a — surpr'sd!] *Seized unawares.*

b — the emperor needs her not,—] In the old copies this line is preceded by the following stage direction:—

Enter aloft the Emperour, with Tamora, and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

c Was there none else in Rome to make a stale—] So the second folio, except that it adds "of" to the end of the line: the earlier authorities all read,—"Was none in Rome to make a stale," &c.

d — empress—] See note (f), p. 601.

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She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SAT., *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON; AARON, *and* Goths.

TIT. I am not bid[a] to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

MARC. O, Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUC. But let us give him burial as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TIT. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

MARC. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

QUINT., MART. And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT. *And shall!* What villain was it spake that word?

QUINT. He that would vouch 't in any place but here.

TIT. What! would you bury him in my despite?

MARC. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with[b] himself; let us withdraw.

QUINT. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS *and the* Sons *of* TITUS *kneel.*

MARC. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

QUINT. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARC. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

MARC. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise* Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:[c]
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put* MUTIUS *in the tomb.*

LUC. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

ALL. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

MARC. My lord,—to step out of these dreary† dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

TIT. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not, then, beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

MAR.[d] Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON *from one side; from the other,* BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA, *with others.*

SAT. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

[a] *I am not* bid—] See note (c), p. 406, Vol. I.

[b] *He is not* with *himself:*] Equivalent to the modern phrase,—*He is beside himself.* The folio reads,—"He is not himselfe."

[c] —— and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:]

There is here an obvious reference to an incident in the *Ajax* of Sophocles: and if, as Steevens asserts, there were no translation of that piece extant in the time of Shakespeare, we may reasonably infer that "Titus Andronicus" was written by some one acquainted with the Greek tragedies in their original language.

(*) First folio omits, *wise.* (†) First folio, *sudden.*

[d] MAR.] This line is only in the folio, and there, the prefix having been omitted, it reads as a portion of the preceding speech.

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BASS. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.
SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
BASS. *Rape*, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
SAT. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.
BASS. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
SAT. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
TAM. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to* SAT.] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you* for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor;—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
SAT. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia,—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
LUC.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.
MARC. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
SAT. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.*—Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and, sure as death, I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
TIT. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we 'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
SAT. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *us*.

* Stand up.—] Probably, as Pope surmised, a stage direction only.

(*) First folio, *Son*.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

AARON. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above* pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,

(*) First folio, *about*.

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And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit* doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming[b] eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile* thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,†
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving.*[c]

DEMET. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
CHI. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
AARON. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs![d] these lovers will not keep the peace.
DEMET. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
CHI. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
DEMET. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?
[*They draw.*

AARON. [*Advancing.*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
DEMET. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
CHI. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
AARON. Away, I say!—
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty* brabble will undo us all!—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet† upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
CHI. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
DEMET. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
AARON. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
CHI. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I‡ love.
AARON. *To achieve her!*—how?
DEMET. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;*
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of;[f] and easy it is

(*) First folio, *idle.* (†) First folio, *queen.*

[*Upon her* wit—] For "wit," Warburton reads,—*will*, and is followed by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[b] — charming *eyes*—] He is adverting, not to the *beauty* of his eyes, but to the quality of *fascination* which the eye was once supposed to possess. See note (b), p. 714, Vol. II.

[c] — *braving.*] *Blustering. Hectoring.*

[d] Clubs, clubs!] See note (b), p. 165, Vol. II.

[e] She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore may be won;]

(*) First folio, *pretty.* (†) First folio, *set.* (‡) First folio inserts, *do.*

These lines, slightly varied, occur in the First Part of "Henry VI." Act V. Sc. 3,—

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won;"

from which coincidence Ritson conjectured that the author of the present play was also author of the original "Henry VI."

[f] — more water glideth by the mill, &c.] A north-country proverb,—"Much water runs by the mill that the miller wots not of."

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Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,[a] we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
AARON. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
DEMET. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
AARON. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
DEMET. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
AARON. Would you had hit it[b] too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?[c]
CHI. Faith, not me.
DEMET. Nor me, so I were one.
AARON. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than * lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind[d] for rape and villany:
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred[e] wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
CHI. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
DEMET. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream*
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these† fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest near* Rome.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS, *with* Hunters, *&c.*

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,[f]
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
BASS. Lavinia, how say you?
LAV. I say no;
I have been broad‡ awake two hours and more.
SAT. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* TAMORA.

(*) Old text, *this*. Corrected by Rowe.

[a] —— *and easy it is*
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,—] Another northern proverb,—"It is safe taking a shive [*slice*] of a cut loaf."

[b] *Would you had* hit it *too!*] An allusion to the ancient ballad quoted in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 1,—"Canst thou not hit it?" See note (*), p. 70, Vol. I.

[c] That both should speed?] These words, though indispensable to the sense, are omitted in the folio.

[d] — kind —] Nature.

[e] — sacred *wit*,—] *Accursed* wit, say the commentators: rather, perhaps, *devoted, dedicated* wit. See note (*), p. 425.

[f] — *and* grey,—] Hanmer prints, "and *gay*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's annotator, not content with borrowing this suggestion, turns the whole speech into rhyme, thus,—

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and *gay*,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are *wide*;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's *round*,
That all the court may echo with the *round*.
Sons, let it be your charge, *and so will I*,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day *brought* comfort *and delight*."

(*) First folio, *streames*. (†) First folio, *their*.
(‡) First folio omits, *broad*.

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MARC. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
TIT. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
DEMET. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A desert part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

AARON. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.
[*Hides the gold.*

Enter TAMORA.

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;

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The snake ies rolled[a] in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And,—after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby,(1) to bring her babe asleep.

AARON. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,—we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON. No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels,* whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

BASS. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her† well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive[b] upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

BASS. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but* with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASS. The king, my brother, shall have note† of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

TAM. Why have I[c] patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

DEMET. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place:—
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here, at dead time of the night,

(*) Old text, *quarrell.* (†) First folio, *our.*

[a] — rolled—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, *coiled*: but see Aaron's following speech,—

"Even as an adder when she doth *unroll*," &c.

[b] — drive—] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes, *dive*, &c.; but "drive," meaning to *rush pell-mell*, is more energetic and expressive.

(*) The first folio omits, *but.*

(†) Old text, *notice.* Corrected by Theobald.

[c] Why have I patience—] So the second folio; the previous editions read,—"Why *I have*," &c.

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A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,[a]
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMET. This is a witness that I am thy son.

CHI. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*They stab* BASSIANUS, *who dies.*

LAV. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM. Give me thy poniard;—you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMET. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon[b] her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And, with that painted hope,[c] braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the honey ye (*) desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMET. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn[d] her wrath,—she taught it thee:
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To* CHIRON.

CHI. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

LAV. 'T is true, the raven doth not hatch a lark,
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws[e] par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means:—away with her!

LAV. O, let me teach thee! For my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. O, Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body!
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

(*) Old text, *we*.

a — urchins,—] *Hedgehogs.*

b — stood upon—] *Plumed herself*, or *presumed* upon; so in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608,—"This jest made them laugh more, and the raythor that shee *stood upon* her marriage, and disdained all the gallants there," &c.

c — painted hope,—] *Fallacious reliance*, or *trust*. But the line has suffered mutilation, and we ought possibly to read,—

"And with that painted hope *she* braves your mightiness."

d — learn—] *Learn* is here used for *teach*.

e — paws—] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests *claws*, and but that the author in this line appears to "affect the letter," we should have thought *claws* the genuine word.

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DEMET. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *the former dragging off* LAVINIA, *and the latter the body of* BASSIANUS.

TAM. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

AARON. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINT. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*

QUINT. What, art thou fallen?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

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As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me,—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O, brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,*
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

AARON. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give† a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit.*

MART. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUINT. I am surprised with an uncouth* fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than my eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINT. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINT. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole; (2)
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy‡ cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' § misty mouth.

QUINT. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINT. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

SAT. Along with me:—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

TAM. Where is my lord the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SAT. [Reads.]
An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AARON. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

SAT. [*To* TITUS.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

(*) First folio omits, *hurt.*
(†) First folio, *have.*
(‡) First folio, *earthly.*
(§) First folio, *Ocitus.*

* — uncouth—] *Unknown.*

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Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
TAM. What, are they in this pit? O, wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault* be prov'd in them—
SAT. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.
TIT. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
SAT. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
TIT. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

DEMET. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
DEMET. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.†
CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
DEMET. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so, let 's leave her to her silent walks.
CHI. An 't were my cause,[a] I should go hang myself.
DEMET. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt* DEMET. *and* CHI.

(*) Old text, *faults.* (†) First folio, *scowle.*

[a] — my cause,—] The modern alteration is, "my *case*;" but we have some doubts as to the necessity of the change.

Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

MARC. Who is this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle nicce,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have* thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him,† cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three‡ issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met,§
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,[b]
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *halfe.* Corrected by Theobald.
(†) Old text, *them.* Corrected by Rowe.
(‡) Old text, *their.* Corrected by Hanmer.
(§) First folio adds, *without.*

[b] Which that sweet tongue hath made,—] A mutilated line.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and* Officers *of* Justice, *with* Martius *and* Quintus *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, tribunes,* in the dust I write
[*Casting himself down.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *and* Prisoners.
O, earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,*
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;

* For these, tribunes,—] The metrical deficiency in this line is supplied in the second folio by a repetition of the word "these,"—

"For these, *these* tribunes," &c.

Malone thought it more likely some epithet of respect was given to the tribunes, and accordingly he printed,—

"For these, *good* tribunes," &c.

But query,—

"For these, *O*, tribunes," &c.!

(*) Old text, *ruines*. Corrected by Hanmer.

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In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! O, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

LUC. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you* not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TIT. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them:
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,[a]
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.— [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TIT. O, happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

MARC. Titus, prepare thy aged† eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

MARC. This was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUC. Ay me! this object kills me!

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.—
Speak, Lavinia,[b] what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too:
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MARC. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUC. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARC. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively[c] body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

(*) First folio omits, *you*. (†) First folio, *noble*.

[a] — to the stones, &c.] The lection of the earliest quarto; the folio has,—

"Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones."

[b] Speak, Lavinia, &c.] The second folio reads, and perhaps correctly,—

"Speak, *my* Lavinia," &c.

[c] — lively *body*—] That is, "*living* body." So in Massinger's "Fatal Dowry," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a *lively* grave!"

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Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost withered.
MARC. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them* innocent.
TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd like[a] meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further miseries
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
MARC. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
TIT. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
LUC. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his[b] true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as limbo[c] is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

AARON. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
TIT. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
LUC. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
MARC. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[d]
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
AARON. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
MARC. My hand shall go.
LUC. By heaven, it shall not go!
TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
LUC. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
MARC. And for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
TIT. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
LUC. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
MARC. But I will use the axe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.
TIT. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
AARON. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
[*Aside.*] But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.
[*He cuts off* TITUS's *hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

TIT. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is despatch'd:
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

(*) First folio, *him.*

[a] — like meadows—] Old copies, "in meadows," &c. Corrected by Rowe.
[b] — his *true tears*—] From the fourth folio: prior editions all have,—
"— *her* true tears," &c.
[c] — limbo—] See note (a), p. 696, Vol. II.
[d] — castle?] *Helmet.*

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Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee:—
[*Aside.*] Their heads I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA.
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARC. O, brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARC. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark how her sighs do blow![a]
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why[b] my bowels cannot hide her woes,

[a] — *hark how her sighs do* blow!] A correction in the second folio: former copies all reading, *flow*.

[b] For why—] *Because.*

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But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger *with two heads and a hand.*

MESS. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;—
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

MARC. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[LAVINIA *kisses* TITUS.

MARC. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARC. Now farewell flattery: die Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear* sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy* griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha!

MARC. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things.[b]
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The woefull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves* his pledges, dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[c]—*A Room in* Titus's *House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and* YOUNG LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And† when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe,[d] that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

(*) Old text, *my*. Corrected by Theobald.

a — dear *sight*—] See note (d), p. 449, Vol. I., and note (6), p. 398, of the present volume.

b Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things.] So the first folio, except that by inadvertence it has *And* at the beginning of the line. The quartos read.—

"*And* Lavinia thou shalt be imployd in these *armes*," &c.

(*) Old text, *loves*. Corrected by Rowe.
(†) Old text, *who*. Corrected by Rowe.

c SCENE II.—] This scene is first given in the folio of 1623.

d *Thou* map *of* woe,—] Compare, "Richard II." Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Thou *map* of honour," &c.

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Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MARC. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,—
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

BOY. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARC. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy[a] knife?

MARC. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are[b] cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

MARC. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. *But!* how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

MARC. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

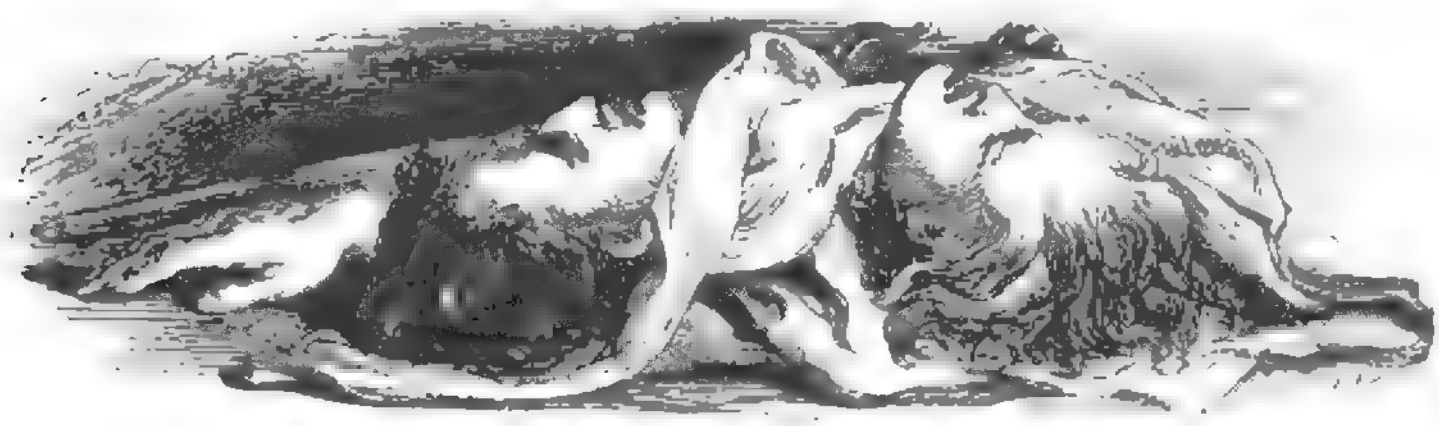
TIT. O, O, O!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MARC. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

TIT. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins* to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

a — thy *knife?*] "Thy" is from the second folio.
b — are *cloy'd*—] So the second folio; the first omits, "a

(*) First folio, *begin.*



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before* Titus's *House.*

Enter Titus *and* Marcus; *then enter* Young Lucius, *running, with his books under his arm, and* Lavinia *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

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TIT. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.
MAR.[a] Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
BOY. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
MARC. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA *turns over the books which* LUCIUS *has let fall.*

TIT. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
What book?[b]
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
MARC. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
BOY. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.
MARC. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.
TIT. Soft! see how[c] busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
MARC. See, brother, see! note how she quotes[d] the leaves.
TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was?
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
MARC. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
MARC. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me, when[e] I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece, and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and, guiding it with her stumps, writes.*

TIT. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
MARC. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
TIT. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
MARC. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful fere,[f]
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
TIT. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware;

[a] MAR.] In the old editions, the prefix having been omitted, this reads as a part of the foregoing speech.

[b] What book?] The words, "What book?" are not found in the quartos.

[c] *Soft! see how busily*—] So Rowe; the ancient copies reading, "Soft, so busily," &c.

[d] — quotes—] *Seams, notes, observes.*

[e] — when—] An addition in the second folio.

[f] — fere,—] "Fere," *feer*, or *phere*, is a word of frequent occurrence in our old authors, and means *companion, husband* or *wife*.

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The dam will wake, an if she wind* you once:
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where 's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

BOY. I say, my lord, that if were a man,
Their mother's bed chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARC. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

BOY. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

BOY. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* Boy.

MARC. O, heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye* heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS *from one side; from the other* YOUNG LUCIUS *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

CHI. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

BOY. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

DEMET. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

BOY. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,[b]
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that,[c] whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both:—[*Aside.*] like bloody villains. [*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.

DEMET. What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?—
Let 's see:—
[Reads.] *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

CHI. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON. Ay, just—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—
[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest![d] the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them* weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMET. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

AARON. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMET. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.

(*) Old text, *the.*

[a] — *if she* wind *you once:*] *Scent* you. The ordinary printing of this,—

"The dam will wake, *and* if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion," &c.

appears to be destructive of the sense.

(*) First folio, *the.*

[b] — that 's the news.—] This line and the prefix, "*Boy,*" are omitted in the folio 1623.

[c] — that,—] In the old editions "that" is accidentally omitted.

[d] Here 's no sound jest!] An ironical turn of expression, common enough in old times.

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AARON. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.
CHI. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
DEMET. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
AARON. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*
DEMET. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
CHI. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
DEMET. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse *with a blackamoor* Child *in her arms.*

NURSE. Good morrow, lords;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
AARON. Well, more or less,[a] or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
NURSE. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
AARON. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
NURSE. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!—
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.
AARON. To whom?
NURSE. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
AARON. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
NURSE. A devil.
AARON. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
NURSE. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
AARON. Zounds,[b] ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
DEMET. Villain, what hast thou done?
AARON. That which thou canst not undo.
CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.
AARON. Villain, I have done thy mother.[c]
DEMET. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHI. It shall not live.
AARON. It shall not die.
NURSE. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
AARON. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
DEMET. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
AARON. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the* Child *from the* Nurse, *and draws his sword.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd* walls! ye ale-house painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.
DEMET. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
AARON. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
DEMET. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
CHI. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
NURSE. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
CHI. I blush to think upon this ignomy.†
AARON. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer:[d]
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:

[a] Well, more or less,—] See note (*), p. 423, Vol. I.
[b] Zounds,—] The folio 1623 has, "*Out*," &c.
[c] — thy mother.] This line is not found in the folio.

(*) Old text, white-*limb'd*.
(†) First folio, *ignominie*.
[d] — *another* leer:] Another *complexion* or *hue*.

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Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEMET. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AARON. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

DEMET. How many women saw this child of his?

AARON. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

NURSE. Cornelia the midwife and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—
[*He stabs her. She screams and dies.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

DEMET. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

AARON. O, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongued babbling gossip? No, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus,[a] my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack[b] with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the* Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHI. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

DEMET. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *bearing off the dead* Nurse.

AARON. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed[c] on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters on them*, MARCUS, PUBLIUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, *and other* Gentlemen *with bows.*

TIT. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now[d] let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.— [Marcus,
Terras Astræa reliquit; be you remember'd,
She 's gone, she 's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.—
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Haply, you may catch* her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do 't;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARC. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

[a] Not far, one Muliteus, &c.] Rowe reads,—"Not far one Muliteus *lives*," &c., and Mr. Steevens proposed,—"Not far one *Muley lives*," &c.; but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "*Muliteus his* wife" may be equivalent to "Muliteus's wife."

[b] *Go pack with him,*—] Go *scheme, complot, conspire* with him.

(*) First folio, *find.*

[c] And feed—] Hanmer prints, "And *feast*," &c.

[d] *Sir boy, now*—] "Now," omitted in all the earlier copies, was first added in the folio of 1632.

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Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer, Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that 's for you;—here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that 's for myself;—
Here, boy, *to Pallas*;—here, *to Mercury*:—
To Saturn,* Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,[a] Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap! give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

[a] — well said,—] A common expression, as we have seen, to signify *well done*.

*) Old text, *To Saturnine, to Caius*

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Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his* lordship joy!

Enter the Clown, *with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker?[a] he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,[b] to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

(*) First folio, *your*.

[a] —— *what says* Jupiter?
Clown. *Ho! the* gibbet maker?] The humour of this, such as it is, consists in the Clown's mistaking "Jupiter," as hurriedly pronounced by Titus, for *Gibbeter*, and not, as Steevens supposed, for *Jew Peter*.

[b] —tribunal plebs,—] A purposed corruption, probably, as Hanmer conjectured, for *tribunus plebis*

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Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

CLOWN. Ay, sir.

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

CLOWN. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, *and others;* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do[a] the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,[b]
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's, *to Jove*, and this, *to Mercury;*
This, *to Apollo;* this, *to the god of war:*—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she* sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—[*Aside.*] Why thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out:[c] if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN. 'T is he.—God and saint Stephen give you good den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.[d]

[SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLOWN. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN. Hanged! by 'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—

[a] — as do—] These words are an addition by Rowe, the line in the old text reading imperfectly,—

"My lords, you know the mightful gods."

[b] — *his* wreaks,—] Capell, and Mr. Collier's annotator, read, *freaks.*

[c] —— I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out:]
Touch'd means *pricked:* I have *lanced* thy life-blood out; but as she refers, it would appear, to some plot between her paramour and her, against the life of Lucius, we ought, perhaps, to point the line thus:—

"Thy life-blood out, if Aaron now be wise:"

[d] — and a couple *of* pigeons here.] Mr. Collier's annotator presents this and the poor Clown's subsequent speech in rhyme of the following cast.—

"God and Saint Stephen'
Give you good even.
I have brought you a letter,
And a couple of pigeons for want of a better."

* * * * * *

"Hang'd! By 'r lady then, friend,
I have brought my neck to a fair end."

And this, which almost caps the memorable couplet, by the same authority, in "Henry VI." Part II. Act II. Sc. 3,—

"My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:
To think I fain would keep it, makes me laugh,"—

Mr. Collier has the barbarity to impute to Shakespeare!

(*) Old copies, *he.*

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Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

ÆMIL. Arm, my lords,—Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much!
Myself hath often heard them say,[a]
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

TAM. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing*
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

SAT. But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAM. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before; be our ambassador;[b]
[*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.[c]

SAT. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on† hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit.*

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go successantly,[d] and plead to‡ him.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] Myself hath often heard them say,—] A mutilated line, which Theobald rendered whole by printing,—"Myself have often overheard," &c., and Mr. Collier's annotator would perfect by reading,—"Myself hath *very* often heard," &c.

[b] — be our ambassador;] The quartos have,—
"Goe thou before *to* be our Embassadour," &c.
The folio reads,—
"Goe thou before *to* our Embassadour," &c.

[c] — the old Andronicus.] A line found only in the 4to. 1600.

[d] — successantly,—] Rowe prints, *successfully*; and Capell, who is followed here by Mr. Collier's annotator, *incessantly*.

(*) Old text, *wings*. (†) Old text, *in*.
(‡) First folio, *for*.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near* Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius, *and an Army of* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths.[a] And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* Aaron *with his* Child *in his arms.*

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly

[a] Goths.] The prefix being omitted in the earlier copies, this line forms part of the preceding speech there.

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I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O, worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl[a] that pleas'd your empress' eye!
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder![b]

[*A ladder brought, which* Aaron *is made to ascend.*

Aaron. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aaron. And if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies

[a] *This is the* pearl—] An allusion to the old proverb,—"A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

[b] Get me a ladder!] These words are erroneously given to Aaron in the old copies.

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Ruthful to hear, yet pitcously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.
Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aaron. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence.—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O, most insatiate, luxurious woman!
Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her.
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O, détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;

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And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

1 GOTH. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think
Few come within the* compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;[a]
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,†
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

3 GOTH. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

ÆMIL. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 GOTH. What says our general?

LUC. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March! away!
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *Before* Titus's *House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

TAM. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wronga.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.
[*They knock. Enter* TITUS *above.*[b]

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,

(*) First folio, *few.* (†) Old text, *doore.*

[a] Make poor men's cattle break their necks;] Malone proposed to supply the omission in this line by adding,—*and die:* Mr. Dyce, by reading,—"*stray and* break their necks;" and Mr. Collier's annotator by,—"*oftimes* break their necks."

[b] *Enter* TITUS *above.*] The old copies have, "*They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.*"

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And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

TAM. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.[a]

TIT. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

TAM. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TIT. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAM. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To cease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy* foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—
Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAM. I am: therefore come down, and welcome me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands!
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes;
Provide thee two proper palfreys,† black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers‡ in their guilty caves:§
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's[b] rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they[c] thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAM. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

TAM. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMET. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

CHI. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

(*) First folio, *my*.
(†) First folio inserts, *as*.
(‡) Old text, *murder*.
(§) Old text, *cares*.

[a] Titus, I am come to talk with thee.] Query,—"I am *here* [illegible]"?

[b] Hyperion's—] So the second folio; the quartos read, "*Epions*," and the first folio has, "*Eprons*."

[c] *Are* they thy ministers?] A correction of the second folio; the previous copies having, "Are *them*," &c.

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There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down[a] she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine.

TAM. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

TIT. Marcus! my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

MARC. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*

TAM. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAM. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will you abide[b] with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

TIT. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

DEMET. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TIT. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit* TAMORA.

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and others.*

PUB. What is your will?

TIT. Know you these two?

PUB. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and[c] Demetrius.

TIT. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,—
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.[d] [*Exit.*

[PUBLIUS, *&c., lay hold on* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

CHI. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA, *he bearing a knife and she a basin.*

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue; and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.

a —up and down—] That is, *thoroughly, exactly, altogether*; see note (b), p. 13, Vol. I.

b *What say you, boys? will* you abide *with him*,—] The early copies have, "will you *hide* with him," but the self-evident correction, "abide," though attributed by Mr. Collier to his annotator as a novelty, is found in most editions of the last century.

c *I take them, Chiron* and *Demetrius.*] The conjunction, omitted in the old copies, was first restored by Theobald.

d And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.] A line not printed in the folio, 1623.

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This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin[a] I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own[*] increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious[b]
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So:—
Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.—*Gardens of* Titus's *House. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and the* Goths, *with* Aaron, *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
1 Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

(*) The first folio omits, *own.*

[a] — a coffin—] The crust of a raised pie was of old called the coffin.

[b] — officious—] *Serviceable, obliging.*

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This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

AARON. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUC. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* AARON. *Flourish without.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARC. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SAT. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a cook,* LAVINIA, *with a veil over her face,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all! Although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

SAT. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord?

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern-precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee:

[*He kills* LAVINIA.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage:—and it is now done.[a]

SAT. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

TIT. Will 't please you eat?—will 't please your highness feed?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?[b]

TIT. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue:
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are, both baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point!

[*Kills* TAMORA.

SAT. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills* TITUS.

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills* SATURNINUS. *A great tumult. The* People *disperse in terror.* LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and their* Partisans *ascend the steps of* Titus's *House.*

MARC. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest[c] Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

a — and it is now done.] A line not found in the folio.

b — thine only daughter thus?] The reading of the 4to. 1600; later editions omitting, "*thus.*"

c Lest Rome, &c.] This line, beginning, "*Let* Rome," &c. in the old copies, has the prefix, "*Roman Lord.*" in the quartos, and in the folio, "*Goth.*" Steevens observes that, as the speech proceeds in a uniform tenor, the whole probably belongs to Marcus, and to him in its entirety we assign it.

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Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend, [*To* LUCIUS.] as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful-burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most.
Lending your kind* commiseration,
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUC. Then,† noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the* turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I!
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MARC. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the* Child *in the arms of an* Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd[b] as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause‡ had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall!

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry, *It shall be so!*

ROMANS. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor![c]

MARC. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*To* Attendants, *who go into the house.*

ROMANS. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

LUC. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task;
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale-cold lips,

[*Kisses* TITUS.

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd* face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

MARC. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay,
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

LUC. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

(*) First folio inserts, *hand*. (†) First folio, *This*.
(‡) Old text, *course*.

a *And I am* the turn'd-forth, &c.] So the quartos; the folio has,—
"And I am turned forth," &c.

b Damn'd *as he is*, &c.] Theobald's emendation; the old text having, "*And* as he is."

(*) Old text, *blood-slaine*.

c ROMANS. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!] This and the subsequent line,

"Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!"

are in the old copies ascribed to Marcus; but surely in error.

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BOY. O, grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O, lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping!
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1 ROMAN. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUC. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUC. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument:
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful [a] bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.(1) [*Exeunt.*

[a] No mournful bell—] Query, "No solemn bell," &c.?



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.]

Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," has an interesting note on the burden *lullaby*.

"It would be a hopeless task to trace the origin of the northern verb *to lull*, which means *to sing gently*; but it is evidently connected with the Greek λαλέω, *loquor*, or λάλη, the sound made by the beach at sea. Thus much is certain, that the Roman nurses used the word *lalla* to quiet their children, and that they feigned a deity called *Lallus*, whom they invoked on that occasion; the lullaby or tune itself was called by the same name. As *lallare* meant to *sing lalla*, *to lull* might in like manner denote the singing of the nurse's lullaby to induce the child to sleep. Thus in an ancient carol composed in the fifteenth century, and preserved among the Sloane MSS. No. 2593:

"'che song a slepe w^t her *lullynge*
here dere sone our savyoure.'

"In another old ballad, printed by Mr. Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 198, the burden is 'lully, lully, lullaby, lullyby, sweete baby,' &c.; from which it seems probable that *lullaby* is only a comparatively modern contraction of *lully lulay*, the first word being the legitimate offspring of the Roman *lalla*. In another of these pieces, still more ancient, and printed in the same collection, we have 'lullay, lullow, lully, *bewy*, lulla baw baw.'

"The Welsh appear to have been famous for their lullaby songs. Jones, in his *Arte and science of preserving bodie and soule*, 1579, 4to., says:—'The best nurses, but especially the trim and skilfull Welch women, doe use to sing some preaty sonets, wherwith their copious tong is plentifully stoured of divers pretie tunes and pleasaunt dittios, that the children disquieted might be brought to reste: but translated never so well, they want their grace in Englishe, for lacke of proper words: so that I will omit them, as I wishe they would theyr lascivious *Dymes*, wanton *Lullies*, and amorous *Englins*.'

"Mr. White, in reviewing his opinion of the etymology of *good-by*, will perhaps incline to think it a contraction, when properly written *good b'ye*, of *God be with you*, and not 'may your *house* prosper!'

"To add to the stock of our old lullaby songs, two are here subjoined. The first is from a pageant of *The slaughter of the innocents*, acted at Coventry in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by the taylors and shearers of that city, and most obligingly communicated by Mr. Sharpe. The other is from the curious volume of songs mentioned before in p. 262. Both exhibit the simplicity of ancient manners:—

"'Lully, lulla, thou littell tine childe,
By by lully lullay,
Lully lullay thou littell tyne child,
By by lully lullay.

"'O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling, for whom we do singe
By by lully lullay.

"'Herod the king, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day;
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

"'That wo is me, pore child for thee,
And ever morne and say;
For thi parting, nether say nor sing,
By by lully lullay.'

"'By by lullaby
Rockyd I my chyld
In a dre late as I lay
Me thought I hard a maydyn say
And spak thes wordys mylde,
My lytil sone with the I play
And ever she song by lullay
Thus rockyd she hyr chyld
By by lullabi,
Rockid I my child by by.
Then merveld I ryght sore of thys
A mayde to have a chyld I wys,
By by lullay.
Thus rockyd she her chyld
By by lullaby, rockyd I my chyld.'"

(2) SCENE IV.—*A precious ring, that lightens all the hole.*] The gem supposed to possess a property of emitting native light was called a *carbuncle*, and is frequently mentioned in early books; thus, in "The Gesta Romanorum," b. vi.:—"He further beheld and saw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the house." So also in Lydgate's "Description of King Priam's Palace," l. 11.:—

"And for most chefe all derkeness to confound,
A *carbuncle* was set as kyng of stones all,
To recomforte and gladden all the hall.
And to enlumine in the blacke night
With the freshnes of his ruddy light."

And so Drayton, in "The Muses' Elysium:"—

"Is that admired mighty stone,
The *carbuncle* that's named;
Wh'ch from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth."

But the best illustration of the passage we have met with occurs in a letter from Boyle, containing "Observations on a Diamond that shines in the dark:"—"Though Vortomannus was not an eye-witness of what he relates, that the King of Pegu had a true Carbuncle of that bigness and splendour, that it shined very gloriously in the dark; and though Garcias ab Horto, the Indian Vice-Roy's physician, speaks of another carbuncle only on the report of one that he discoursed with; yet as we are not sure that these men that gave themselves out to be eye-witnesses, speak true, yet they may have done so for aught we know to the contrary. I must not omit that some virtuosi questioning me the other day at Whitehall, and meeting amongst them an ingenious Dutch gentleman whose father was long ambassador for the Netherlands in England, I learned of him that he is acquainted with a person who was admiral of the Dutch in the East Indies, and who assured this gentleman Monsieur Borcel, that at his return from thence, he brought back with him into Holland a stone which though it looked but like a pale dull diamond, yet it was a real carbuncle; and did without rubbing shine so much, that when the admiral had occasion to open a chest which he kept under deck in a dark place where it was forbidden to bring candles for fear of mischances, as soon as he opened the trunk, the stone would by its native light shine so as to illustrate a great part of it."—*Boyle's Works*, Vol. II. p. 82.

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ACT V.

(1) Scene III.—

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.]

The following is the ballad registered by Danton when he entered the "Historye of Tytus Andronicus" on the Stationers' Rolls. It is extracted from Percy's "Reliques of Antient Poetry," Vol. I. :—

"Titus Andronicus's Complaint.

"You noble minds and famous marl all wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give ear to me, that ten yeers fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

"In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

"For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

"Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive the stately towers of Rome to see.

"When wars were done I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the King.
The Queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

"The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might be allowd.

"The Moore soe pleased this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

"Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclined,
Consented with the Moore of bloudy minde
Against myself, my kin, and all my frendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

"Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight:

"My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cæsars sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

"He being slaine was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

"The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed:
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

"But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

"When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to soure,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

"Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write;
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

"My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes;
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

"But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more,
Than for my two and twenty sonnes before.

"When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With griefe mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

"For with a staffe without the help of hand
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

"I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

"The Moore delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

"The Moore I caused to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

"But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

"Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crie.

"The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

"I fed their foolish veines a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

"I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

"Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet servde in stately wise:
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

"Myself bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

"Then this revenge against the Moor was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd,
And soe God send all murderers may be served."

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"ALL the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it incontestable, I see no reason for believing.

"The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakespeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakespeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakespeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakespeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

"The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakespeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years in 1614, it might have been written when Shakespeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire, I know not; but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

"Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible."—JOHNSON.

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"In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

"Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

"Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliament* for *robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that 'Titus Andronicus' will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgment of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple."—STEEVENS.

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OTHELLO

OTHELLO.

In the Registers of the Stationers, under the date, October 6th, 1621, is the following memorandum:—

"Tho. Walkely] Entered for his, to wit, under the handes of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens: The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice."

This entry was made by Walkley, preparatory to the publication of his quarto edition of the play which appeared some time in the next year, and was entitled:—"The Tragedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse, 1622." The next quarto copy appeared in 1630, seven years after the publication of the first folio: the title-page varies from that of the quarto of 1622 only in the imprint, which reads:—"by A. M. for Richard Hawkins," &c.

Upon the supposition that a passage in Act III. Sc. 4,—

"—— the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,"—

was a satirical allusion to the creation of the new order of Baronets by James I. in 1611, Malone at first assigned the composition of "Othello" to that year; he subsequently attributed it to 1604, because, as he remarks, "we know it to have been acted in that year;" but he has given no evidence in support of his assertion. Modern research, however, has supplied this evidence. In the 'Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, there is an entry, beginning November 1st, 1604, and terminating October 31st, 1605, from which it appears that the King's Players performed the play of *The Moor of Venis* at the Banqueting-house at Whitehall on the 1st of November (*Hallamas* Day), 1604. Mr. Collier, indeed, cites an extract from "The Egerton Papers," to show that "Othello" was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at the residence of Lord Ellesmere (then Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal), at Harefield, on the 6th of August, 1602; but the suspicion long entertained that the Shakespearian documents in that collection are modern fabrications having now deepened almost into certainty, the extract in question is of no historical value. The earliest authentic record of the performance of "Othello," then, is that in the *Accounts of the Revels*. Six years later, we

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know from an interesting diary first pointed out by Sir Frederic Madden (see Note (4), p. 689, Vol. I.), that the play was acted at the Globe on the 30th of April, 1610. And upon the authority of Vertue's MS. we find that it retained its popularity in 1613, early in which year it was acted at the Court.

The story upon which this tragedy is founded is a novel in Cinthio's *Hecatommithi, Parte Prima, Deca Terza, Novella* 7, bearing the following explanatory title:—"*Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un suo alfieri l'accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca che l'alfieri uccida colui ch'egli credea l'adultero: il capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dall' alfieri, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii è bandito; e lo scelerato alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.*" There is a French translation of Cinthio's novels by Gabriel Chappuys, Paris, 1584; but no English one of a date as early as the age of Shakespeare has come down to us.

"The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances. Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus, that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha Selymus's general attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, p. 838, 846, 867."—Reed.

Persons Represented.

Duke *of* Venice.

Brabantio, *a Senator.*

Other Senators.

Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.

Ludovico, *Kinsman to* Brabantio.

Othello, *a noble* Moor *in the service of the* Venetian *State.*

Cassio, *his Lieutenant.*

Iago, *his Ancient.*

Roderigo, *a* Venetian *Gentleman.*

Montano, Othello's *Predecessor in the Government of* Cyprus.

Clown, *Servant to* Othello.

Desdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.

Emilia, *Wife to* Iago.

Bianca, *Mistress to* Cassio.

Sailor, Messengers, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE,—*The first Act in* Venice; *during the rest of the play, at a Sea-port in* Cyprus.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

ROD. Tush![*] never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—

IAGO. 'S blood,[†] but you 'll not hear me;—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd[*] to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,[^]
Nonsuits my mediators; for, *Certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?

(*) First folio omits, *Tush.* (†) First folio omits, *S blood.*

[^] And, in conclusion,—] This hemistich is not found in the folio 1623.

(*) The quartos, *Oft capt*

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Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,[a]
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;[b]
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle[c] knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the tongued[d] consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian[e] and heathen,—must be be-lee'd[f] and calm'd
By debitor-and-creditor:[g] this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God[h] bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient!

ROD. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO. Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd[i]
To love the Moor.

ROD. I would not follow him, then.

IAGO. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,[k]
That, doting on his own obsequious[l] bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages[m] of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full[n] fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

IAGO. Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances[o] of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell

(*) First folio, *Christen'd*. (†) First folio omits, *God*.

[a] —a Florentine,—] Are we quite assured Iago means by this expression merely that Cassio was a native of Florence? The system of book-keeping called *Italian Book keeping* came, as is well known, originally from Florence; and he may not improbably use "Florentine," as he employs "*arithmetician*," "*debitor-and-creditor*," and "*counter-caster*," in a derogatory sense to denote the mercantile origin and training which he chooses to attribute to his rival.

[b] A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,—] This line has perplexed the commentators not a little. Tyrwhitt's conjecture that "wife" was a mis-print of *life*, and that the allusion is to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those *of whom all men speak well*, was in high favour at one time, but has long been disregarded; the impression now is that Iago refers to a report, which he subsequently speaks of, that Cassio was on the point of marrying the courtezan Bianca. To this it is objected, and the objection seems unanswerable, that there is no reason for supposing Cassio had ever seen Bianca until they met in Cyprus. We doubt, indeed, the possibility of eliciting a satisfactory meaning from the line as it stands, and, in despair of doing so, have sometimes thought the poet must have written,—

"A fellow almost damn'd in a *fair-wife*;"

That is to say, a fellow by habit of reckoning debased almost *into a market woman*. *In* of old was commonly used for *into*; we even still employ it so, as in the expression *to fall in love*. Compare, too, "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand, ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning."

[c] —*of a* battle—] Of an *army*. So in "Henry V." (Chorus) Act IV.—

"*Each battle* sees the other's umber'd face:"

And in "Richard III." Act V. Sc. 3,—

"—— we will follow
In the *main battle*."

[d] —*the* tongued *consuls*—] So the folio and the quarto 1630; the quarto of 1622 has, "*loged*." The former, as Heswell observes, agrees better with the words "mere *prattle*," &c.; but "*loged*" may have sprung from the common adage, *Cedant arma togæ*, and is equally appropriate.

[e] —*must be* be-lee'd—] The quarto 1622 has, "must be *led*," &c.; this and the imperfect measure of the line in other copies might lead us to suspect the author wrote, "must be *lee'd* and calm'd,' &c

[f] —debitor-and-creditor:] The title of certain old treatises upon commerce at book-keeping. So in "Cymbeline," Act V. Sc. 4,—"You have no true debitor-and creditor but it."

[g] —*in any just term* am affin'd—] By any moral obligation am *bound*, &c.

[h] —knave,—] "*Knave*" carries no opprobrious meaning here; it is simply *servitor*.

[i] —obsequious *bondage*,—] That is, *obedient*, *submissive* thraldom.

[k] *Who*, trimm'd in forms and visages *of duty*,—] Who, dress'd in *shapes and masks* of duty, &c. Mr. Collier proposes to read,—

"—— in forms and *usages* of duty,"

which the expression "*trimm'd*" negatives at once.

[l] *What a* full *fortune*—] The folio has "*fall*" for "*full*," a reading Mr. Knight prefers, although in "Cymbeline," Act V. Sc. 4, we find,—

"Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine:"

in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 13,—"*full fortun'd* Cæsar;" and in D'Avenant's "Law against Lovers," Act III. Sc. 1,—"She has a *full fortune*."

[m] —chances *of vexation*—] *Crosses*, or *casualties*: the quarto reads, "*changes*."

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As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied[a] in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho! [thieves!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds,* sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise! I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)
Upon malicious bravery,* dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit† and my place have in them‡ power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.

(*) First folio omits, *Zounds.*

(*) First folio, *knaveries.* (†) First folio, *sp'rit's.* (‡) First folio, *Their.*

[a] As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied, &c.]
That is, when the fire caused by night and negligence But query as Warburton suggested, did the poet write,—"Is *spred*," &c.?

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BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[a]
ROD. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
IAGO. Zounds,* sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians,[b] you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.
BRA. What profane wretch art thou?
IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now† making the beast with two backs.
BRA. Thou art a villain.
IAGO. You are—a senator.
BRA. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.
ROD. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent
(As partly I find it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported,[c] with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs:
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense[d] of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant* and wheeling[f] stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:[g]
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
BRA. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*
IAGO. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd* (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,†
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary[1] the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

BRA. It is too true an evil: gone she is!
And what 's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers:
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?
ROD. Truly, I think they are.
BRA. O, heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
ROD. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
BRA. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

(*) First folio omits, *Zounds.* (†) First folio omits, *now.*

(*) First folio, *produced.* (†) First folio, *spites.*

[a] —— this is Venice;
My *house is not a* grange.]

Grange, Warton remarks, is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*. What Brabantio means, then, is,—I am in a populous city, not in a place where robbery can be easily committed.

[b] — ruffians,—] Here *ruffian* is employed in its secondary sense of *roisterer*, *swash-buckler*, and the like, though its primary meaning undoubtedly was, *pander*; the Latin, "leno," the Italian, "ruffiano."

[c] Transported.—] That is, *transported herself*. Capell, however, inserts *Be* before *transported*.

[d] — from the sense —] *Contrary*, or *opposed to* the sense, &c.

[e] — extravagant—] *Vagabond*.

[f] — wheeling—] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes, *wheedling* we should much prefer to read,—

"—— an extravagant and *whirling* stranger
Of here and everywhere."

[g] Straight satisfy yourself:] This line and the sixteen preceding lines are not in the quarto 1622.

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ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.*—
On, good Roderigo;—I 'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants *with torches.*

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
OTH. 'T is better as it is.
IAGO. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his[a] effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and† grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
OTH. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits[b]
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.
OTH. Not I; I must be found
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, *and certain* Officers *with torches.*

OTH. The servants of the duke! and my lieutenant!—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
CAS. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
OTH. What is the matter, think you?
CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat; the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.
OTH. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
CAS. Ancient, what makes he here
IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carack;[c]
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.
CAS. I do not understand.
IAGO. He 's married.
CAS. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
OTH. Have with you.
CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

(*) First folio, *night.* (†) First folio, *or.*

a — his *effect*,—] *His* is employed for the then scarce known *its* and refers to *voice*.

b — and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd:]

Demerit now signifies only *ill* desert; in Shakespeare's day it was used indiscriminately for good or ill deserving. In the present instance it is apparently employed in the good sense, for Othello could hardly mean that his blemishes might stand without concealment beside the dignity he had achieved. The import we take to be,—my services when revealed (*unbonneted*), may *aspire* or *lay claim* to (*may speak to*) as proud a fortune as this which I have attained. Mr Fusell, however, has given another explanation, founded on the fact that at Venice the *bonnet* has always been a badge of patrician honours.—I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my demerits, that, *unbonneted*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune, &c. But here, too, it is indispensable for the integrity of the passage that "*speak to*" be understood in the sense just mentioned of *aspire*, or *lay claim* to.

c — a land-carack;] A *carack* was a ship of large burden, like the Spanish galleon; but the compound in the text appears to have been a dissolute expression, the meaning of which may be gathered from the following:—

"Here to his *Land Priggal* hee's ferried by Charon,
He bords her: a service a hot and a rare one."
Verses prefixed to *Corgat's Crudities.*

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IAGO. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches.*

Holla! stand there!
Signior, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*

IAGO. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

OTH. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

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BRA. O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,[a]
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings[b] of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That waken[c] motion:—I'll have 't disputed on; (2)
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee[d]
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands!
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where* will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I† do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

1 OFF. 'T is true, most worthy signior,
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure is sent for.

BRA. How! the duke in council
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Whether.* (†) First folio omits, *I.*

[a] If she in chains of magic were not bound,—] A line not found in the quarto 1622.

[b] — curled darlings—] "*Curled*" was an epithet characteristic of gentility. Thus D'Avenant, in "The Just Italian," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"— the *curl'd* and silken Nobles of the Town."

The folio reads, "*dearlings.*"

[c] *That* waken *motion:*—] So Hanmer; the original having, "That waken motion," &c. The upholders of the old reading contend that Brabantio's accusation is that the Moor, by magical devices and the administering of drugs or minerals, had weakened those natural impulses of youth and manhood in his daughter, which, uncontrolled, would have inclined to those of her own clime, complexion, and degree; but this is expressly contradicted by what he has himself just said,—

"— a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation."

We therefore readily accept the easy emendation Hanmer offers. Brabantio's grievance, it is plain, was not that Othello had, by charms and medicines, abated the motions of Desdemona's sense, but that he had aroused and stimulated them.

[d] — and do attach thee—] The passage beginning,—"Judge me the world," to the above words inclusive, is not in the quarto 1622.

[e] — *where the* aim *reports,*—] To *aim* is to *conjecture* or *surmise.*

[f] *I do not so* secure *me in the error,*—] I do not so *over-confidently* build on the discrepancy but that, &c.

[g] So *may* he with more facile question bear it,—] The remainder of the speech after this line, is found only in the folio 1623 and the quarto 1630.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

The DUKE, *and* Senators, *sitting;* Officers *attending.*

DUKE. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

1 SEN. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred forty.

2 SEN. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim[e] reports,
'T is oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment
I do not so secure[f] me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

SAILOR. [*Without.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

1 OFF. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

DUKE. Now, what's the business?

SAIL. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

DUKE. How say you by this change?

1 SEN. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,[g]
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in;—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,

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Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

1 OFF. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 SEN. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

MESS. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe[a] him.

DUKE. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 SEN. He 's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him, post-post-haste despatch.

1 SEN. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—(3)
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:
[*To* BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature

[a] — to believe him.] Capell suggested, "to *relieve* him," and Mr. Collier's annotator follows suit.

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That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what 's the matter?

BRA. My daughter! O, my daughter!

DUKE *and* SEN. Dead?

BRA. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

DUKE *and* SEN. We are very sorry for 't.

DUKE. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To* OTHELLO.

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest[a] action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.

BRA. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself: and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd[*] and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature: and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

[a] *Their dearest action* —] See note (b), p. 393.

(*) First folio, *main'd*.

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DUKE. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.[a]
1 SEN. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
OTH. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,[b]
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.
OTH. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt* IAGO *and* Attendants.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
DUKE. Say it, Othello.
OTH. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles,* sieges, fortunes,†
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake‡ of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent-deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's§ history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads¶ touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the** process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow[c] beneath their shoulders.(4) This to hear[d]
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;††
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively:* I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:†
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:—
She wish'd she had not heard it;—yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man;—she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:—
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.
BRA. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
DES. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,—
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.
BRA. God be with you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;—
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:

(*) First folio, *Battaile.* (†) First folio, *Fortune.*
(‡) First folio, *spoke.* (§) First folio, *Trauellours.*
(‖) First folio omits, *and.* (¶) First folio, *head.*
(**) First folio, *my.* (††) First folio, *hence.*

(*) First folio, *instinctively.* (†) First folio, *kisses.*

[a] — do prefer against him] In the folio, the prefix "*Duke*" having been inadvertently omitted, this speech forms part of the one preceding.
[b] The trust, the office, I do hold of you,—] This line is not found in the earlier quarto.
[c] Do grow beneath—] The folio reads, "*Grew* beneath," &c.
[d] This to hear—] In the folio, "*These things* to hear," &c.

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I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart[a]
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself;[b] and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.[*]
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd, when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

[a] Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart—] A line wanting in the earlier quarto.

[*] First folio omits the words, *Into your favour.*

[b] Let me speak like yourself;] He perhaps means, sententiously.

The rob'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRA. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—[a]
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a[*] sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch† of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[b]
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These‡ present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.[c]

BRA. I 'll not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor I; I would not there reside,[d]
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm[*] of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:[e]
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which† I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear[f] absence. Let me go with him.

OTH. Let her have your voice.[g]
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me‡ defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For§ she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,[h]
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine.
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

1 SEN. You must away to-night.[i]

OTH. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With‖ such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

OTH. So please your grace, my ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,

(*) First folio inserts, *more*. (†) First folio, *Coach*.
(‡) Old text, *This*.

[a] *That the bruis'd heart was* pierced *through the ear.*—] Following Warburton, some editors read *pieced*: but Brabantio is quoting a phrase of the age. Thus Spenser:—

"Her words * * * *
Which passing through the eares would *pierce* the heart"
The Faerie Queene, B. IV. C. 8, Stanza xxvi.

So also Drayton, in the *Baron's Warrs*, Stanza xxxvi.:—

"Are not your hearts yet *pierced* through your Ears?"

[b] — agnize—] *Acknowledge*.

[c] If you please,
Be 't at her father's.]

The folio has.—"Why at her Fathers?"

[d] Nor I; I would not there reside, &c.] In the folio,—"Nor would I there reside," &c.

[e] —— my heart 's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord]

"*Quality* here means *profession*. 'I am so much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars.'"—MALONE.

(*) Quarto 1622, *scorne*. (†) First folio, *why*.
(‡) Old text, *my*. (§) First folio, *When*.
(‖) First folio, *And*.

[f] — dear *absence*.] See note (6), p. 393.

[g] Let her have your voice.] The folio lection; that of the quarto 1662 is,—

"Your voices lords: beseech you let her will
Have a free way."

[h] My speculative and offic'd instruments,—] By "speculative and offic'd instruments" he probably means, *the organs of sight and action*.

[i] You must away to-night.] In the quartos, "You must hence to-night," which words are given to the Duke, and the dialogue proceeds as follows,—

"*Des.* To-night my lord?
Du. This night.
Oth. With all my heart."

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To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To* BRABANTIO.
If virtue no delighted[a] beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 SEN. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;[b]
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, *&c.*

OTH. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

ROD. Iago,—

IAGO. What say'st thou, noble heart?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

ROD. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

IAGO. O, villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. *Virtue!* a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance* of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour[c] with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,[d] —put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.(5) She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must:* therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a* super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO. Thou art sure of me;—go, make money: —I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted, thine hath no less reason; let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse! go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

ROD. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

IAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

(*) First folio, *braine.*

a — no delighted *beauty lack*,—] "*Delighted*" is here used for *delighting*: the passive participle for the active.

b — if thou hast eyes to see;] The 1622 quarto reads, we think preferably,—"have a quick eye to see," &c

c — *defeat thy* favour with an usurped beard;] *Change*, or *disfigure* thy countenance by putting on a spurious beard.

(*) First folio omits, *a.*

d It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—] In the folio, "It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue," &c.

* — she must have change, she must;] These words are not in the folio.

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Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?
Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.*
Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse. [*Exit* Roderigo.
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane.
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit.—I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He* has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.

(*) First folio, *She.*

* I'll go sell all my land.] The folio abbreviates the foregoing dialogue thus,—

"Do you hear, Rodergo?
Rod. He sell all my Land. [*Exit.*"

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A* double knavery,—How, how?—Let 's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear†
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *In* (†) First folio, *ears.*



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*

Enter MONTANO *and Two* Gentlemen.

MON. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 GENT. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven* and the main,
Descry a sail.

MON. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 GENT. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

MON. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible they* bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 GENT. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice

(*) Quarto 1622, *haven*.

(*) First folio, *to*.

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Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
MON. How! is this true?
3 GENT. The ship is here put in;
A Veronessa, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
MON. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.
3 GENT. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
MON. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side,—ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.[a]
3 GENT. Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.[*]

Enter CASSIO.

CAS. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,[b]
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!
MON. Is he well shipp'd?
CAS. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes,[c] not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Without.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Fourth Gentleman.

CAS. What noise?
4 GENT. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—*A sail!*
CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns without.*
2 GENT. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.
CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.
2 GENT. I shall. [*Exit.*
MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.—[d]

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
2 GENT. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.
CAS. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog[*] the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
MON. What is she?
CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort![e]—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

(*) First folio, *Arrivancie.*

(*) First folio, *enclog.*

[a] Even till we make the main and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.]
Omitted in the earlier quarto.

[b] Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle, &c.] The first quarto has, "Thankes *to the* valiant of this *worthy* Isle," &c.; the second quarto, "Thanks to the valiant of this Isle," &c.; the folio, "Thankes you, the valiant of *the* warlike Isle," &c.

[c] Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,—] "Hopes," here, are *expectations* or *presentiments*. See note (b), page 540.

[d] *And in the essential vesture of creation*
Does tire the ingener.—]
The quartos read, "Does *beare all excellency* [and *excellence*];" the folio has, "Do's tyre the *Inginiver*." By "ingener" is meant, perhaps, the *painter* or *artist*. Plecknoe, as Mr. Singer has remarked, in his Discourse on the English Stage, 1664, speaking of painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*." Ingenier, or ingener, was, however, a term for any ingenious person; and from a passage in "Certain Edicts from a Parliament in Eutopia, written by the Lady Southwell:"—"Item, that no Lady shall court her looking-glasse, past one houre in a day, unlesse she professe to be *an Ingenir*," it might be thought in the present instance to signify what is now called a *modiste*, or deviser of new fashions in female apparel.

[e] And bring all Cyprus comfort!—] These words are omitted in the folio.

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Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me* of my lord?
CAS. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.
DES. O, but I fear,—How lost you company?
CAS. The great contention of the† sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but hark! a sail!
[*Cry without*, A sail! a sail! *Then guns heard.*
2 GENT. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
CAS. See for the news.—
[*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—welcome,
mistress:— [*To* EMILIA.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her.*
IAGO. Sir,‡ would she give you so much of her
lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.
DES. Alas, she has no speech.
IAGO. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list§ to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
EMIL. You have little cause to say so.
IAGO. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors,‖
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.[a]
DES. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!
IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk,
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
EMIL. You shall not write my praise.
IAGO. No, let me not.
DES. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?
IAGO. O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.[b]
DES. Come on, assay—There 's one gone to
the harbour?

IAGO. Ay, madam.
DES. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
IAGO. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse
labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.
DES. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?
IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.[c]
DES. Worse and worse.
EMIL. How if fair and foolish?
IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?
IAGO. There 's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
DES. O, heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself?[d]
IAGO. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*Now I may;*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;[e]
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;[f]
She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—
DES. To do what?
IAGO. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
DES. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
profane and liberal[g] counsellor?[h]

(*) First folio omits, *me*. (†) First folio omits, *the*.
(‡) First folio, *For*. (§) First folio, *leave*.
(‖) First folio, *doore*.

a — and housewives, &c.] Puttenham, in "The Arte of English Poesie," has something resembling this; "— we limit the comely part of a woman to consist in foure points, that is to be a shrewe in the kitchen, a saint in the church, an angell at the bourd, and an ape in the bed," &c.

b — critical.] *Cynical, censorious.*

c — *her blackness* fit.] The quarto 1622 reads,—"her blackness *hit*," perhaps for the better. See note (*), p. 70, Vol. I.

d — did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?] Did confidently *provoke* the accusation of malice itself. To "*put on*" in the sense of to *incite*, to *provoke*, occurs also in "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

" —— the powers above
Put on their instruments."

Shakespeare may have been thinking on a passage in Oecland's *Elizabetha*, 1582:—

" Sicut ab Invidiâ laudem decusque pararet."

e To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail.] That is, says Steevens, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare.

f See suitors following, and not look behind:] This line is wanting in the earlier quarto.

g — liberal—] *Licentious.*

h — counsellor?] Theobald prints, "— *censurer.*"

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Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said,—whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve[a] thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir[b] in. Very good! well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet without.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

[a] — gyve—] *Shackle, fetter.*

[b] — *the sir*—] The *courtier*, or *gallant*.

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Enter OTHELLO, *and* Attendants.

OTH. O, my fair warrior![*]
DES. My dear Othello!
OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
DES. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
IAGO. [*Aside.*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I 'll set[b] down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
OTH. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
[*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and* Attend.

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither.* If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

ROD. With him! why, 't is not possible.

IAGO. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating?* let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed: and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again† to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does?—a knave very voluble;[a] no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing‡ of his salt and most hidden-loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent-complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.[d]

IAGO. *Blessed* fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure* prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities§ so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion.

(*) First folio, *thither.*

* *O, my fair* warrior!] "This phrase was introduced by our copiers of the French Sonnetteers. Ronsard frequently calls his mistresses *guerrieres*; and Southern, his imitator, is not less prodigal of the same appellation. Thus, in his fifth Sonnet,—

'And, my *warrier*, my light shines in thy fayre eyes.'

Again in his sixth Sonnet he uses it twice,—

'I am not, my cruell *warrier*, the Thebain,' &c.

(*) First folio, *To love him still*, &c. (†) First folio, *a game.*
(‡) First folio, *compass.* (§) First folio, *mutabilities.*

* 'I came not, *my warrier*, of the blood Lidain,' &c."
STEEVENS.

[b] — set *down the pegs*—] Pope causelessly changed this to "— *let* down the pegs," &c.

[a] — voluble;] Not fluent in speech, as the word now imports, but *fickle, inconstant.*

[d] — condition.] That is, *disposition, qualities of mind.*

* — obscure *prologue*—] Query, "*obsc. ne* prologue—"?

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Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I 'll lay 't upon you:—Cassio knows you not:—I 'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course[a] you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

ROD. Well:

IAGO. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply[b] may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification[c] shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

ROD. I will do this, if I* can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

ROD. Adieu. [*Exit.*

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant-loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash[d] of Venice, whom I trash[e]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank† garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *if you*. (†) First folio, *right*.

[a] — *what other* course—] Mr. Collier credits his annotator with the alteration of "course" to *cause*; but "cause" is the reading of the 1622 quarto.

[b] — and haply may strike at you: &c.] The quartos read,—"— and haply *with his truncheon* may strike at you," &c.

[c] — whose qualification—] Whose *temperament, crasis*.

[d] If this poor trash of Venice,—] The 1622 quarto reads,—

"If this poore trash of Venice, whom I crush," &c.

The folio 1623 and the quarto 1630 have,—

"If this poore Trash of Venice, whome I *trace*," &c.

Warburton prints, "*brach* of Venice" for trash of Venice, an emendation to which we cannot subscribe, although persuaded that "*trash* of Venice" is a vitiation of what the poet wrote.

[e] — *whom* I trash—] The folio has "— *trace;*" but "*trash*," signifying to *clog* or *impede*, is surely the genuine word. See note (f), p. 8.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald, *with a proclamation;* People *following.*

HER. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction* leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices[f] are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven† bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *addition*. (†) First folio omits, *Heaven*.

[f] *All* offices *are open;*] The apartments in a great establishment, where the refreshments were prepared or distributed, were anciently known as *offices:* thus, as quoted by Malone, in "Timon of Athens," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders."

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,—
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*Aside to* DESDEMONA.
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and* Attend.

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Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast* us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. She 's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of* provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they?

IAGO. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

CAS. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he 's to watch:
Three lads† of Cyprus,—noble-swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *followed by* MONTANO, Gentlemen, *and* Servants *with wine.*

CAS. 'Fore God,* they have given me a rouse already.

MON. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

IAGO. Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] *And let me the canakin clink, clink;*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
O, man's life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

CAS. 'Fore God,* an excellent song.

IAGO. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

CAS. Is your Englishman so expert† in his drinking?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.(1)

CAS. To the health of our general!

MON. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.

IAGO. O, sweet England!

King Stephen was‡ a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down,
Then§ take thine‖ auld cloak about thee.(2)

Some wine, ho!

CAS. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear 't again?

CAS. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—God 's*

(*) First folio, *to.* (†) First folio, *else.*

* — cast us—] *Dismissed* us.

(*) First folio, *heaven.* (†) First folio, *exquisite.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *and.* (§) First folio, *and.*
(‖) First folio, *thy.*

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above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.[a]

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs. —Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore the[*] prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,[b]
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it,
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him.*] How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit* Roderigo.

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry without,*—Help! help![c]

[a] — and there be souls must not be saved.] This clause is omitted in the 1622 quarto.

[b] He 'll watch the horo'oge a doub'e set,
If drink rock not his cradle.]
He 'll not sleep while the hands course twice round the clock, in other words, for twenty-four hours, unless he have drink.

[c] *Cry without.*—Help! help!] This stage direction is found only in the quartos.

(*) First folio, *his.*

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Re-enter CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO.

CAS. You rogue! you rascal!
MON. What's the matter, lieutenant?
CAS. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
ROD. Beat me!
CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* RODERIGO.
MON. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
CAS. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
MON. Come, come, you're drunk.
CAS. Drunk!
[*They fight.*[a]
IAGO. Away, I say! go out, and cry—*a mutiny!*
[*Aside to* ROD. *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir,—[*]
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will,[†] lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd[‡] for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO, *and* Attendants.

OTH. What is the matter here?
MON. Zounds,[§] I bleed still! I am hurt to the death.— [*He faints.*[b]
OTH. Hold, for your lives!
IAGO. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?[c]
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!
OTH. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

IAGO. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish[d] odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
CAS. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont[*] be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion[e] for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to't.
MON. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
OTH. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,[f]
Assays to lead the way! If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety![g]
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?
MON. If, partially affin'd,[h] or leagu'd[†] in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
IAGO. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

(*) First folio omits, *sir*. (†) First folio, *Pie, fie*.
(‡) First folio, *asham'd*. (§) First folio omits, *Zounds*.

[a] *They fight.*] The folio omits this direction.
[b] *He faints.*] This direction is only given in the quarto of 1631. The folio instead of it adds to Montano's speech, not as a stage direction, the words, "He dies."
[c] — *all* sense of place *and duty?*] The old copies by mistake transpose the words, "sense of place," and read, "place of sense," &c.
[d] — peevish odds;] *Headstrong, or perverse quarrel.*

(*) First folio inserts, *to*. (†) Old copies, *league*.

[e] — spend your rich opinion—] *Squander* your valued estimation.
[f] — collied,—] To *colly* means, literally, to *blacken*, to *smut*, and figuratively, to *darken* or *obscure*. The expression in the text occurs in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," Act IV. Sc. 3, —"Nor thou hast not *collied* thy face enough, stinkard."
[g] — on the court and guard of safety!] Such is the lection of the old copies; the usual reading, however, is that proposed by Theobald,—"the court *of* guard *and* safety."
[h] *If, partially affin'd,*—] If, being *bound by partiality*.

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Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.

DES. What 's the matter?

OTH. All 's well now, sweeting;[a]
Come away to bed.—Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: lead him off.
[*To* MONTANO, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
[*Exeunt all except* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I[*] thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are[*] ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright[b] an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?[c]—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAGO. Is 't possible?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, God,[†] that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

CAS. It hath pleased the devil Drunkenness, to give place to the devil Wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CAS. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

IAGO. You, or any man living may be drunk at some[‡] time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.

(*) First folio inserts, *had.*

(*) First folio inserts, *more.* (†) First folio omits, *God.*
(‡) First folio, *a time.*

[a] All's well now, sweeting;] In the folio, Desdemona's question and the response run thus:—

"*Des.* What is the matter (Deere?)
Othe. All's well Sweeting."

[b] —*to affright an imperious lion*:] Should we not read,—"to *appease* an imperious lion"?

[c] Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—] This is all wanting in the 1622 quarto.

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Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation,—mark,—and denotement* of her parts and graces: —confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.†

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. And what 's he, then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal* to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't* to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

(*) Old text, *devotement*. Corrected by Theobald.
(†) First folio omits, *here*.

* Probal—] This contraction of *probable* is, as far as we know, without example

(*) First folio, *were*

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Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,*
They do suggest[b] at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,*
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.—

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

ROD. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains;[c] and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

(*) First folio, *fortune.*

a — put on,—] *Instigate, provoke.*
b — suggest—] *Tempt, entice.*

IAGO. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass,* 't is morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on:
Myself the† while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *In troth.*
(†) Old text, *awhile.* Corrected by Theobald.

c — for my pains;] The 16.2 quarto adds,—"as that comes to,' &c



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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter Cassio, *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that 's brief; and bid good-morrow, general. [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?
1 Mus. How, sir, how!
Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?
1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.
1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves,[a] to make no more noise with it.
1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.
Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.
1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

[a] — of all loves,—] An old adjuration found in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2; and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 3, and which the folio reading, "*for love's sake*," well explains.

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CLO. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away: go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

CAS. Dost thou hear, my[a] honest friend?

CLO. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

CAS. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife[b] be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

CLO. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

CAS. Do, good my friend.[c] [*Exit* Clown.

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO. You have not been a-bed, then?

CAS. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

IAGO. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

CAS. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit* IAGO.]
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.[d]

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front*
To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet, I beseech you.—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.

EMIL. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

CAS. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

OTH. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:
That done,—I will be walking on the works,—
Repair there to me.

IAGO. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see 't?

GENT. We 'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

DES. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMIL. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the cause were his.

DES. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CAS. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

DES. I know 't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

CAS. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,*

[a] *Dost thou hear, my honest friend?*] So the quartos; the folio reads, "Dost thou heare *me, mine* honest friend?"

[b] — that attends the general's wife, &c.] This is according to the quartos; the folio has, "that attends the *Generall*," &c.

[c] Do, good my friend.] The folio omits this hemistich.

[d] —— I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.]

(*) First folio, *circumstances*.

As Iago from various passages is known to be a Venetian, and as he calls the lieutenant "A Florentine" at the opening of the play, Cassio is supposed to mean that he never experienced more kindness and honesty even in one of his own countrymen.

* To take the saf'st occasion by the front—] A line not found in the folio.

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That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
DES. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch* him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.
EMIL. Madam, here comes my lord.
CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.
DES. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
DES. Well; do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.
OTH. What dost thou say?
IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
IAGO. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you* coming.
OTH. I do believe 't was he.
DES. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
OTH. Who is 't you mean?
DES. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

* *I'll* watch *him tame,*—] See note d, p. 683, Vol. I.

(*) First folio,

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If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee call him back.
OTH. Went he hence now?
DES. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.
DES. But shall 't be shortly?
OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.
DES. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
OTH. No, not to-night.
DES. To-morrow dinner, then?
OTH. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
DES. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;
I pr'ythee name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make example
Out of their* best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering[a] on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
OTH. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
DES. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,[b]
And fearful to be granted.
OTH. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
DES. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
OTH. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.
DES. Emilia, come.—Be* as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit, with* EMILIA.
OTH. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
IAGO. My noble lord,—
OTH. What dost thou say, Iago?
IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you† woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
OTH. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago?
IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
OTH. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
IAGO. Indeed!
OTH. *Indeed!* ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
IAGO. Honest, my lord!
OTH. *Honest!* ay, *honest*.
IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.
OTH. What dost thou think?
IAGO. Think, my lord?
OTH. *Think, my lord!* By heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown!—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but‡ now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In§ my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, *Indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.
OTH. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

(*) Old text, *her*.

[a] — mammering—] To *mammer* meant to *hesitate, to be in doubt*. In addition to the examples of this word which the commentators have given, the following passage may be cited from Dent's "Plain Man's Path-way to Heaven,"—"They bring such simple folke as we are, into a *mammering*."

[b] *It shall be full of poize and difficulty,*—] The folio has,—"—and difficult weight," &c., which, as "poize" means weight, is apparently an error, arising probably from the poet's having, in the first instance, written both *poize* and *weight*, uncertain which to adopt, and afterwards forgotten to cancel the discarded word.

(*) The quartos insert, *it*.
(†) First folio, *he*.
(‡) First folio, *even*.
(§) First folio, *Of*.

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Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false-disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just,
They 're close dilations,[a] working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.[b]

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

IAGO. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTH. Certain, *men should be what they seem.*

IAGO. Why then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there 's more in this;
I pr'ythee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.[*]
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?—who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?[c]

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

[a] —close dilations,—] The accepted reading is "*delations*," the word being taken in its Latin sense of *accusations*; but "dilations" may be a contraction of *distillations*, and the meaning of "close dilations," *secret droppings*. In the quarto, 1622, we find, "close *denotements*."

[b] —— *working from the heart*
That passion *cannot rule.*]
Unless "*passion*" is here employed in the unusual sense of *prudence, caution*, &c., we must understand Othello to mean,—working from a heart that cannot govern its emotions.

[*] First folio omits, *to*.

[c] —— who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?]
The lection of the quartos; the folio has,—
"—— Who ha's *that* breast so pure,
Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?"

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If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO. I do beseech you,—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft* my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTH. What dost thou mean?
IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something-nothing;[a]
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.(1)
OTH. By heaven,† I 'll know thy thoughts!
IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.
OTH. Ha!
IAGO. O, beware, my lord, of Jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock[b]
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly[c] loves!
OTH. O, misery!
IAGO. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter,[d]
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
OTH. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I 'd make a life of jealousy;
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once* to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate* and blown† surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;‡
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!
IAGO. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye§ thus,—not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.
OTH. Dost thou say so?
IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
OTH. And so she did.
IAGO. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—[f]

(*) First folio, *of*. (†) First folio omits, *By Aaron*.
(*) First folio omits, *once*. (†) First folio, *blowed*.
(‡) First folio omits, *well*. (§) First folio, *eyes*.

[a] — *'t is* something-nothing;] This is invariably printed, "something, nothing;" but "*something-nothing*" appears to have been one of those compound epithets to which our old writers were so partial, and of which the plays before us afford very many more examples than have ever been noted. The precise meaning of the phrase it is not easy to determine, the only instance of its use we have met with being the following:—"Before this newes was stale came a taile of freshe sammon to countermand it with certain newes of a *something nothing*, and a priest that was neither dead nor alive, but suspended between both."—*A Watch Bayte to Spare Provender*, &c. &c. 4to. 1604. It appears, however, to have been nearly equivalent to the expression, *neither here nor there*.

[b] O, beware, my lord, of Jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:]

For "mock" of all the old copies, Hanmer printed *make:* and the question what is the meat that Jealousy feeds on has never yet been settled. Some affirm it to be Love; some, Desdemona; some, *pabulum zelotypiæ*. Strange that it should have occurred to no one that the meat the monster mocks (i.e. *scoffs, gibes*, or *ridicules*,) while he feeds on it, may be his credulous victim,—that thrice-wretched mortal,—

"Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves."

[c] — soundly *loves!*] So the folio, in support of which Mr. Dyce quotes from "Henry V." Act V. Sc. 2,—"O, fair Katherine, if you will *love me soundly* with your French heart," &c. The quartos have,—"suspects, yet *strongly* loves;" and a few modern editions read, "*fondly* loves."

[d] *But* riches fineless is *as poor* as winter,—] *Riches fineless*, are treasures *endless, unnumbered*. Shakespeare before in this play uses "*riches*" as a singular,—

"The *riches* of the ship *is* come on shore."

[e] — exsufflicate—] This word, in the old copies spelt exufflicate, Dr. Richardson considers, not improbably, "a misprint for *exsuffiate*, i.e. *effiate*, or *effiated*, puffed out, and consequently, exaggerated, extravagant," &c.

[f] *To seel her father's eyes up, close as* oak,—] The technical term *to seel*, which has been before explained, would lead us to suspect the poet wrote,—"close as *hawk's*."

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He thought 't was witchcraft:—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.
IAGO. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.
IAGO. I' faith,* I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my† love;—but I do see you 're mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
OTH. I will not.
IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at.[a] Cassio 's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you 're mov'd.
OTH. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.
IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
OTH. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
IAGO. Ay, there 's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends:—
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—
But, pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
OTH. Farewell, farewell:—
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;—
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.
IAGO. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
OTH. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO. [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold* him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment[b]
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
OTH. Fear not my government.
IAGO. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
OTH. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,[c]
Though that her jesses[d] were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.[e] Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much;—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of† great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague[f] is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—[g]
I 'll not believe 't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

DES. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

(*) First folio, *Trust me.* (†) First folio, *your.*

[a] As my thoughts aim not at.] The reading of the quartos: the folio has,—"which my thoughts aim'd not."

[b] — his entertainment—] His *re-instatement.* "*Entertainment* was the military term for the admission of soldiers."—JOHNSON.

[c] — haggard,—] In falconry this term was often applied to a wild, unreclaimed hawk; one accustomed to seek its own prey.

[d] — jesses—] Short thongs attached to the foot of the hawk; which the falconer twisted round his hand in holding her.

[e] I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.]

"The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune.*"—JOHNSON.

(*) First folio omits, *hold.* (†) First folio, *to.*

[f] — forked plague—] Malone quotes an Epigram of Sir John Harrington which very happily illustrates this expression:—

"Acteon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with *hornes;* his dogs did him devoure;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

[g] —— Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then, heaven mocks itself!—]

So the quartos; in the folio we have,—

"—— *Looke where she* comes
If she be false, *heaven mock'd itself.*"

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OTH. I am to blame.
DES. Why do you speak so faintly ?[a]
Are you not well?
OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
DES. Why, that 's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
OTH. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.
EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance[b] from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,[c]
And give 't Iago; what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

IAGO. How now! what do you here alone?
EMIL. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
IAGO. A thing for me![d]—it is a common thing—
EMIL. Ha!
IAGO. To have a foolish wife.
EMIL. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
IAGO. What handkerchief?
EMIL. *What handkerchief?*
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
IAGO. Hast stolen it from her?
EMIL. No, faith;* she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

IAGO. A good wench; give it me.
EMIL. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
IAGO. [*Snatching it.*] Why, what's that to you?
EMIL. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv 't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
IAGO. Be not acknown[e] on 't: I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,[f]
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,(2)
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Ha! ha! false to me?
IAGO. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
OTH. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.
IAGO. How now, my lord!
OTH. What sense had I of* her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;[g]
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.
IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.
OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,

(*) First folio, *but*.

(*) First folio, *in*.

[a] **Why do you speak so faintly?**] The quarto reads,—"Why *is* your *speech so faint?*"

[b] — remembrance—] That is, *memorial* or *forget-me-not*.

[c] — *I'll have the work* ta'en out,—] *Taken out* means *copied*. Thus in the preface to Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny, 1610: "Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns," &c. So also in Middleton's play of "Women beware of Women," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"—— she intends
To *take out* other works in a new sampler."

[d] **A thing for me!**—] The folio reads,—"You *have* a thing for me?" &c.

[e] *Be not* acknown on 't:—] The quarto 1622 has,—"Be not *you known* on 't." "Acknown" is a word far from unusual with our early authors. See the notes *ad l.* in the *Variorum*, 1821.

[f] The *Moor already changes with my* poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,—]

The repetition of *poison* here is so inelegant that we may well suspect the word in one line was caught by the compositor's eye from the other, but it is hard to say in which the corruption lies.

[g] **I slept the next night well, was free and merry;**] So both the quartos. The folio reads,—

"I slept the next night well, *fed well*, was free and merrie."

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Pioners[a] and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,(3)
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

IAGO. Is 't possible?—My lord,—

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Seizing him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of man's[b] eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!

IAGO. Is 't come to this?

OTH. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;[c]
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that!

IAGO. O, grace! O, heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,
That liv'st* to make thine honesty a vice!—
O, monstrous world! Take note, take note, O, world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTH. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not!
I 'll have some proof: her† name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

IAGO. I see, sir,* you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

OTH. *Would!* nay, I will.

IAGO. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervis-or† grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd!‡

OTH. Death and damnation! O!

IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own? What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office:
But, sith I 'm enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and§ then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then‖ laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd;¶ and then
Cried,** *Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!*

OTH. O, monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

(*) First folio, *lov'st*. (†) First folio, *my*.

[a] Pioners—] The "pioners" or *pioneers* were of old the degraded soldiers. So in "The Laws and Ordinances of War," 1640, quoted by Grose, — "If a trooper shall loose his horse or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdnesse, by dice or cardes; he or they shall remain in qualitie of *pioners*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge."

[b] — *of* man's *eternal soul*,—] The folio reads, with much less force,—

" —— of *mine* eternal soul," &c.

[c] — *abandon all* remorse;] All pity, all tenderness of feeling.

(*) First folio omits, *sir*. (†) First folio, *supervision*.
(‡) Old text, *top'd* and *topt*. (§) First folio omits, *and*.
(‖) First folio omits, *then*. (¶) First folio, *sigh and kiss*.
(**) First folio, *Cry*.

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Iago. Nay, but* be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that* was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

(*) First folio, *yet*.

(*) Old text, *it*. Corrected by Malone.

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Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'T is gone!—
Arise, black Vengeance, from the hollow hell![*]
Yield up, O, Love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous Hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

IAGO. Yet be content.

OTH. O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps[*] may change.

OTH. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels[†] retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

IAGO. Do not rise yet.—
[*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever!

OTH. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead: 't is done at your request;
But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her![‡]
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

DES. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

CLO. I dare not say he lies any where.

DES. Why, man?

CLO. He is a soldier; and for one[*] to say a soldier lies, is[†] stabbing.

DES. Go to: where lodges he?

CLO. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

DES. Can anything be made of this?

CLO. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DES. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

CLO. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

DES. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

CLO. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.
[*Exit.*

DES. Where should I lose that[‡] handkerchief, Emilia?

EMIL. I know not, madam.

DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes:[4] and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

EMIL. Is he not jealous?

DES. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

EMIL. Look, where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord?

OTH. Well, my good lady;—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

DES. Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

DES. It yet[§] has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;

(*) First folio omits, *perhaps*. (†) First folio, *keepes*.
(‡) First folio repeats, *damn her*.

* — the hollow hell!] The quartos, which are here generally followed, have, " — thy hollow cell!"

(*) First folio, *me*. (†) First folio, *'tis*.
(‡) First folio, *the*. (§) First folio omits, *yet*.

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For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.
DES. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.
OTH. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.(5)
DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
OTH. What promise, chuck?
DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
OTH. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
DES. Here, my lord.
OTH. That which I gave you.
DES. I have it not about me.
OTH. Not?
DES. No, indeed, my lord.
OTH. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer,* and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly,* and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
DES. Is 't possible?
OTH. 'T is true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
DES. Indeed! is 't true?
OTH. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
DES. Then would to God† that I had never seen 't!
OTH. Ha! wherefore?
DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
OTH. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is 't out of the way?
DES. Heaven‡ bless us!

(*) First folio, *loathed*. (†) First folio, *Heaven*.
(‡) First folio omits, *Heaven*.

* — a charmer,—] An enchantress; one who worked by spells and charms.

OTH. Say you?
DES. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
OTH. How!
DES. I say, it is not lost.
OTH. Fetch 't, let me see 't.
DES. Why, so I can, sir,* but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
DES. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
OTH. The handkerchief![b]
DES. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. In sooth, you are to blame.
OTH. Away![6] [*Exit.*
EMIL. Is not this man jealous?
DES. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
EMIL. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter CASSIO *and* IAGO.

IAGO. There is no other way: 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.
DES. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?
CAS. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
DES. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;

(*) First folio omits, *sir*.

b DES. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
OTH. The handkerchief!]
These two speeches are omitted in the folio.

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My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

IAGO. Is my lord angry?

EMIL. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm,
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?*
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

DES. I pr'ythee, do so.—[*Exit* IAGO.] Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

EMIL. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day, I never gave him cause!

EMIL. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so:
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: it is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep that† monster from Othello's mind!

EMIL. Lady, amen!

DES. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. Save you, friend Cassio!

CAS. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I'faith,* sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O, weary reckoning!

CAS. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate[a] time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* Desdemona's *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

BIAN. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is't come to this? Well, well.

CAS. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIAN. Why, whose is it?

CAS. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

BIAN. Leave you! wherefore?

CAS. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

BIAN. Why, I pray you?

CAS. Not that I love you not.

BIAN. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

CAS. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

BIAN. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *is he angry?*

(†) First folio, *the.*

[a] —a *more* continuate *time*,—] That is, Johnson says, a time *less interrup'ed*. The quarto 1622 has,—"A more *convenient* time."

(*) First folio, *Indeed.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

IAGO. Will you think so?
OTH. *Think so*, Iago!
IAGO. What,
To kiss in private?

OTH. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
IAGO. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
OTH. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

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The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

OTH. What then?

IAGO. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

OTH. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

IAGO. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

OTH. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO. Ay, what of that?

OTH. That's not so good now.

IAGO. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced, or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,—

OTH. Hath he said any thing?

IAGO. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said?

IAGO. Faith,* that he did,—I know not what he did.

OTH. What? what

IAGO. Lie—

OTH. With her?

IAGO. With her;—on her;—what you will.

OTH. *Lie with her! lie on her!*—We say lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O, devil![1] [*Falls in a trance.*

IAGO. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

CAS. What is the matter?

IAGO. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. No, forbear:*
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

OTH. Dost thou mock me?

IAGO. I mock you! no,* by heaven:
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

OTH. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it?

IAGO. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper[b] beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

IAGO. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
A passion most unsuiting† such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all-in-all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

(*) First folio, *why*.

[1] O, devil!] Common.

* No, forbear:] These words are not in the folio.

(*) First folio, *not*.

(†) First folio, *resulting*.

[b] — unproper—] Common.

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OTH. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
IAGO. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[OTHELLO *retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish[a] jealousy must construe[*]
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now,[*] lieutenant?
CAS. The worser, that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.
IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!
CAS. Alas, poor caitiff!
OTH. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already!

(*) First folio, *conserve.*

[a] — unbookish *jealousy*—] *Ignorant* jealousy.

(*) First folio omits, *now.*

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IAGO. I never knew woman love man so.

CAS. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith,* she loves me.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

IAGO. Do you hear, Cassio?

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.

IAGO. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

CAS. I marry her!†—what, a customer![a] Pr'ythee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome.—Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that win.

IAGO. Faith,‡ the cry goes that you shall§ marry her.

CAS. Pr'ythee, say true.

IAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Have you scored me?[b] Well.

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

CAS. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,—

OTH. [*Aside.*] Crying, *O, dear Cassio!* as it were: his gesture imports it.

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales¶ and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!—

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO. Before me! look, where she comes.

CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIAN. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby-horse:[c] wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

OTH. [*Aside.*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIAN. An* you'll come to supper to-night you may; an* you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

IAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. Faith,† I must; she'll rail in the streets else.

IAGO. Will you sup there?

CAS. Faith,‡ I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

IAGO. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

OTH. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTH. O, Iago!

IAGO. And did you see the handkerchief?

OTH. Was that mine?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO. She 's the worse for all this.

OTH. O, a thousand-thousand times:[d]—and then, of so gentle a condition!

(*) First folio, *indeed*. (†) First folio omits, *her*.
(‡) First folio, *Why*. (§) First folio omits, *shall*.
(¶) First folio, *becomes*. (¶) First folio, *shakes*.

[a] — a customer!] This was a cant term for a loose woman. So in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 3,—
"I think thee now some common *customer*."

[b] *Have you* scored *me?*] "Scored" for *branded*, unless the word is a misprint. The quartos have *stor'd*; the folio, *scor'd*.

[c] — hobby-horse:] Another by-word for an abandoned woman.

(*) First folio, *If*. (†) First folio omits, *Faith*.
(‡) First folio, *Yes*.

In the "Winter's Tale," Act I. Sc. 2, Leontes says,—
"My wife's a *hobby horse;*"
and in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act III. Sc. 1, Armado asks,—
"Calleat thou my love *hobby-horse?*" &c.

[d] O, a thousand-thousand times:—] The folio poorly reads,—"O, a thousand, a thousand times:" &c.

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IAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTH. I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

IAGO. O, 'tis foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer!

IAGO. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

IAGO. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good!

IAGO. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet without.*

OTH. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.*

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

LOD. Save you, worthy general!

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The duke and* senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

OTH. Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord?

OTH. [Reads.] *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

LOD. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

DES. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone!

DES. My lord?

OTH. Are you wise?

DES. What, is he angry?

LOD. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

OTH. Indeed?

DES. My lord?

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet Othello?

OTH. Devil! [*Striking her.*

DES. I have not deserv'd this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 't is very much;
Make her amends; she weeps.

OTH. O, devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

DES. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

LOD. Truly, an* obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress!

DES. My lord?

OTH. What would you with her, sir?

LOD. Who, I, my lord?

OTH. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir,—weep!
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient!—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O, well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

[*Exit.*

LOD. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

(*) First folio inserts, *the*.

(*) First folio omits, *as*.

* Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and see, your wife is with him.]
We prefer here the lection of the quartos. The folio has,—

" I warrant something from Venice,
'T is Lodovico this, comes from Duke.
See, your wife's with him," &c.

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The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO. He is much chang'd.

LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

IAGO. He 's—that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven he were!

LOD. What, strike his wife!

IAGO. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this* fault?

IAGO. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Ass.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

OTH. You have seen nothing, then?

EMIL. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMIL. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTH. What, did they never whisper?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. Nor send you out o' the way?

EMIL. Never.

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange.

EMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

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OTH. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[*Exit* EMILIA.
She says enough;—yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* EMILIA.

DES. My lord, what is your will?
OTH. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
DES. What is your pleasure?
OTH. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
DES. What horrible fancy 's this?
OTH. Some of your function, mistress;
[*To* EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry *hem*, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch!
[*Exit* EMILIA.
DES. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.[a]
OTH. Why, what art thou?
DES. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,—
Swear—thou art honest.
DES. Heaven doth truly know it.
OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
DES. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
OTH. Ah, Desdemon!—away! away! away!
DES. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why,* I have lost him too.
OTH. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he† rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
The fixed figure of the time, for Scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at!—[b]
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!—
Ay, there,‡ look grim as hell!
DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
OTH. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er been born!
DES. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?—*What committed!*
Committed! O, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—*What committed!*
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—*What committed!*—
Impudent strumpet![c]
DES. By heaven, you do me wrong!
OTH. Are not you a strumpet?
DES. No, as I am a Christian!
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

[a] But not the words.] The folio omits this hemistich.

[b] The fixed figure of the time, for Scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at!—]

We adopt in this much discussed passage an emendation proposed by the Rev. J. Hunter, which involves only the transposition of the particles "for" and "of," and affords an excellent sense. The text of the folio is,—

"The fixed figure *for* the time *of* scorne,
To point his slow and moving finger at."

That of the quartos,—

"A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow unmoving fingers at. . . eh, oh," &c.

(*) First folio omits, *Why*. (†) First folio, *they*.
(‡) Old text, *I heere*. Corrected by Theobald.

except that the second quarto reads "*finger*" for "*fingers*." Mr. Collier's annotator, availing himself of the obvious alteration *hand* for "*time*," which Rowe first made, and the equally obvious suggestion of Mason,—*slowly moving finger at*,—presents us with the following, which Mr. Collier says "we may reasonably believe to have been what the poet wrote,"—

"A fixed figure, for the *hand* of scorn
To point his *slowly moving finger at*."

[c] Impudent strumpet!] These words are omitted in the folio.

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Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd!
Oth. Is't possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry your mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here's a change, indeed!
[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?*

Re-enter Emilia, *with* Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What 's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.†
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

(*) First folio, *least misuse.*
(†) First folio, *That true heart cannot bear it.*

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Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions[a] thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was [*Aside to* Iago.
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to. [*Aside to* Emilia.
Des. Alas, Iago!
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in[*] any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say *whore*—
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

[a] — companions—] *Companion* was often used in Shakespeare's time as a term of contempt, in the same sense that we now employ *fellow*. So in "Henry IV." Part II. Act II. Sc. 4,—"I scorn you, scurvy *companion*;" and again in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III. Sc. 1,—"This same scall, scurvy, cogging *companion*."

(*) First folio, *or*.

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IAGO. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.[a]

DES. If 't were no other!—

IAGO. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets without.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

ROD. Faith,* I have heard too much; for† your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. *Very well! go to!* I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed‡ in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 'tis not *very well.* I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

IAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

ROD. It hath not appeared.

IAGO. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

ROD. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

IAGO. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean, removing him?

IAGO. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me to do?

IAGO. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,[b] and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune,—if you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall; be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Attendants.

LOD. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

(*) First folio omits, *Faith.* (†) First folio, *and.* (‡) Old text, *fopt.*

[a] And he does chide with you.] The folio omits these words.

[b] — a harlotry.—] So in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 2, —"A peevish self-willed *harlotry*;" and again in "Henry IV." Part I. Act III. Sc. 1, we have the same expression.

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LOD. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

DES. Your honour is most welcome.

OTH. Will you walk, sir?—O,—Desdemona,—

DES. My lord?

OTH. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

DES. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, *and* Attendants.

EMIL. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMIL. Dismiss me!

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

EMIL. I would you had never seen him!

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.[a]

EMIL. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DES. All's one.—Good faith,[*] how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee,[†] pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

EMIL. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *Willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,[b]
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

EMIL. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

DES. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. He speaks well.

EMIL. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

DES. [Singing.] *The poor soul sat sighing*[‡] *by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Lay by these:—
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

EMIL. It is the wind.

DES. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, willow, willow;
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.—(2)
So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

EMIL. 'T is neither here nor there.

DES. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMIL. There be some such, no question.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL. Why, would not you?

DES. No, by this heavenly light!

EMIL. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL. The world's a huge thing: 'tis a great price
For a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMIL. In troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for all the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

(*) First folio, *Father*. (†) First folio omits, *thee*.
(‡) First folio, *singing*.

[a] — in them.] These words are not in the folio.

[b] I have much to do,—] These words and what follows down to "Hark! who is't that knocks!" are not in the quarto of 1622.

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DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMIL. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think there is any such woman.

EMIL. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too:—and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DES. Good-night, good-night: heaven me such uses* send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

— *heaven me such uses send,*—] The quarto, 1622, has "*usage*" for "*uses*;" it may be doubted whether either is the poet's word.



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk;* straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires to a little distance.*

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'T is but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies!
[*Goes to his stand.*

IAGO. I have rubb'd this young quat* almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

(*) First folio, *Barke.*

* *I have rubb'd this young* quat *almost to the* sense.—] A "*quat*" means a *pimple* or *scab*; and "to the *sense*" is to the *quick*.

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Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—but, so, I hear* him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

ROD. I know his gait, 't is he:—Villain, thou diest!
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at* CASSIO.

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed.
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

ROD. O, I am slain!
[IAGO *rushes from his post, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the leg, and exit.*

CAS. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

(*) First folio, *heard.*

* And your unblest fate hies.—] The reading of the folio and the quarto of 1630; in the first quarto the text is,—
"And your fate hies apace," &c.

b — no passage?] That is, no *passengers.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

OTH. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

ROD. O, villain that I am!

OTH. 'T is even so.

CAS. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

OTH. 'T is he;—O, brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies.*—Strumpet, I come!
Forth* of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

CAS. What, ho! no watch? no passage?[b] murder! murder!

GRA. 'T is some mischance; the voice is very direful.

CAS. O, help!

LOD. Hark!

ROD. O, wretched villain!

LOD. Two or three groan;—it is a heavy night:[c]

(*) First folio, *For.*

c — it is a heavy night:] A *heavy night* is a *thick cloudy* night, as Johnson observes. The folio has,—"'T is heavy night."

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These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
ROD. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.
LOD. Hark!
GRA. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

IAGO. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?*
LOD. We do not know.
IAGO. Did* not you hear a cry?
CAS. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
IAGO. What 's the matter?
GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
LOD. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.
IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously?
CAS. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
IAGO. O, me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
IAGO. O, treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.
ROD. O, help me there!
CAS. That 's one of them.
IAGO. O, murderous slave! O, villain!
[*Stabs* RODERIGO.
ROD. O, damn'd Iago! O, inhuman dog!—
IAGO. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.
IAGO. Signior Lodovico?
LOD. He, sir.
IAGO. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.
GRA. Cassio!
IAGO. How is 't, brother?
CAS. My leg is cut in two.
IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen;—I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?
IAGO. *Who is 't that cried?*

(*) First folio, *Do.*

* — *that* cries on *murder* '] See note (*), p. 573, Vol. II.

BIAN. O, my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O, Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
IAGO. O, notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
CAS. No.
GRA. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
IAGO. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
BIAN. Alas, he faints!—O, Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
IAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O, heaven!* Roderigo.
GRA. What, of Venice?
IAGO. Even he, sir: did you know him?
GRA. Know him! ay.
IAGO. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
GRA. I am glad to see you.
IAGO. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
GRA. Roderigo!
IAGO. He, he, 't is he:—O, that 's well said;
—the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
CAS. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
IAGO. [*To* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O bear him out o' the air.—
[CASSIO *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. 'Las, what 's the matter? what is the matter, husband?
IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

(*) First folio, in place of *O, heaven*, has, *Yes 'tis.*

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By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo* dead.
EMIL. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
IAGO. This is the fruits of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?
BIAN. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
IAGO. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.
EMIL. Fie,† fie upon thee, strumpet!
BIAN. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
EMIL. As I? foh!‡ fie upon thee!
IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—This is the night
[*Aside.*
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Castle:* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,[a]—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then——put out the light![b]
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it§ on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and that 's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.
DES. Who 's there? Othello?
OTH. Ay, Desdemona.
DES. Will you come to bed, my lord?
OTH. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?
DES. Ay, my lord.
OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
DES. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
OTH. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.
DES. Talk you of killing?
OTH. Ay, I do.
DES. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
OTH. Amen, with all my heart!
DES. If you say so,* I hope you will not kill me.
OTH. Hum!
DES. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
OTH. Think on thy sins.
DES. They are loves I bear to you.
OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.
DES. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
OTH. Peace, and be still!
DES. I will so. What 's the matter?
OTH. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
DES. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
OTH. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
DES. Ay, but not yet to die.
OTH. Yes,† presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath

(*) First folio inserts, *quite.* (†) First folio, *Oh.*
(‡) First folio omits, *foh!* (§) First folio, *thee.*

(*) First folio omits, *so.* (†) First folio omits, *Yes.*

[a] It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—] "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself the cause, *i. e.* the greatness of the provocation he had received."—STEEVENS.

[b] Put out the light, and then——put out the light!] This regulation of the line, which certainly imparts to it a spirit and beauty we miss in the old punctuation, was suggested both by Upton and Warburton, and is now very generally adopted.

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Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
DES. Then Lord* have mercy on me!
OTH. I say, amen!
DES. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.
OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand!

O, perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
DES. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
OTH. He hath confess'd.
DES. What, my lord?
OTH. That he hath—us'd thee.
DES. How? unlawfully

(*) First folio, *O Heaven.*

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OTH. Ay.
DES. He will not say so.
OTH. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
DES. O, my fear interprets!—what, is he dead?
OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
DES. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
OTH. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
DES. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
OTH. Down, strumpet!
DES. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
OTH. Nay, if you strive,—
DES. But half an hour!
OTH. Being done,
There is no pause.
DES. But while I say one prayer!
OTH. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*
EMIL. [*Without.*] My lord! my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!
OTH. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
So, so.
EMIL. [*Without.*] What ho! my lord! my lord!
OTH. Who 's there?
EMIL. [*Without.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! [dead.—
OTH. Yes:—'t is Emilia;—by and by.—She 's
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife!
O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should* yawn at alteration.
EMIL. [*Without.*] I do beseech you that I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!
OTH. I had forgot thee:—O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What 's the matter with thee now?
EMIL. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murder done!

OTH. What, now?
EMIL. But now, my lord!
OTH. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
EMIL. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
OTH. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
EMIL. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
OTH. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
DES. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
EMIL. Alas, what cry is that?
OTH. That! what?
EMIL. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O, lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
DES. A guiltless death I die.
EMIL. O, who hath done this deed?
DES. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*
OTH. Why, how should she be murder'd?
EMIL. Alas, who knows?
OTH. You heard* her say herself, it was not I.
EMIL. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
OTH. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell!
'T was I that kill'd her.
EMIL. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
OTH. She turn'd to folly,[a] and she was a whore.
EMIL. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
OTH. She was false as water.
EMIL. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
OTH. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity! Thy husband knew it all.
EMIL. My husband!
OTH. Thy husband.
EMIL. That she was false to wedlock?
OTH. Ay, with Cassio. Nay,† had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
EMIL. My husband!
OTH. Ay, 't was he that told me‡ first;

(*) First folio, *Did.*
[a] — to folly,—] That is, to *wantonness.*
(*) First folio, *heare.* (†) First folio omits, *Nay.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *on her.*

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An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
EMIL. My husband!
OTH. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
EMIL. O, mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that* she was false?
OTH. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest-honest Iago.
EMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
OTH. Ha!
EMIL. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
OTH. Peace! you were best.
EMIL. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O, gull! O, dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

MON. What is the matter?—How now, general!
EMIL. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
GRA. What is the matter?
EMIL. Disprove this villain, if thou be 'st a man:
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
IAGO. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
EMIL. But did you ever tell him she was false?
IAGO. I did.
EMIL. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie!—
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
IAGO. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.[a]
EMIL. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
ALL. O, heavens forfend!
EMIL. And your reports have set the murder on.
OTH. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
GRA. 'T is a strange[b] truth.
MON. O, monstrous act!
EMIL. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon 't,—I think I smell 't;—O, villany!—
I thought so then;[c]—I 'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!
IAGO. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
EMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
OTH. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*
EMIL. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
OTH. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
GRA. Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.[d]
OTH. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

(*) First folio omits, *that*.

[a] — charm your tongue.] A familiar expression in the poet's day, meaning restrain, or put a spell upon your tongue. So in "Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 5,—"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*." See also additional examples of the phrase in the *Variorum ed.*

[b] — a strange *truth*.] "Strange" is one of the many words which have lost weight and emphasis since Shakespeare's time. With us, it imports no more than *unusual, not customary*, &c.; but when Desdemona spoke of the Moor's adventures as "*strange*," she meant they were *wonderful, incredible;* and it is in this deeper sense of the word that Gratiano employs it here.

[c] *I thought so then;*—] "That is, at the instant when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago; for even then Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose, and therefore asks her husband—

'What will you do with it?'" &c.—STEEVENS.

[d] *And fall to* reprobation.] So the quartos; the folio has,—"And fall to *reprobance*."

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EMIL. O, God! O, heavenly God!*
IAGO. Zounds,† hold your peace!
EMIL. 'T will out, 't will out!—I hold my peace, sir? no;‡
No, I will speak as liberal as the north![a]
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak!
IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.
EMIL. I will not.
[IAGO *offers to stab* EMILIA.
GRA. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
EMIL. O, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,—
He begg'd of me to steal 't.
IAGO. Villanous whore!
EMIL. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
IAGO. Filth, thou liest!
EMIL. By heaven, I do not! I do not, gentlemen!—
O, murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
[IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *and then runs out.*
OTH. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
GRA. The woman falls! sure, he hath kill'd his wife!
EMIL. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side!
GRA. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
MON. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here§ recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.
OTH. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
EMIL. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark! canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
[Singing.
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,*—I die! [*Dies.*
OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is† a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.
GRA. [*Without.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
OTH. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

GRA. What is the matter?
OTH. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;—
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush[b] against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it!—Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O, Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O, O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
OTH. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.
LOD. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
OTH. I look down towards his feet;[c]—but that's a fable.—

(*) First folio, *Oh Heaven! oh heavenly powers!*
(†) First folio, *Come.*
(‡) First folio omits, *hold my,* and *sir? no!*
(§) First folio omits, *here.*

[a] *No, I will speak as liberal as the* north;] Thus the folio; the quarto of 1622 reads,—

"I 'le *be in speaking,* liberall as the *ayre.*"

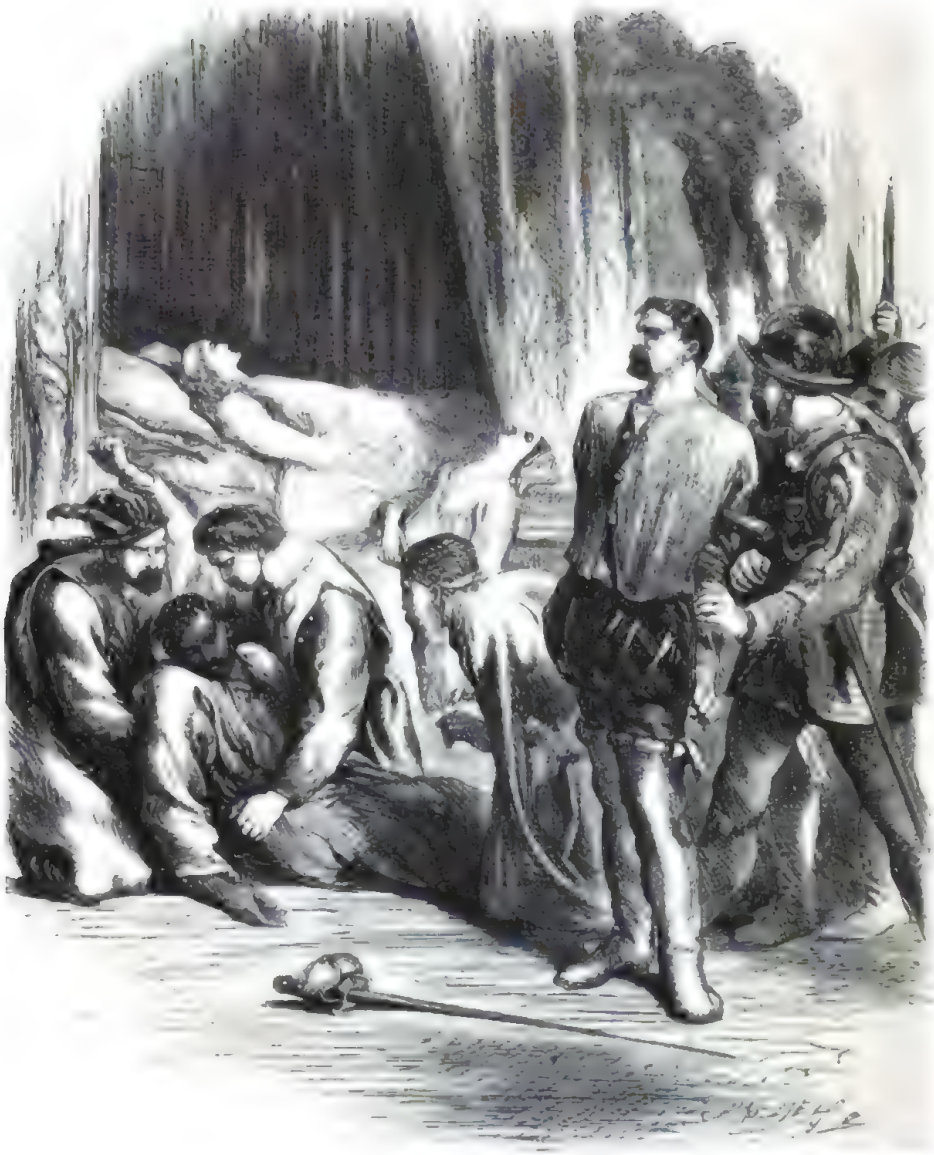
And that of 1630 has,—

"I 'le *be in speaking* liberall as the north."

[b] *Man but a* rush against Othello's breast,—] This is an allusion to the mock tournaments in which the combatants were armed with *rushes* in place of spears.

[c] — towards his feet;—] "To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven."—JOHNSON.

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If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.

LOD. Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO. I bleed, sir: but not kill'd.

OTH. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live:
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

LOD. O, thou Othello, that wert* once so good,
Fall'n in the practice* of a damned* slave,
What shall be said to thee?

OTH. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I† in hate, but all in honour.

LOD. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

(*) First folio, *was*.

* — *practice*—] *Machination, stratagem.*

(*) First folio, *cursed*.

(†) First folio, *I did*.

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OTH. Ay.
CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
IAGO. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
LOD. What, not to pray?
GRA. Torments will ope your lips.
OTH. Well, thou dost best.
LOD. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
OTH. O, villain!
CAS. Most heathenish and most gross!
LOD. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
OTH. O, thou pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
CAS. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd* but even now,
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
OTH. O, fool! fool! fool!
CAS. There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
LOD. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.
OTH. Soft you! a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service,(1) and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian,(2) threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
LOD. O, bloody period!
GRA. All that is spoke is marr'd.
OTH. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee;—no way but this, [*Falling upon* DESDEMONA.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
LOD. [*To* IAGO.] O, Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture;—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio inserts, *it.*



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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Lead to the Sagittary.*] By *the Sagittary*, Mr. Knight says, was meant the "residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place." Others, however, conceive Iago to mean only some house of resort which bore this sign.

In Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555, quoted by Steevens, is found a very circumstantial description of the Sagittary :—

> "And with hym Guydo sayth that he hadde
> A wonder archer of syght mervalous,
> Of fourme and shap in maner monstruous:
> For lyke myne auctour as I reherse can,
> Fro the navel upwarde he was man,
> And lower downe lyke a horse yshaped:
> And thilke parte that after man was maked,
> Of skinne was black and rough as any bere
> Covered with here fro colde him for to were,
> Passyng foule and horrible of syght,
> Whose eyen twain were sparkeling as bright
> As is a furneis with his rede levene,
> Or the lyght-yng that falleth from ye heaven;
> Dredeful of loke, and rede as fyre of chere,
> And, as I reade, he was a goode archer;
> And with his bowe both at even and morowe
> Upon Grekes he wrought muche sorrowe,
> And gasted them with many hydous loke:
> So sterne he was that many of them quoke."

(2) SCENE II.—*I'll have't disputed on.*] This is an allusion to the manner in which causes were debated by the judges according to the custom of Venice formerly, and it affords one of many proofs that before writing "Othello," Shakespeare had attentively perused Lewkenor's translation of "*The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, written by the Cardinall Gasper Contareno," &c. 1599. From this work he obtained his information concerning those "officers of night" whom Brabantio directs to be summoned; his knowledge of the *Arsenal*; as well as several particular expressions, such as Mine *cares enclined*; doe *their countrie service*; *experience the mistresse of all things*; *serve the turne*; their *countrie customs*; and others which he has modified and transplanted into the piece. The following is Contareno's account of the way criminal questions were *disputed on* before judgment could be obtained, in the ancient legal courts of Venice :—

"The Councell being assembled, the Advocator plaieth the parte of a bitter accuser, straining the uttermost invention of his wittes against the offender, first obiecting unto him the offence, confirming the same with witnesses, and then strengthening his obiection with probabilities and likelihoodes of coniecture: having ended his speech, the advocate of the offender pleadeth in the Clyentes behalfe: After which if any of the Advocators will speake afresh, before the Iudges give sentence, he hath libertie so to do: likewise the Lawyers of the defendant have leave to aunswere and to confute, if they can, the opposed arguments. And so of eyther side the cause is debated and tossed to and fro, till eyther the offender or the Advocator whose turne it is to speake, doth declare that he hath no more to say, which done, the offender and his advocates are commanded out of the Court, and the Advocators are shutte into a roome apart with the Iudges and their Secretaries, not any one else being suffred to be there. The Advocators first doe make a motion unto the Iudges of punishing the offender, demaunding their opinions whether they thinke him worthy of punishment or no, not naming or appointing any one certayne kinde of punishment, which custome was (in a manner) observed by the Athenians: for in *Athens* the Iudges gave two sentences, in the first eyther condemning or absolving the prisoner. If in the first hee were condemned, then was the manner of his punishment determined of in the second, as out of *Platoes* Apologie of *Socrates* may plainly bee perceived, the very like order of iudgement is that in manner which we do use: first (as I say) the Advocators make a motion unto the Iudges of punishing the offender. Then the Iudges go unto their suffrages, for by suffrages among the Venetians all things are determined. Three pots are brought forth, by the one of which the offender is condemned: by the other he is absolved in maner without any correction, & by the third are known the opinion of those, which doe seeme yet to doubt whether course is to be taken: the first of condemnation is white, the second of absolution greene, the third of doubtfulnes redde. Every of the Iudges, whether the cause be *disputed of* by the forty (as usually it is) or els that the senate be consulted with (which seldome happeneth) & that only in great and waighty causes, or whether it be by the Advocators reported over to the great councell, which is most seldome, and never but in matters exceedingly enormous, to the ende to have his suffrage undiscerned, letteth fall into whether of these three pots he pleaseth a little linnen ball: which being done, the presidents of the councell doe number the balles, and if more then the half be in favour of the prisoners liberty, he is presently pronounced free, and the request of the Advocators reiected. But if more then the half of those bals, be found in the pot of condemnation, he is presently condemned: if neither of both exceede the half, but that the greater part of the Iudges put their suffrages into the pot of doubtfulnes: then his cause is deferred over til another day, & to the better discussion of the Iudges."

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(3) Scene III.—

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.]

The circumstances originating the siege of Nicosia, "the chief and richest citie of all the Island," and the ultimate conquest of Cyprus by the Turks (for there was no "segregation of the Turkish fleet" as the play supposes) are thus related by Knolles in his *Historie of the Turkes*: —

"Selymus (the second) now at peace with all the world (a thing of the Turkes not much desired) began to thinke of workes of charitie: and proposing to build a magnificent temple at Hadrianople for his owne sepulture, with a monasterie, a colledge, and an almeshouse (as had his father, and other his ancestors before him at Prusa and Constantinople, led thereunto with a vaine and superstitious devotion) was troubled with nothing more, than how to endue the same with lands and revenues sufficient for the maintenance of so great a charge: For that the Mahometan kings, are by their superstition prohibited to convert any lands or possessions to such holy uses, other than such as they have with their own sword woon from the enemies of their religion, which they may (as they are persuaded) as a most acceptable sacrifice, offer to their great prophet: which devillish persuasion, serveth as a spurre to pricke forward every of those ambitious princes to adde something to their empire. This his devout purpose once knowne, wanted not the furtherance of many ripe heads, devising some one thing, some another, as they thought best fitted his humour. But amongst many things to him presented, none pleased him so well, as the plot laid for the taking of the rich island of Cyprus from the Venetians: a conquest of itselfe sufficient, both for the eternizing of his name, and performance of his owne charitable works intended; with a large overplus, for the supplying of whatsoever wanted in his fathers like devout works at Constantinople. But that which moved him most of all, was the glorie of such a conquest, which as his flaterers bare him in hand, might make him equall with any his predecessors; who in the beginning of their raign, had usually done or attempted some notable thing against the Christians. Selymus presently commanded preparation to be made both by sea and land, for the performance of his resolution. Which was not so covertly carried in the Turkes court, but that it was discovered by M. Antonius Barbaras the Venetian embassadour; and not without cause suspected by the Venetian merchants, whom the barbarous Turks began now to cut short in their trafficke, looking big upon them, as men suddenly changed, and evill entreating them with hard speeches, the undoubted signes of greater troubles to ensue. These things and such like as were then done at Constantinople, being by letters sent in post from the embassadour, made knowne at Venice, brought a generall heavinesse upon the citie: for why that understanding and provident state, warned by their former harmes, of all others most dread the Turks forces.

"In the meane time the Senatours sitting oftentimes in counsell, were divided in opinions concerning the chief matter they consulted upon: some there were, that thought it not good to wage warre against such an invincible enemy, nor to trust upon a vaine and idle hope, neither to commit all unto the hazard of such fortune as was unto them in that warre by the enemie propounded: they allendged that it were better to depart with Cyprus, so that they might quietly enjoy the rest, rather than to enter into armes. Others were of a contrary opinion, as that the island was by force of armes to be defended: saying that nothing could be more dishonourable, than without fight to depart with so notable a part of their Seignioriе; neither anything more commendable, than to prove all things for defence of their honour: neither would the proud Turks with whom no assured league could bee made (as they said) hold themselves content with this yeelding up of the island, by intreating of them and giving them way, become more insolent: and when they had taken Cyprus from them, would also secke after Creete and Corcyra, & so yeelding them one thing after another, spoile themselves of all together. The matter thus debated to an fro, it was in the end resolved upon, to take up armes in defence of their honour, and by plaine force to withstand the Turke.

"The greater the danger was now feared from the angrie Turke, the more carefull were the Venetians of their state. Wherefore they forthwith sent messengers with letters unto the Governours of Cyprus, charging them with all carefulness and diligence to make themselves readie to withstand the Turke, and to raise what power they were able in the island, not omitting any thing that might concern the good of the state: and at the same time made choice of their most valiant and expert captains both by sea and land, unto whom they committed the defence of their dispersed Seignioriе, with the leading of their forces.

"Selymus thoroughly furnished with all things necessary for the invasion of Cyprus, in the beginning of Februarie sent a great power both of horse and foot into Epyrus to forage the Venetian territorie. About the middle of Aprill following he sent Piall Bassa with four score gallies, and thirtie galliots to keep the Venetians from sending aid into Cyprus. He tooke his course to Zenos, an island of the Venetians, to have taken it from them. Piall here landing his forces, sought both by faire means & foule to have persuaded the inhabitants to have yeelded up their towne; but when he could get nothing of them but foule words againe, he began by force to assault the same. Two daies the towne was valiantly both assaulted and defended, but at length the Turks perceiving how little they prevailed, and that the defendants were resolutely set downe for the defence of themselves and their countrie; shamefully gave over the assault, and abandoning the island directed their course towards Cyprus. For Mustapha, author of that expedition, had before appointed Piall Bassa at a time prefixed, *to meet him at the Rhodes, and that he that came first should tarrie for the other, that so they might together saile into Cyprus.*

"All being now in readinesse, and a most royal gallie of wonderful greatness & beautie by the appointment of Selymus prepared for the great Bassa the Generall: he together with Haly Bassa and the rest of the fleet, departed from Constantinople, the six and twentieth of May, and at the Rhodes met with Piall as he had before appointed. The whole fleet at that time consisted of *two hundred galleys*, amongst whom were diverse galliots, and small men of warre with diverse other vessels prepared for the transportation of horses: with this fleet Mustapha kept on his course for Cyprus. They of the island in the meane time carefully attending the enemies comming from their watch towers first discovered their fleet at the west end of the island not far from Paphos: from whence the Turks turning upon the right hand, and passing the promontorie Curio, now called Del Le Gate, landed diverse of their men, who burnt and spoiled certaine villages, and with such spoile and prisoners as they had taken returned againe unto the fleet: which holding on their former course came at length to a place called Salines (of the abundance of salt there made) where they knew was best landing: and there in an open road came to an anchor, where the Bassaes without any resistance upon a plaine shoare landed their armie."

(4) Scene III.—

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.]

In this passage the poet had probably in his mind the marvellous account which Raleigh has given in his *Discoverie of Guiana*, 1596, of the Amazons, the cannibals, and the "Nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders:" or was thinking of Pliny's description of the "Anthropophagi":—

"Above those are other Scythians called Anthropophagi, where is a country named Abarimon, within a certain vale of the mountain Imaus, wherein are found savage and wild men, living and conversing usually among

the brute beasts, who have their feet growing backward, and turned behind the calves of their legs, howbeit they run most swiftly. The former Anthropophagi or eaters of mans flesh whom we have placed above the north pole, tenne daies journey by land above the river Borysthenes, used to drinke out of the sculs of mens heads, and to weare the scalpes, haire and all, in steed of mandellions or stomachers before their breasts. . . . Beyond the Sciopodes westward, some there be without heads standing upon their neckes who carrie eies in their shoulders."– PLINIE'S *Natural Historie*. Book vii. ch. 2.

(5) SCENE III.—*The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.*] It is a question not easily settled whether by "locusts" Shakespeare referred to the insect, which is said to be considered a great delicacy at Tonquin, or to the fruit of the locust-tree: "That viscous substance which the pod of the locust contains, is perhaps, of all others, the most *luscious*. From its likeness to honey, in consistency and flavour, the *locust* is called the *honey*-tree also."—HENLEY.

Coloquintida, says Parkinson in his *Theatre of Plants*, "runneth with his branches upon the ground as a gourd or cowcumber doth. The fruit is small and round as a ball, green at the first on the outside, and afterwards growing to be of a browne yellow, which shell is as hard as a pompion or gourde; and is usually pared away while it is greene, the substance under it being white, very light, spongie or loose, and of an extreame bitter taste, almost indurable, and provoking loathing or casting in many that taste it."—PARKINSON'S *Theatre of Plants*, Tribe II. ch. 3.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—*Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.*] The Englishman's potentiality in potting, was a common topic of satire with our old writers. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Captain," Act III. Sc. 2, Lodovico asks—

> "Are the Englishmen
> Such stubborn drinkers?"

And Piso answers,—

> "Not a leak at sea
> Can suck more liquor: you shall have their children
> Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,
> Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Englishman,
> And cry *St. George!* and give him but a rasher,
> And you shall have him upon even terms
> Defy a hogshead."

Peachem in his *Complete Gentleman*, 1622, p. 193, has a section entitled "Drinking the Plague of our English Gentry," in which he remarks:—"Within these fiftie or three-score yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the most sober and temperate of any other in the world. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, about the time of Sir John Norris his first being there, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their own judges, if we equall them not; yea I think rather excell them."

To the same effect, Heywood, in the "*Philocothonista*, or the Drunkard opened, dissected, and anatomized," 4to. London, 1635, tells us that—"There is now profest an eighth liberal art of science called *Ars Bibendi*, i.e. the Art of Drinking. The students or professors thereof call a greene garland or painted hoope hang'd out a *College*: a signe where there is lodging, man's meate, and horse meate, an *Inne of Courte*, an *Hall* or an *Hostle*: where nothing is sold but ale and tobacco, a *Grammar Schoole*; a red or blew lattice (the usual designation of an ale-house) that they terme a *Free Schoole* for all comers. The bookes which they study and whose leaves they do often turne over are for the most part three of the old translation and three of the new. Those of the old translation:—1. The *tankard*: 2. the *blacke Jacke*: 3. the *quart pot rib'd*, or *thorendell*. Those of the new be these: 1. the *jugge*: 2. the *beaker*: 3. the *double or single can* or *black pot*," &c. See also Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* (1592), on *De Arte Bibendi*; Barnaby Rich's *Irish Hubbub*, 1618; and Harington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, I. p. 348.

(2) SCENE III.—

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.]

The ballad whence the stanzas sung by Iago are taken is printed as follows in Capell's *School of Shakespeare*; it will be found also in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

"TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

> "This winters weather waxeth cold
> And frost doth freese on everie hill,
> And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
> That all our cattell are like to spill;*
> Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,
> She sayd unto me quietlie,
> Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes life,
> Man, put thine old cloak about thee.
>
> HE.
>
> "O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
> Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
> It is soe bare and overworne,
> A cricke he theron cannot renn:
> Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
> For once Ile new appareld bee,
> To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,
> For Ile have a new cloake about mee.
>
> SHE.
>
> "Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
> Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,
> Still has helpt us to butter and cheese I trow,
> And other things she will not fayle.
> I wold be loth to see her pine,
> Good husband, councell take of mee,
> It is not for us to goe so fine,
> Then take thine old cloake about thee.
>
> HE.
>
> "My cloake it was a very good cloake,
> Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
> But now it is not worth a groat;
> I have had it four-and-forty yeare.

* *Spill.* To spoil; to come to harm.

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Sometime it was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh-clout,* as you may see,
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
I'le have a new cloake about mee.

Sun.

"It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since th' one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us twoe
Of children either nine or ten:
Wee have brought them up to women and men
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

Ha.

"O Bell, my wife, why dost thou floute?
Now is nowe, and then was then:
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clowns from gentlemen.
They are cladd in blacke, greane, yellowe, or gray,
Soe far above their own degree:
Once in my life I'le do as they,
For I'le have a new cloake about mee.

Sun.

"King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he called the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of a low degree;
Itts pride that putts the countreye downe,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

Ha.

"Bell, my wife she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though I'me good man.
Itts not for a man with a woman to threape,*
Unlesse he first give oer the plea:
Where I began wee now mun leave,
And take mine old cloake about mee."

* *Sigh-clout.* A cloth to strain milk through.

* *To threape.* To dispute.

ACT III.

(1) Scene III.—

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.]

Mr. Halliwell in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190, ed. 8vo., cites the subjoined lines from a MS. entitled "The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legendes, written by J. M. Gent, 1600," as proof that "Othello" must have been produced before that year:—

"The highwayman that robs one of his purse
Is not soe bad; nay, these are ten tymes worse!
For these doe rob men of their pretious name,
And in exchange give obliquie and shame."

But the reflection is sufficiently trite, and in both instances, as in many others where it occurs, was probably founded on the following passages:—

"Is not that *Treasure* which before all other, is most regarded of honest persons, *the good Fame of Man and Woman*, lost through whoredom!"—*Homily* XI. pt. 2.

"Now here consider that St. Paul numbreth a Scolder, Brawler, or a Picker of Quarrels, among Thieves and Idolators, and many Times there cometh less Hurt of a Thiefe than of a railing tongue. For the one taketh away a *Mans good name, the other taketh but his Riches, which is of much less Value and Estimation, than is his good name.*"—*Homily* XII. pt. 1.

(2) Scene III.—*Not poppy, nor mandragora.*] "The herb Mandragoras some writers call Circeium: two or three roots it hath of a fleshie substance running downe into the earth almost a cubit, and a fruit or apple of the bignesse of filberds or hazel-nuts, within which there be seeds like unto the pippins of peares. . . . In some countries they venture to eat the apples or fruit thereof: but those that know not how to dresse and order them aright loose the use of their tongue thereby, and prove dumbe for the time. And verily if they be so bold as to take a great quantity thereof in drink, they are sure to die for it. Yet it may be used safely ynough for to procure sleepe if there be good regard had in the dose, that it be answerable in proportion to the strength and complexion of the patient. Also it is an ordinary thing to drink it against the poyson of serpents: likewise before the cutting, cauterising, pricking, or launcing of any member to take away the sence or feeling of such extreme cures. And sufficient it is in some bodies to cast them into a sleepe with the smell of Mandrage."—Plinie's *Natural Historie*, Bk. XXV. ch. 13.

(3) Scene III.—*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*] "In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakspeare, as usual, paints from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they served. This instrument, accompanying the drum, is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, painted 1526, representing the siege of Pavia by the French King, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In an old English treatise written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one captain Hitchcock in 1591, intituled The Art of Warre, there are several wood cuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In Rymer's Fœdera, in a diary of King Henry's siege of Bulloigne,

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1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *vifleurs* marching at the head of the King's army.—Tom. xv. p. 53.

"The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at ancient festivals, shows, and processions. Grand Lefch, in his Accidence of Armorie, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, 'We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noyse of *drum* and *fife*.'—P. 119.

"At a stately masque on Shrove-Sunday, 1510, in which King Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry 'of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnettes.'—Chron. III. 805, col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed and Stow's Survey of London."—WARTON.

(4) SCENE IV.—

—— I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes.]

"The cruzado was not current, as it should seem, at Venice, though it certainly was in England in the time of Shakespeare, who has here indulged his usual practice of departing from national costume. It was of gold, and weighed two penny weights six grains, or nine shillings English."—DOUCE, *Illustrations of Shakspeare.*

(5) SCENE IV.—

—— the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.]

The antithesis of *hearts* and *hands* appears to have been a favourite with Shakespeare and the writers of his age: so in "The Tempest" Act III. Scene I.:—

"MIR. My husband, then?
FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my *hand*.
MIR. And mine, with my *heart* in't."

So also in Warner's *Albion's England*:—

"My *hand* shall never give
My *heart*, my *heart* shall give my *hand*."

And Mr. Singer has quoted a passage from the essays of Sir William Cornwallis the younger, 1601, where we have the words in similar opposition:—"We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our forefathers; we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. They had wont to *give their hands and hearts* together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, *our hand* looking one way and *our heart* another." Warburton conjectured, and Malone at one time was of the same opinion, that the expression, "our *new heraldry*" was a satirical reflection upon King James' creation of baronets. But to this it has been objected that the new order was not created until 1611, while the play was written before November 1604; and it is in the highest degree improbable that an allusion so offensive to the king was inserted afterwards.

(6) SCENE IV.—*Away!*] The incident of the handkerchief, which Shakespeare has invested with such terrible sublimity, is derived from the novel in the *Hecatommithi*, on which this play was founded:—

"I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she did not perceive him; and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did. The infamous ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and, to aid his wicked purpose, left the handkerchief on his bolster. The lieutenant did not find it till the next morning, when, getting up, he set his foot upon it as it had fallen to the floor. Not being able to imagine how it came there, and knowing it to be Desdemona's, he determined to carry it back to her; and, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back-door and knocked. Fortune, who seemed to have conspired along with the ensign the death of this poor woman, brought the Moor home in the same instant. Hearing some one knock, he went to the window, and, much disturbed, asked who is there? The lieutenant hearing his voice, and fearing that when he came down he should do him some mischief, ran away without answering. The Moor came down, and finding no one either at the door or in the street, returned full of suspicion to his wife, and asked if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with great truth that she knew not. 'But I think,' said he, 'it was the lieutenant;'—'It might be he,' said she, 'or any one else.' The Moor checked himself at the time, though he was violently enraged, and determined to take no step without first consulting the ensign. To him he immediately went, and related what had just happened, begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could on the subject. The ensign rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his motions and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he had concealed nothing from him. He says he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that in their last interview she had made him a present of that handkerchief which you gave her when you married her.* The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession it would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at the question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time, 'I cannot conceive,' said she, 'what is become of it! have not you taken it?' 'Had I taken it,' replied he, 'I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it another time more at your ease.' Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for the murder. Thinking night and day on this subject, he could not prevent Desdemona from perceiving that his behaviour was very different from what it had been formerly. She often asked him what it was that agitated him so violently. 'You, who were once the merriest man alive, are now the most melancholy.' The Moor answered and alleged a variety of reasons, but she was not satisfied with any of them; and knowing that she had done nothing to justify so much agitation, she began to fear that he grew tired of her. She once in conversation with the ensign's wife expressed herself thus: 'I know not what to say of the Moor; he used to treat me most affectionately; and I begin to fear that my example will teach young women never to marry against their parents' consent, and the Italians in particular, not

* In the tolerably correct but far from elegant translation of W. Parr, which we adopt, the words "when you married her" (*quando la sposasti*) are inadvertently omitted.

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to connect themselves with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate, education, and complexion. But as I know him to be the confidential of your husband, whom he consults on all occasions, I intreat you, if you have heard anything that might explain this mystery and be of use to me, not to deny me your assistance.' Those words were accompanied with a flood of tears.

"The ensign's wife, who knew all (as her husband had in vain endeavoured to prevail upon her to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona), but durst tell her nothing for fear of her husband, only said, 'Take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion, and do all in your power to convince him of your affection and fidelity.' 'Why so I do,' said she, 'but to no purpose.' The Moor, in the meantime, did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true, and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant. Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adultress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant; and, consulting together about the means, the Moor entreated him to undertake the assassination of the officer, promising never to forget so great an obligation. He refused, however, to attempt what was so very difficult and dangerous, as the lieutenant was equally brave and vigilant; but with much entreaty and considerable presents, he was prevailed on to say that he would hazard the experiment. One dark night, after taking this resolution, he observed the lieutenant coming out of the house of a female libertine where he usually passed his evenings, and assaulted him sword in hand. He struck at his legs with a view of bringing him to the ground, and with the first blow cut him quite through the right thigh."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Is't possible!—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O, devil!—
[Falls in a trance.]

"The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies."—WARBURTON.

"When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

"Othello, in broken sentences, and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence."—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(2) SCENE III.—

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of Willow,
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it.]

The old ballad so pathetically introduced has been reprinted by Capell and Dr. Percy from a black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection at Cambridge. The original, which we append, is the lament not of a forsaken female, but of a "lass-lorn bachelor," and Shakespeare, in adapting it for a woman, has slightly altered, and added to, the words:—

"A LOVER'S COMPLAINT, BEING FORSAKEN OF HIS LOVE.

"A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone;
O willow, &c.

"My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.

"O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart 's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.

"The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.
The salt teare fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.

"The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The salt teare fell from him, which softned the stones.
O willow, &c.

"Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was born to be faire; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.

"O that beauty should harbour a heart that 's so hard!
O willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.

"Let love no more boast him in palace or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.

"But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:
O willow, &c.
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.
O willow, &c.

"Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine 's falser than she.
O willow, &c.

"The willow wreath weare I, since my love doth fleete;
O willow, willow, willow!
A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland."

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ACT V.

(1) Scene II.—*I have done the state some service.*] The policy of the Venetian commonwealth in never permitting a citizen to have command of the army, is mentioned more than once by Contareno:—

"To exclude therfore out of our estate the danger or occasion of any such ambitious enterprises, our auncesters held it a better course to defend their dominions uppon the continent with forreyn mercenarie souldiers, than with their borneborn citizens, and to assigne them their pay and stipende out of the tributes and receipts of the Province, wherin they remayned: for it is just, and reasonable, that the souldiers shoulde be maintained at the charge of those in whose defence they are employed, and into their warfare, have many of our associates been ascribed, some of which have attained to the highest degree of commandement in our army. * * * * The Cittizens therefore of Venice, for this only course are deprived of the honors belonging to warres by land, and are contented to transferre them over to straungers to which ende there was a lawe solemnely decreede, that no gentleman of Venice should have the charge and commaundement of above five and twentie souldiers," &c.

(2) Scene II.—

——— *of one, whose hand,*
Like the base Indian, *threw a pearl away,*
Richer than all his tribe.]

So the quartos. In the folio we have,—

"Of one whose hand
(Like the base *Judean*) threw," &c.

Upon these two readings the commentators are at issue. Theobald, Warburton, Farmer, and Malone, all advocate *Judean*, considering that the allusion is manifestly to the story of Herod and Mariamme. This view of the passage has been very ably supported too, of late, by a correspondent in Mr. G. White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 443. On the other hand, the latest editors, Messrs. Dyce, Collier, and Knight, side with Boswell, who preferred *Indian*, and adduced the following quotations, from succeeding poets, in maintenance of that lection:

"So the *unskilfull Indian* those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'Mong the waves scatters."
Habington's Castara.—To Castara weeping.

And—

"Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I'le cast away
Then Indians do a pearl that ne're did know
Its value."
The Woman's Conquest, by Sir Edward Howard.

We, too, follow the quartos, but must admit that a good case has been made out for the reading of the folio.

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CRITICAL OPINIONS ON OTHELLO.

"The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

"There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is, from the first scene to the last, hated and despised. Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Æmilia is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

"The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

"Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity."—Johnson.

"If 'Romeo and Juliet' shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day, 'Othello' is, on the other hand, a strongly shaded picture: we might call it a tragical Rembrandt. What a fortunate mistake that the Moor (under which name, in the original novel, a baptized Saracen of the Northern coast of Africa was unquestionably meant), has been made by Shakspeare in every respect a negro! We recognize in Othello the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by nobler and milder manners. His jealousy is not the jealousy of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual kind which, in burning climes, has given birth to the disgraceful confinement of women and many other unnatural usages. A drop of this poison flows in his veins, and sets his whole blood in the wildest ferment. The Moor *seems* noble, frank, confiding, grateful for the love

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shown him; and he is all this, and, moreover, a hero who spurns at danger, a worthy leader of an army, a faithful servant of the State; but the mere physical force of passion puts to flight in one moment all his acquired and mere habitual virtues, and gives the upper hand to the savage over the moral man. This tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself even in the expression of his desire of revenge upon Cassio. In his repentance, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife, and in the presence of the damning evidence of his deed, the painful feeling of annihilated honour at last bursts forth; and in the midst of these painful emotions, he assails himself with the rage wherewith a despot punishes a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and the lower sphere into which his being was divided. While the Moor bears the nightly colour of suspicion and deceit only on his visage, Iago is black within. He haunts Othello like his evil genius, and with his light (and therefore the more dangerous) insinuations, he leaves him no rest; it is as if by means of an unfortunate affinity, founded however in nature, this influence was by necessity more powerful over him than the voice of his good angel Desdemona. A more artful villain than this Iago was never portrayed; he spreads his nets with a skill which nothing can escape. The repugnance inspired by his aims becomes tolerable from the attention of the spectators being directed to his means: these furnish endless employment to the understanding. Cool, discontented, and morose, arrogant where he dares be so, but humble and insinuating when it suits his purposes, he is a complete master in the art of dissimulation; accessible only to selfish emotions, he is thoroughly skilled in rousing the passions of others, and of availing himself of every opening which they give him: he is as excellent an observer of men as any one can be who is unacquainted with higher motives of action from his own experience; there is always some truth in his malicious observations on them. He does not merely pretend an obdurate incredulity as to the virtue of women, he actually entertains it; and this, too, falls in with his whole way of thinking, and makes him the more fit for the execution of his purpose. As in everything he sees merely the hateful side, he dissolves in the rudest manner the charm which the imagination casts over the relation between the two sexes: he does so for the purpose of revolting Othello's senses, whose heart otherwise might easily have convinced him of Desdemona's innocence. This must serve as an excuse for the numerous expressions in the speeches of Iago from which modesty shrinks. If Shakspeare had written in our days he would not perhaps have dared to hazard them; and yet this must certainly have greatly injured the truth of his picture. Desdemona is a sacrifice without blemish. She is not, it is true, a high ideal representation of sweetness and enthusiastic passion like Juliet; full of simplicity, softness, and humility, and so innocent, that she can hardly form to herself an idea of the possibility of infidelity, she seems calculated to make the most yielding and tenderest of wives. The female propensity wholly to resign itself to a foreign destiny has led her into the only fault of her life, that of marrying without her father's consent. Her choice seems wrong; and yet she has been gained over to Othello by that which induces the female to honour in man her protector and guide,—admiration of his determined heroism, and compassion for the sufferings which he had undergone. With great art it is so contrived that from the very circumstance that the possibility of a suspicion of her own purity of motive never once enters her mind, she is the less reserved in her solicitations for Cassio, and thereby does but heighten more and more the jealousy of Othello. To throw out still more clearly the angelic purity of Desdemona, Shakspeare has in Emilia associated with her a companion of doubtful virtue. From the sinful levity of this woman, it is also conceivable that she should not confess the abstraction of the handkerchief when Othello violently demands it back: this would otherwise be the circumstance in the whole piece the most difficult to justify. Cassio is portrayed exactly as he ought to be to excite suspicion without actual guilt,—amiable and nobly disposed, but easily seduced. The public events of the first two acts show us Othello in his most glorious aspect, as the support of Venice and the terror of the Turks; they serve to withdraw the story from the more domestic circle, just as this is done in 'Romeo and Juliet' by the dissensions between the houses of Montague and Capulet. No eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming force of the catastrophe in 'Othello,'—the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity."—SCHLEGEL.

"Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakesperian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in doing so display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour which his rank and connexions had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty

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house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago,—the purse,—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness, the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation—

> 'If ever I did dream of such a matter,
> Abhor me,'—

which, falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint,—

> 'Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.'—

elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes:—

> '—— and by the faith of man
> I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.'

In what follows, let the reader feel how by and through the glass of two passions, disappointed vanity and envy, the very vices of which he is complaining are made to act upon him as if they were so many excellences, and the more appropriately because cunning is always admired and wished for by minds conscious of inward weakness: but they act only by half, like music on an inattentive auditor, swelling the thoughts which prevent him from listening to it.

> 'Rod. What a full fortune does the *thick lips* owe
> If he can carry't thus!'

Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespear himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth—at a time too when negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and negro, yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary Horse.' Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespear ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance in Desdemona, which Shakespear does not appear to have in the least contemplated.

"Iago's speech—'Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus,' &c.—comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of the truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment—'Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect or scion!' Here is the true Iagoism of alas! how many! Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of 'Go, make money!' to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre: and when Roderigo is completely won, when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph—'Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse!' The remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view, for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and not quite devil,—and yet a character which Shakespear has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal!

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Dr. Johnson has remarked that little or nothing is wanting to render the 'Othello' a regular tragedy, but to have opened the play with the arrival of Othello in Cyprus, and to have thrown the preceding act into the form of narration. Here then is the place to determine whether such a change would or would not be an improvement: nay (to throw down the glove with a full challenge), whether the tragedy would or not by such an arrangement become more regular—that is, more consonant with the rules dictated by universal reason, or the true common-sense of mankind, in its application to the particular case. For in all acts of judgment, it can never be too often recollected, and scarcely too often repeated, that rules are means to ends, and, consequently, that the end must be determined and understood before it can be known what the rules are or ought to be. Now, from a certain species of drama, proposing to itself the accomplishment of certain ends—these partly arising from the idea of the species itself, but in part, likewise, forced upon the dramatist by accidental circumstances beyond his power to remove or control—three rules have been abstracted;—in other words, the means most conducive to the attainment of the proposed ends have been generalized, and prescribed under the names of the three unities—the unity of time, the unity of place, and the unity of action, which last would, perhaps, have been as appropriately, as well as more intelligibly, entitled the unity of interest. With this last the present question has no immediate concern: in fact, its conjunction with the former two is a mere delusion of words. It is not properly a rule, but in itself the great end, not only of the drama, but of the epic poem, the lyric ode, of all poetry, down to the candle-flame cone of an epigram, nay, of poesy in general, as the proper generic term inclusive of all the fine arts as its species. But of the unities of time and place, which alone are entitled to the name of rules, the history of their origin will be their best criterion. You might take the Greek chorus to a place, but you could not bring a place to them without as palpable an equivoque as bringing Birnam Wood to Macbeth at Dunsinane. It was the same, though in a less degree, with regard to the unity of time:—the positive fact, not for a moment removed from the senses, the presence, I mean, of the same identical chorus, was a continued measure of time; and although the imagination may supersede perception, yet it must be granted to be an imperfection, however easily tolerated, to place the two in broad contradiction to each other. In truth, it is a mere accident of terms; for the Trilogy of the Greek theatre was a drama in three acts, and notwithstanding this, what strange contrivances as to place there are in the Aristophanic Frogs. Besides, if the law of mere actual perception is once violated, as it is repeatedly even in the Greek tragedies, why is it more difficult to imagine three hours to be three years than to be a whole day and night?

"Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the duper is to be approached! And Cassio's warm-hearted, yet perfectly disengaged, praise of Desdemona 'that paragons description and wild fame,' and sympathy with the 'most fortunately' wived Othello;—and yet Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code, that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female, but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's 'honest' and Cassio's 'bold' Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and 'the divine Desdemona.' And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespear are put in the mouths of villains.

"Finally, Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago, such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning: but in considering the essence of the Shakesperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leontes, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leonatus, who is in other respects a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"—COLERIDGE.

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THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

" VILIA MIRETUR VULGUS; MIHI FLAVUS APOLLO
POCULA CASTALIA PLENA B NISTRET AQUA."—*Ovid.*

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

Right Honourable,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear[a] so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[a] —*and never after* ear *so barren a land,*—] *To ear* is *to plough* or *till*: So in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act I. Sc. 3,—"He that *ears* my land, spares my team," &c. Again in "King Richard II." Act III. Sc. 2,—

"—— and let them go
To *ear* the land that hath some hope to grow."

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

THIS poem, if we are to accept the expression in the introductory epistle—"the first heir of my invention"—literally, was Shakespeare's earliest composition. Some critics conceive it to have been written, indeed, before he quitted Stratford; but the question when and where it was produced has yet to be decided. It was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Richard Field, as "licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Wardens," in 1593, and the first edition was printed in the same year.* This edition was speedily exhausted, and a second by the same printer was put forth in 1594. This again was followed by an octavo impression in 1596, and so much was the poem in demand that it had reached a fifth edition by 1602. After this date it was often reprinted, and copies of 1616, 1620, 1624, and 1627 are still extant. Its popularity, as Mr. Collier observes, is established also by the frequent mention of it in early writers.

"In the early part of Shakspeare's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftener mentioned or alluded to. Thus the author of an old comedy, called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramatick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced."—MALONE.

The text adopted in the present reprint of "Venus and Adonis" is that of the first quarto, 1593, collated with the best of the later editions.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis† hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:

* Entitled:— "VENUS and ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

London Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1593."

† Rose-cheek'd Adonis—] Malone has noticed the same compound epithet in "Hero and Leander,"—

"The men of wealthy Sestos every year
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast," &c.

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Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent[a] of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing, speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;[b]
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires[c] with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,[d] but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;

She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,[e]
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn:
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her[f] fire must burn:
"O, pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy,[g] to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

[a] — precedent—] *Precedent* appears to be used here in the sense of *sign*, or *indicator*.

[b] — *blames her* 'miss;] *Amiss* is elsewhere employed by Shakespeare as a substantive; thus in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 5,—

"Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*."

See also Sonnet XXXV.

[c] Tires—] To *tire* is to *peck*, to *tear*, to *prey*.

[d] *Forc'd to* content,—] *To acquiescence*.

[e] — *a river that is* rank,—] "*Rank*" meant *brimming, full*, &c. Thus in "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"Who else must be let blood, who else is *rank*;"

unless in that passage "*rank*" expresses *too luxuriant*, too *high-topped*. So, too, in Drayton's "Barons' Wars," 1603,—

"Fetching full tides, luxurious, high, and *rank*."

[f] — *yet* her *fire* must burn:] So read the editions, 1593, 1594, 1596; the later copies have,—"yet *in* fire must burn."

[g] *To* toy,—] The reading of the two earliest copies. The later ones have, "To *coy*," &c.

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"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact[a] of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, 'tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—
Souring[b] his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee!
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind![c]

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn[d] me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?

[a] — compact—] *Made up, compounded.*

[b] Souring—] Misprinted *To wring*, in the quarto, 1593.

[c] — *but died* unkind!] "Unkind" in this place is explained to mean *unnatural*, a sense we have seen the word frequently bore; but may it not signify here, *without generation: without offspring!*

[d] — contemn me this?] The edition of 1627, printed at Edinburgh, reads,—"contemn me *thus*," &c.; *this* and *thus*, however, as Mr. Collier remarks, seem sometimes to have been used almost indifferently.

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What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
 For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park,[a] and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high-delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:

 "Pity," she cries, "some favour—some remorse!"
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd[b] crest now stand on end;[c]
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, Lo, thus my strength is tried,
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
 So did this horse excel a common one,[d]
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thick mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base[e] he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

[a] — a *park*,—] The two first copies have "— *a park*," &c.; those subsequently published, "*the* park," &c.

[b] — compass'd—] *Arched.*

[c] — stand *on end*;] "Our author uses *mane* as composed of many hairs, as plural."—Malone.

[d]
—— *a common one,*
..... *pace and* bone.]

One was formerly pronounced as we now sound it in *alone*, *alone*, &c.

[e] To bid the wind a base—] See note (7), p. 42, Vol. I.

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He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails[a] his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing[b] down Adonis sits,
Banning[c] his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
 But when the heart's attorney[d] once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was there between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumb play had his[e] acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O, fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel[f] it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:[g]
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd,[h] it will set the heart on fire:
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,[i]
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
 Who is so faint that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him. I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy; [thee:
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
 O, learn to love! the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again."

[a] He vails his tail,—] To *vail* is to *sink*, to *lower*. So in "The Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. I.: "*Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs."

[b] — *with* chafing—] The reading of all the editions before that of 1600, which substituted *chasing*.

[c] Banning—] That is, *cursing*.

[d] — attorney—] *Advocate, pleader*.

[e] — his acts—] "His" for *its*.

[f] — do steel it,—] Harden it like steel.

[g] — grave it:] "*Engrave* it, *i.e.* make an impression on it."—STEEVENS.

[h] — suffer'd,—] *Allowed, indulged, not restrained*. See note (c), p. 388, Vol. II.

[i] — naked bed,—] See note (b), p. 38, of the present volume

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"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, that weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's[a] voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;

Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws[b] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply did he think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows[c] faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;[d]
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:

[a] *Thy* mermaid's *voice*—] With our early writers, *mermaid* and *siren* were synonymous.

[b] — *foul* flaws—] Violent blasts of wind.

[c] — blue windows—] By "windows" are meant eye-lids. So in "Cymbeline," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these *windows*, white, and *azure* lac'd
With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

And in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

—— "Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

[d] — repine;] *Repine* is here a substantive.

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And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection[a] from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses[b] unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,[c]
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'t is very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face;

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glu'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave[d] exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

[a] To drive infection from the dangerous year!] An allusion to the practice of strewing apartments with strong-scented herbs in the time of the plague, to prevent infection.

[b] — *ten hundred* kisses—] So the edition of 1600; the preceding copies read,—"ten hundred *touches*."

[c] Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,—] "The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment: in which case, the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law."—Malone.

[d] — leave—] "Leave" here means *licence*.

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Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,[a]
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishape,
As those poor birds that helpless[b] berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
 You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal[c] butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
 But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger[d] by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.

When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill;'[e]
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
 As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,[f]
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot[*] his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
 The many musits[g] through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

[a] — poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,—] Alluding to the famous picture by Zeuxis, in which the grapes were depicted so naturally, that the birds pecked at them.

[b] — helpless berries—] Berries that afford no *help*. In "The Comedy of Errors," Act I. Sc. 1, we have, "Our *helpful* ship," in the sense of *the ship that came to succour us*.

[c] — mortal—] "*Mortal*" for *deadly*.

[d] — his danger—] His *power*.

[e] — doth cry, '*Kill, kill;*'] See note [b] p. 104.

[f] — *Love's tender* spring,—] "Spring" here, as in a previous passage,—

"The tender *spring* upon thy tempting lip," &c.

and in "Lucrece,"—

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender *spring*," &c.

means a young *shoot, sprig*, or *budding*.

[g] — musits—] A *musit*, or *muset*, is a gap in a hedge. "We term the place where she [the hare] sitteth, her form; the place through which she goes to relief, her *muset*."—"Gentleman's Academy," 1595.

(*) Old text, *overshut*.

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" Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,[a]
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

" For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

" By this, poor Wat,[b] far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

" Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

" Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

" Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth he;
" Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent."—" Why, what of that?" quoth she.
" I am," quoth he, " expected of my friends;
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."
" In night," quoth she, " desire sees best of all.

" But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true-men[c] thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

" And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

" As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,[d]
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

" And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,[e]
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

" Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

" What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

" So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets."

" Nay, then," quoth Adon, " you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

" If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

" Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

" What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;

a — keep,—] *Dwell.*
b — *poor* Wat,—] " Wat " is an old provincial name for the hare.
c — true-men—] In the language of Shakespeare's day, honest men were termed *true-men*. Thus in " Henry IV." Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2,—

" The thieves have bound the *true-men*."

d — wood,—] *Mad, crazy.*
e — done,—] *Destroyed.*

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I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O, strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green:
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;[a]
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund[b] runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
"Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty; [dote;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in "Woe,"
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle, sounds-resembling, parasites;[c]
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so;"
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair Good-morrow:—
"O, thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth[d] to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spirit[e] confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,[f]
They all strain court'sy[g] who shall cope him first.

[a] — teen;] "Teen," is *grief, sorrow.*
[b] — laund—] *Lawnd* and *lawn* were synonymous formerly.
[c] *But idle, sounds-resembling, parasites;*] This line has always hitherto been printed,—

"But idle sounds resembling parasites:"

Yet surely Shakespeare, *more suo*, wrote,—"*sounds-resembling.*"
[d] — coasteth—] *Advanceth.*

[e] — spirit—] Here, as mostly in old verse, "spirit" must be pronounced *sprite.*
[f] — curst,—] *Fierce, irascible.*
[g] They all strain court'sy—] When any one hesitated to take the post of honour in a perilous undertaking, he was sarcastically said to *strain courtesy.* Turberville applies the expression to dogs, as Shakespeare does:—"for many hounds will *strain courtesie* at this chace."

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This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all-dismay'd,[a]
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
 Full of respects[b] yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death:

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O, no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it!—
O yes, it may! thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit:
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.[c]

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best; then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

[a] — all-dismay'd,—] So the two earliest editions. The impression of 1596 reads, with perhaps more emphasis, "*sore* dismay'd."

[b] Full of respects—] *Minute observances, considerations.* "This is one of our author's nice observations. No one affects more wisdom than a drunken man."—Malone.

[c] Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, &c.]

This is a supposed allusion to the ancient apologue of Love and Death exchanging their darts by mistake. Massinger, in *The Virgin-Martyr*, Act IV. Sc. 3, refers to the same fable,—

"Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life."

See Gifford's note on this passage and his extract from Johannes Secundus, in Massinger's Plays.

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O, hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to-naught;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
 She clepes[a] him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
 Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet,
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories[b]
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O, Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon[c] to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
 Which seen, her eyes, as[d] murder'd with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep-dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,[e]
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,
 This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was[f] drench'd:
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions,[g] franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

[a] — clepes—] *Calls.* So in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 4,—"They *clepe* us drunkards," &c.

[b] —— and stories
His victories —]

The employment of *story* as a verb is not unfrequent in Shakespeare: thus, in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 4,—"How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than *story* him in his own hearing;" and in "Lucrece,"—

"He stories to her ears her husband's fame."

We suspect, too, that in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 4, the passage usually printed,—"Have you *scored* me?" should be read,—"Have you *storied* me?" *i.e.* have you published my shame? The word in the quartos, indeed, is *stor'd*.

[c] *As falcon to the lure,*—] The lection of the quarto 1600; all previous editions have, "*falcons.*"

[d] — as *murder'd*—] The quarto 1593 reads *ere* for "as."

[e] As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground, &c.] This calls to mind the well-known passage in "Henry IV." Part I. Act III. Scene 1,—

"—— oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers."

[f] — was drench'd:] All editions prior to 1600 read,—"*And* drench'd," &c.

[g] — *she* passions,—] See note (b), p. 35, Vol. I

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"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
 Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
 trim;
 But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair [a] to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
 you:
 But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
 Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep;
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his
 tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear [b]
 him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-
 ries;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with ber-
 [ries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted [c] boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
 If he did see his face, why then I know
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'T is true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his,—the more am I accurst."
 With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
 lies!

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
 "Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be
 light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend!
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his
 [woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd [d]
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
 speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot;
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,[e]
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet;
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-
 sures;
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.

[a] — fair—] That is, *beauty*. See note (h), p. 121, Vol. I.

[b] — *because he would not* fear him;] Because he would not *frighten* him: so in "Henry VI." Part III. Act III. Sc. 3,—"Go *fear* thy king withal."

[c] — urchin-snouted—] An *urchin* is a hedgehog; but it also meant an elf or mischievous sprite.

[d] — o'erstraw'd—] *O'erstrewed*.

[e] — *to tread the* measures,—] By "measures," dances of any kind are here meant, and not *grave dances suitable to age*, as some commentators explain it; the power of love is to be shown by its "confounding contraries." See note (2), p. 103, Vol. I.

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By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night!
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.

FINIS.



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LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.[a] The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[a] — *moiety.*] "Moiety" in Shakespeare's time was commonly used to signify any *part* or *portion* of a thing.

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THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS,—for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus,—after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the deed and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

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LUCRECE.

THE entry of "Lucrece" on the Registers of the Stationers is as follows:—

"9 May, 1594.
"Mr. Harrison, sen.] A booke intitled the Ravyshement of Lucrece."

In the same year the first edition was issued, with the title of "Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard, 1594." 4to. It was published again for the same bookseller in 8vo. in 1598, 1600, and 1607. In 1616 another edition, purporting to be "newly revised and corrected," was put forth; but this "corrected" edition is much more inaccurate than any of its predecessors. The next copy, which professes likewise to have been "newly revised," is dated 1624; and this is accompanied by explanatory notes, which, however, are neither interesting nor instructive.

The story on which the poem is based is told by Dion. Halicarnassensis, lib. iv. c. 72; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58; and by Ovid, Fast. lib. ii. But Malone conjectures, and with probability, that the poet was indebted for his model to the legend of Lucrece as it is related in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

Like his "Venus and Adonis," the "Lucrece" of Shakespeare appears to have been a universal favourite: it is mentioned by Drayton in his "Matilda," 1594; and in the commendatory verses to the poem entitled "Willobie his Avisa, or the true picture of a modest Maide, and of a chast and constant wife," 1594; by Richard Barnefield, in "A Remembrance of some English Poets," at the conclusion of his "Complaints of Poetry," 1598; and by a host of contemporary writers.

[Our text in this poem is that of the quarto 1594, collated with the subsequent impressions already mentioned.]

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let[a]
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;

[a] — *did not* let—] Did not *forbear*.

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What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O, happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:[a]
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested[b] this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.[c]
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts,[d] and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or[e] with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,[f]
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:[g]
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:[h]
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;

[a] An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:] So the four earliest editions. The 1616 impression reads more smoothly,—

"A date expir'd and cancel'd ere begun"

Our author, Malone observes, seems to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamund*, 1592:—

"Thou must not thinke thy flowre can always flourish,
And that thy *beauty* will be still admir'd,
But that those rayes which all these flames do nourish,
Cancell'd with time will have their *date expir'd*."

[b] Suggested—] *Tempted, incited.*

[c] *To quench the coal which in his* liver *glows.*] The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of desire.

[d] Thy hasty spring still blasts,—] Thy premature *shoots* are ever *blighted.*

[e] *Virtue would stain that* or *with silver white.*] The quarto of 1594 has, "Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white," whence Malone happily conjectured that the true word was *or*, i. e. *gold*; and the cluster of heraldic terms in the following stanza, with the opposition of the colours, gold and silver, are to us convincing proofs that "or" is a genuine restoration.

[f] This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,—]

Compare, "Coriolanus," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"—— our veil'd dames
Commit the *war of white and damask*, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses."

[g] Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:] So, as Steevens notes, "Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 6,—

"The bird, that hath been *limed* in a *bush*,
With trembling wing *misdoubteth* every *bush*."

[h] *Writ in the glassy* margents *of such* books:] See note (1), p. 101, Vol. I. on the lines,—

"His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes."

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Nor could she moralize[a] his wanton sight
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending[b] weariness with heavy sprite;
For, after supper, long he questioned[c]
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.[d]

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not,[e] that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour in fell battles' rage,
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill[f] we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious-foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;[g]
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

[a] — moralize—] *Interpret.*

[b] Intending—] *Pretending:* as in "Richard III." Act III. Sc. 5,—

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion."

[c] — questioned—] *Conversed.*

[d] And every one to rest themselves betake.
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.]

A passage in Barnfield's *Legend of Cassandra*, 1595, very closely resembles this:—

"Now silent night drew on, when all things sleepe,
Save thieves and cares."

[e] That what they have not, &c.] There is some obscurity here; should we not read,—

"*For* what they have *not*, that which they possess
They scatter," &c.?

[f] *So that in venturing* ill—] That is, by a *bad venture*. Some editors, however, think we ought to read, "— venturing *all*—"

[g] No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;] This passage might have saved Mr. Collier's annotator from the ridiculous sophistication of the kindred one in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 4,—

"To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch!"

Which he has tortured into,—

"To be a comrade of the wolf, and *howl*
Necessity's sharp pinch."

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Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.[a]

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's[b] slave
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,[c]
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I 'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."[d]

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,[e]
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age![f]
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad[g] pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;

[a] — weed.] *Robe* or *garment*.

[b] — fancy's *slave!*] *Fancy* is *love* or *affection*.

[c] Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,—] "In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who 'discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will.'"—MALONE.

[d] Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.] See note (1), p. 626, Vol. I.

[e] — cheer,—] *Countenance*: as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*," &c

See also note *c*, p. 363, Vol. I.

[f] Respect and reason, *wait on wrinkled age!*] So in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"—— reason and *respect*
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject."

"Respect" in both cases meaning *self-command, prudence, cautious circumspection*.

[g] Sad *pause*—] "Sad" meant *serious, grave*, as in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"—— what *sad* talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?"

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That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;[a]
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;[b]
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
 Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct[c] in this case;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the neeld[d] his finger pricks:
As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
 Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,[e]
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing[f] to the prime,
And give the sneaped[g] birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands.
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,[h]
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower:
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,[i]
 How can they, then, assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,[k]
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

[a] — retires his *ward;*] That is, *withdraws* from *its guard*, or *post*, or *charge*.

[b] — *to some* regard;] To some *reflection*.

[c] — *his* conduct—] "Conduct" for *conductor*; as in "Richard II." Act IV. Sc. 1.—"I will be his *conduct*;" and in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now!"

[d] *And griping it, the* neeld *his finger pricks:*] So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our *needs* created both one flower."

[e] — let,—] *Hinder, stop, obstruct*.

[f] *To add a* more *rejoicing*—] "More" for *greater*, as in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a *more* requital to your love."

[g] — sneaped *birds*—] "Sneaped" means *nipped* or *checked*. So in "The Winter's Tale," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"—— that may blow
No *sneaping* winds at home," &c.

[h] — *his fair* fair,—] His fair *beauty*.

[i] — fact,—] That is, *deed*, or *crime*. So in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 2,—"And, indeed, his *fact*, till now, in the government of lord Angelo, never came to an undoubtful proof." Again in "Titus Andronicus," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the *fact*."

[k] — fiery-pointed sun,—] Steevens suggested we should read, *fire-ypointed;* citing Milton's,—

"Under a *star-ypointing* pyramid."

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O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want[a] his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;[b]
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mother's groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends[c] the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries:
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart,—(poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale

[a] — to want—] To *miss; to be without.* See note (c), p. 351, Vol. I.

[b] — qualified;] *Mitigated, weakened;* as in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 3,—"I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too," &c.

[c] — commends—] *Submits, resigns.* So in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 8,—

"*Commend* unto his lips thy favouring hand;"

and in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"*Commend* the paper to his gracious hand."

Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;[a]
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks,[b] 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can Affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon tow'ring in the skies
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,[c]
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.[d]

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe,[e] or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye[f]
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's[g] sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But[h] when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,[i]
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless[k] wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

[a] I think *the honey guarded with a sting;*] "*I am aware* that the honey is guarded with a sting."—MALONE.

[b] And doats on what he looks,—] *On* being understood after "looks."

[c] Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,—] Compare, "Measure for Measure," Act III. Sc. 1,—

> "This outward-sainted deputy—
> Whose settled visage and deliberate word
> Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth *enmew*
> As falcon does the fowl—"

and see note *ad l.*

[d] — *as fowl hear* falcon's bells.] So in "Henry VI." Part III. Act I. Sc. 1,—

> "—— nor he that loves him best,
> The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
> Dares stir a wing if Warwick *shake his bells.*"

[e] *Worse than a* slavish wipe,—] According to Malone, "the brand with which slaves were marked."

[f] Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye—] So in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 4,—"they will *kill* one another *by the look*, like *cockatrices.*" See also note (b), p. 189, Vol. 1.

[g] *Like a white hind under the* grype's *sharp claws,*—] Properly, the *grype* meant the *gryphon* or *griffin;* but the name appears to have been used for *vulture.*

[h] But *when a black-fac'd cloud*—] Malone, with doubtful propriety, substituted,—"*Look*, when a black-fac'd cloud," &c.

[i] — *his vulture* folly,—] Here "*folly*" signifies *wantonness* or *depravity;* as in "Othello," Act V. Sc. 2,—

> "She turn'd to *folly*, and she was a whore."

[k] — remorseless—] *Pitiless, relentless.*

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She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;[a]
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended:
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.[b]

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame?
To privilege dishonour in thy name,
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear thee!
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,

[a] — pretended;] *Intended*, or *purposed*.
[b] For princes are the glass, &c.]

"—— *componitur orbis*
Regis ad exemplum."

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Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone[a] lust should stain so pure a bed!
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.[b]

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
 For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of time he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd[c] in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;[d]
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day;
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes[e] doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
 Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her spite
 Against the unseen secrecy of night:

[a] *O, that* prone *lust should stain so pure a bed!*] See note [b], p. 595, Vol. II.

[b] Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.] Compare, "Henry VIII." Act I. Sc. 1,—

"—— anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him."

[c] — perplex'd—] This word has no longer the force it once possessed. With Shakespeare it meant *bewildered*, *distracted*, sometimes *frenzied*: thus in "Othello," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"—— but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme;"

and in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 4,—

"—— one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing *perplex'd*
Beyond self-explication:"

[d] — convertite;] A "convertite" is a *penitent*, or *convert*.

[e] — scapes—] *Lapses*, *slips*: so in "The Winter's Tale," Act III. Sc. 3,—"What have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!—sure, some *scape*: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the *scape*."

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"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell![a]
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty[b] vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night (as he is but Night's child),
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have copartners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,[c]
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepúlchred in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, charácter'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote[d] my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot[e] afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;[f]
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue;—O, unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

[a] Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!] See note (1), p. 332, Vol. I.

[b] — misty *vapours*—] The first quarto reads *musty;* but the subsequent copies rightly have "misty." In support of the latter Malone adduces the following passages from preceding stanzas in this poem,—

"Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light,"

and,—

"—— *misty* night
Covers the shame that follows such delight;"

to which Mr. Dyce has added a line still more to the purpose from "Venus and Adonis,"—

"Like *misty vapours* when they blot the sky."

[c] And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,—] This sentiment occurs in "King Lear," Act III. Sc. 6,—

"But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship;"

and in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"—— if sour woe delight in fellowship."

[d] *Will* quote—] Will *scan* or *note*. As in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
I had not *quoted* him."

[e] — *the* mot—] The "mot" is the *motto*, or *word*. Thus in "Pericles," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"The *word*, Quod me alit, me *extinguit*."

[f] *Yet am I* guilty *of thy honour's wrack*, &c.] Malone, in opposition to the old copies, reads, "Yet am I *guiltless*," &c.; but Boswell shows very clearly that change was uncalled for: "She is reproaching herself, at first, for having received Tarquin's visit; but instantly defends herself by saying that she did it out of respect to her husband."

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"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;[a]
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexed Opportunity
 Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged[b] name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort[c] an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid[d]
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift-subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:
 O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine[e] the hate of foes;
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong[f] the wronger till he render right,
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering-golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,

[a] *Unruly blasts wait on the* tender spring;] See note [f], p. 728.

[b] — *a* ragged *name;*] A *beggared* name.

[c] — sort *an hour*—] *Pick out*, or *choose*, or *fit* an hour: so in "Henry VI." Part I. Act II. Sc. 3,—

"I 'll *sort* some other time to visit you;"

and in "Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 6,—

"—— thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will *sort* a pitchy day for thee."

[d] — appaid—] *Pleased, satisfied.*

[e] — *to* fine *the hate of foes;*] To *fine* is to *end*. So in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act I. Sc. 1,—"And the *fine* is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live and die a bachelor:" and in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"—— the *fine's* the crown."

[f] *To* wrong *the wronger*—] Farmer proposed,—"To *wring* the wronger," &c.

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To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring [a] minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand-thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,[b]
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous [c] death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently [d] is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force [e] not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afear'd to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me!

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give

[a] — retiring *minute*—] *Returning* minute.
[b] — *his* curled hair,—] See note [b], p. 653, of the present volume.
[c] *As* slanderous *death's-man*—] That is, as *ignominious*, or *branded* executioner.
[d] — presently—] *Immediately*.
[e] *I* force *not*—] I *regard*, or *value* not: so in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2,—
"Your oath once broke, you *force* not to forswear."

A badge of fame to slander's livery ;
A dying life to living infamy :
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 And with my trespass never will dispense,
 Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow ;
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;
To whom she sobbing speaks : "O, eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave thy peeping ;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping ;
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees :
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
 Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passion's strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
 Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :[a]
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows ;
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb ![b]
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;[c]
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
 Distress likes dumps[d] when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair :
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear ;
 For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
 While thou on Tereus descant'st[e] better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,

[a] The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :]

This may have been the germ of Burns' beautiful lines in *The Banks o' Doon* : —

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I am weary, fu' o' care !
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return !"

[b] — *be* you mute and dumb !] To avoid this pleonasm, the octavo of 1616 has, "— be you *ever* dumb ;" but compare, "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2, —

"Or given my heart a working, *mute and dumb*."

[c] — no stops nor rests ;] "Stops" and "rests" are technical terms in music. So in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 2, —"Look you, these are the *stops*." And in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 4,— "rests me his minim *rest*."

[d] — dumps —] See note [d], p. 204, Vol. I.

[e] — descant'st —] See note [b], p. 7, Vol. I.

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That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
We will find out; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
 Since men prove beasts let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
 And as his due, writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:—
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee[a] this will;
How I was overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it.'
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty[b] while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds

[a] *Thou, Collatine, shalt* oversee *this will;*] "*Overseers* were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors) invested with any legal right whatever. In some old Wills the term *overseer* is used instead of executor."—Malone.

It is noticeable that Shakespeare in his own will appoints John Hall, his son-in-law, and Susanna his eldest daughter, executors; and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins *overseers*.

[b] *A* pretty *while*—] A *petty* or *little* while.

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Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:[a]
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild[b]
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd[c]
 With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good,[d] this blunt and ill:
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins:—"Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me.
 So I commend me from our house in grief:
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When signs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold:
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear:
 Deep sounds[e] make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,

[a] —— the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill: &c.]

"Kinds" here signifies *natures*. For the sentiment, compare the following passage in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of, such we be."

[b] — hild—] An old form of *held*, adopted for the sake of the rhyme.

[c] — fulfill'd—] *Filled to repletion.*

[d] — *too* curious-good,—] Too *fastidiously* precise.

[e] *Deep* sounds *make lesser noise than shallow fords,*—] Malone conjectured, and with much plausibility, that the poet wrote,—"Deep *floods*," &c.

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Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain[a] court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
 Which the conceited[b] painter drew so proud,
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:

 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government.[c]

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd,[d] bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,[e]
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,[f]

[a] — villain—] *Slave.*

[b] — conceited—] *Apprehensive, conceptive.*

[c] — deep regard and smiling government.] Profound observation and complacent self-control.

[d] — *being* throng'd,—] Throng'd, in the same sense of *crush'd*, or *weighed down*, occurs in "Pericles," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is *throng'd*
By man's oppression."

[e] — kind.—] *Natural.*

[f] *And to their* hope *they such* odd *action* yield.—] The meaning appears to be, that to their hope (bold Hector) they exhibited such *peculiar, or doubtful* action, &c.

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That through their light joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than[a]
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.[b]
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content.
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance[c] gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so enscone'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

[a] — than—] This old orthography of *then*, is adopted, like that of *hild* in a former stanza, to meet the requirements of the rhyme.

[b] — stell'd.] *Fixed.*

[c] — instance—] *Indication* or *proof.*

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"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took:
"It cannot be," she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus,—"It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd[a]
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls[b] in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth[c] ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear-dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:[d]
At length address'd[e] to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,

[a] — so beguil'd—] *So disguised, or so masked:* unless Shakespeare here confounds the passive and active participle and uses "beguil'd" for *beguiling*. The old text reads,—"*to* beguild," &c.
[b] — water-galls—] *Secondary rainbows.*
[c] — uncouth—] *Unknown, strange.*

[d] Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:]
The allusion here is to the manner of discharging ancient firearms by means of a match.
[e] — address'd—] *Prepared, ready.*

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And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed: this act will be
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
 And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
 But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
 What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past; the help that thou shalt lend
 [illegible]
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 't is a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd:
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
 "How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence?
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance,
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense?
My low-declined honour to advance,
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
 And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
 "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."[a]

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He! he!" she says,
But more than "he!" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
 She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me!"

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still astonish'd[b] with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

[a] —— "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."]

Compare "— *nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ* vivet." Liv. lib. I. c. 58.

[b] — astonish'd—] To say we are *astonished* expresses little more now than that we are *surprised*, but formerly the meaning of *astonish* was in nearer accordance with its etymology, *attonare*, *thunderstruck*. So in Pliny, N. H. Vol. I. p 261. "The crampe-fish, torped, knoweth her own force and power; and being herself not benummed is able to *astonish* others."

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And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol[a] goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrified.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.[b]
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
 If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair-fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was!

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive!
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words so thick,[c] come in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime, "Tarquin," was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine she is!"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late[d] hath spill'd!"
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd!"
"My daughter!" and "my wife!" with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, "my daughter!" and "my wife!"

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help[e] wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,

[a] — rigol—] See note z, p. 612, Vol. I.

[b] — depriv'd.] *Deposed;* as in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 4,—

"—— some other horrible form,
Which might *deprive* your sovereignty of reason," &c.

[c] — *so* thick,—] So *rapidly*. Thus in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"—— say, and speak *thick*,
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing."

[d] *Which she* too early and too late hath spill'd!] By "too late" is meant *too recently*. The same conceit is found in "Henry VI." Part III. Act II. Sc. 5,—

"O boy, thy father gave thee life *too soon*,
And hath bereft thee of thy life *too late!*"

[e] *Do wounds* help *wounds, or grief* help *grievous deeds?*] The repetition is so inelegant that we cannot but believe Shakespeare wrote,—

"Do wounds *salve* wounds," &c.

or,—

"Do wounds *heal* wounds," &c.

Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife!"

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:[a]
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly[b] did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

[a] — allow:] *Approve.*

[b] — plausibly—] Meaning perhaps, as Steevens conjectured, *with expressions of applause.* From *Plausibilis.* So in the "Argument" of the poem: "—wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled," &c.

FINIS.



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SONNETS.

INTRODUCTION.

The earliest known edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets is the quarto published in 1609, which commonly bears the imprint, "At London. By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609;" though, in the title-pages of some copies for "William Aspley," we have, "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church Gate. 1609." The "T. T." for whom this edition was printed is proved by an entry on the Stationers' Registers to have been Thomas Thorpe:—

"2o. May. 1609.
"Tho. Thorpe] A booke called Shakespeare's Sonnets."

Thorpe has prefixed to his quarto a dedication silly in form and very puzzling in expression, yet of so much interest in connexion with the party to whom Shakespeare is supposed to have addressed these effusions, that we are tempted to reprint it precisely as it stands in the original:—

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OUR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.

This enigmatical preamble has provoked much controversy. The first inquiry has been directed to what the writer meant by "The only begetter." By some critics the phrase has been held to signify, the sole object or inspirer of the Sonnets; while others conceive that "begetter" imports no more than the *getter* or *obtainer* of them in manuscript from the hands of the poet.* The next and more important question which this dedication has raised is, who the "only begetter" typified by the contraction, "Mr. W. H." really was. Dr. Farmer supposed him to be *William Hart*, Shakespeare's nephew; but as he was not born until 1600, and Meres speaks of the Sonnets in 1598,† this supposition may be at once dismissed. Tyrwhitt conjectured from a line in the twentieth Sonnet—

"A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling"—

* "The *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 'I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels.'"—Boswell.

† "As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, &c."—*Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

that the unknown might be a *William Hughes*. This hypothesis is ingenious, but, unfortunate y, if admitted, it involves the perplexing task of discovering who was *William Hughes*. Chalmers has laboured hard to prove that the whole of the Sonnets were addressed to Queen Elizabeth! Drake was convinced that the initials "W. H." should be transposed, and that they represent Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton. Another and more plausible theory, first broached, we believe, by Mr. Boaden,* is that "Mr. W. H." is no other than William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, one of "the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren," to whom the first folio was inscribed. This opinion has been taken up with great fervour by Mr. Armitage Brown,† and is very ably sustained by him. But here again we are met by a troublesome objection. Thorpe's edition, as we have seen, was not published before 1609, while William Herbert succeeded to the title of Pembroke in 1601. Is it at all probable that, at a period when the distinctions of rank were punctiliously maintained, any bookseller would have presumed to address a nobleman of such eminence as "Mr. W. H."? Let the reader determine.

Attempts have been made to illustrate Shakespeare's character, as well as his life, from his Sonnets;‡ but nothing satisfactory in either respect has been elicited. The truth we apprehend to be, that although these poems are written in the poet's own name, and are, apparently, grounded on actual incidents in his career, they are, for the most part, if not wholly, poetical fictions. We have the authority of Meres for the fact that these productions were scattered among the poet's "private friends;" and when we find some flatly contradicting others, it is reasonable to conclude that they were written on different occasions, and with no more adaptation of fact to fancy than is usually found in imaginary compositions.§

* "On the Sonnets of Shakespeare, identifying the Person to whom they were addressed, and elucidating several points in the Poet's History. By James Boaden." 1838.

† Shakespeare's *Autobiographical Poems*, &c. 1838.

‡ One of the most elaborate and ingenious of these is contained in the work of Mr. Armitage Brown, already mentioned.

§ Mr. Brown is of a different opinion. He conceives the Sonnets to contain "a clear allusion to events in Shakespeare's life, or rather a history of them, with his own thoughts and feelings as comments on them." He maintains, indeed, that, correctly speaking, they are not Sonnets, but Stanzas, of which 152 out of the 154 are divisible into six separate poems, according to the following arrangement:—

FIRST POEM, Stanzas 1 to 26.—*To his friend, persuading him to marry.*

SECOND POEM, Stanzas 27 to 55.—*To his friend, who had robbed the poet of his mistress, forgiving him.*

THIRD POEM, Stanzas 56 to 77.—*To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.*

FOURTH POEM, Stanzas 78 to 101.—*To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.*

FIFTH POEM, Stanzas 102 to 126.—*To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.*

SIXTH POEM, Stanzas 127 to 152.—*To his mistress, on her infidelity.*

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SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,[a]
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.[b]
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,—"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
 This were to be new-made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd[c] womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?

[a] From fairest creatures we desire increase,—] As Boswell remarked, the first nineteen of these Sonnets are only an expansion of the stanza in "Venus and Adonis," beginning,—

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;"

[b] — mak'st waste in niggarding.] Compare, "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that *sparing* makes huge waste."

[c] — unear'd—] *Unploughed.*

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Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.[a]
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese[b] but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use[c] is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear,[d] why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless[e] wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame, deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:

[a] — to *those are* free.] To those who are likewise *liberal*.
[b] Leese—] An antique form of *lose*.
[c] — use —] *Usance, interest of money.*
[d] Music to hear, &c.] Thou to hear whom is music, why, &c.
[e] — a makeless wife;] A *mateless* wife. *Make* and *mate* were synonyms, the former being the elder form.

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Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;[a]
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish ;
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all[b] silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination ; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
O, none but unthrifts !—dear my love, you know
You had a father ; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality :
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
'Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;[c]
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants decrease,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky ;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your[d] living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :
So should the lines of life[e] that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,[f]
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song :
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;

[a] *Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;*] The original has, "gave *the* more:" Malone, who restored "thee," explains the amended line as follows:—On a survey of mankind, you will find that nature, however liberal she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to you.

[b] — all *silver'd o'er with white :*] The quarto of 1609 reads,—"*or* silver'd *ore* with white;" manifestly by mistake.

[c] If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;] Meaning apparently,—if instead of living single thou wouldst marry, and beget lineage.

[d] — *would bear* your *living flowers,*—] The reading of the quarto, which Malone, conceiving "your" to be a press error, changed to—

"—— would bear *you* living flowers."

[e] So should the lines of life that life repair,—] An anonymous correspondent in the *Variorum* suggests that "lines of life" are perhaps living pictures, viz. "children."

[f] — fair,—] *Beauty.*

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;[a]
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,[b]
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce's tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,[c]
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,[d]
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And, by addition, me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure[e] hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.[f]

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.[g]
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,[h]
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony[i] of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

[a] — *of that* fair *thou* owest;] Of that *beauty* thou *possessest*.

[b] — *blunt thou the lion's* paws,—] See "Titus Andronicus," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely *paws* par'd all away."

[c] — *as thou* fleets,—] The quarto reads,—"as thou *fleet'st*."

[d] *A man in hue, all* hues *in his controlling*,—] In the old copy "hues" is spelt *Hews*, whence Tyrwhitt conjectured that the mysterious individual "W. H." to whom Thorpe the bookseller dedicated these Sonnets, was a *W. Hughes*, or *Hews*. See the Introduction.

[e] — rondure—] This word, meaning a *round* or *bell*, occurs also in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"'T is not the *roundure* of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war."

[f] I will not praise that purpose not to sell.] This line adds strength to Warburton's conjecture that in "Troilus and Cressida," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"We 'll not *commend* what we intend to *sell*,"

we ought to read,—

"—— what we intend *not* sell."

[g] *Then look I death my days should* expiate.] That is, *terminate*. Compare, "Richard III." Act III. Sc. 3, where the folio has,—

"Make haste, the hour of death is *expiate*."

[h] As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,—]

So in "Coriolanus," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace."

[i] *The perfect* ceremony *of love's rite*,—] This is one of the rare instances where Shakespeare employs "ceremony" as a trisyllable.

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Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,[a]
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy [b] sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy [c] shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,[d]
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire [e] not, thou gild'st the even
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength [f] seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;

a — *famoused for* fight,—] The old text has, "— for *worth*," which does not rhyme with the corresponding word "quite" in the last line. Theobald substituted "fight," and he also proposed to retain *worth*, and for *quite* to read *forth*, a circumstance Mr. Collier must have forgotten when he suggested the same correction.

b — *of* thy *sweet respect*:] The quarto reads, "*of their* sweet," &c.

c *Presents* thy *shadow*—] The quarto here exhibits the same corruption noted in the preceding Sonnet, that of *their* for "thy."

d Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,—] Compare, "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"—— she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

e — twire—] *Twinkle*, or *twitter*, or *gleam fitfully*.

f — *make grief's* strength *seem stronger*.] The old copy erroneously reads,—

"— grief's *length* seem stronger."

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee [a] lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all-the-all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,[b]
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve [c] them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack [d] on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.[e]
 Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:[f]
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessary needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest [g] spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;

[a] — *hidden in* thee *lie!*] Old copy, "— in *there.*"

[b] — *thy deceased lover,*—] In the perusal of these Sonnets the reader should always bear in mind that friendship in Shakespeare's day was commonly spoken of as *love.* Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," addresses the Roman people as "Romans, countrymen, and *lovers,*" and speaks of Cæsar as his "best *lover.*" Portia, "Merchant of Venice," conjectures that Antonio, "being the *bosom lover*" of her husband, must needs resemble him. Ben Jonson winds up a letter to Dr. Donne by telling him he is his "true *lover;*" and subscribes himself the *lover* of Camden; and Drayton, writing to Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joseph Davies is *in love* with him.

[c] Reserve *them*—] "Reserve" for *preserve;* as in "Pericles," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"— *reserve*
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old."

[d] *With ugly* rack—] See note (1), p. 50, of the present volume; and compare, "Henry IV." Part I. Act I. Sc. 2,—

"—— herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world," &c.

[e] — *the strong offence's* cross.] The old copy, by a palpable mistake, repeats "loss" from the corresponding line above.

[f] *Excusing* thy *sins more than* thy *sins are:*] The quarto reads, "Excusing *their* sins more than *their* sins are."

[g] So I, made lame by fortune's dearest *spite,*—] *Dearest* spite is *intensest* spite. See note [h], p. 398. of this volume. From the expression in this line, "So I, made *lame,*" &c., and another in the 89th Sonnet,—

"Speak of my *lameness,* as I straight will halt,"—

some critics have maintained that the poet was actually lame; but the expression in both instances is thought with more probability by others to be merely figurative.

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For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled [a] in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,—
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth [b] deceive,—
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself [c] deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd; [d]
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she [e] have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy,—my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected; [f]
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show,
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy [g] fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see [h] till I see thee,
And nights, bright days when dreams do show thee me.

[a] Entitled—] "*Entitled* means, I think, *ennobled*. The old copy reads, "in *their* parts."—MALONE.

[b] — doth deceive,—] In the old copy, "*dost* deceive."

[c] — *if thou* thyself deceivest—] The quarto reads, "if thou *this* self deceivest," which can hardly be right.

[d]
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;]

Compare, "Henry VI." Part I. Act V. Sc. 3,—

"She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo d:
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

[e] — *till* she *have prevail'd?*] The old text mistakenly has, "till *he* have prevail'd?"

[f] — *things* unrespected;] Things *unregarded*.

[g] — thy *fair*—] Old text, "*their* fair."

[h] All days are nights to see, &c.] Malone thought the true reading was, "All days are nights to *me*," &c.: but hear Steevens: "As, *fair to see* (an expression which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) signifies *fair to sight*, so,—all days *are nights to see*, means, all days *are gloomy to behold*, i.e. *look like nights*."

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,[a]
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy[b] fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy[c] picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus,—mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, convert[d] from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—[d]
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully[e] on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

[a] — so much of earth and water wrought,—] That is, being composed of so much of those dull elements.

[b] *Of* thy *fair health*,—] The old copy reads, "*their* fair health."

[c] — thy *picture's sight*—] Again, the quarto misprints *their* for "thy."

[d] When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—]

Compare, "Julius Cæsar," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"—— ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony."

[e] *Plods* dully on,—] The old copy reads, "*daily* on," a self-correcting blunder.

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For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh,—no dull flesh,—in his fiery race;[a]
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting[b] the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.[c]
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit[d]
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison[e] of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by[f] verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou: although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or[g] call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,

[a] Shall neigh,—no dull flesh,—in his fiery race;] In this line the word "neigh" is, we suspect, corrupt.

[b] For blunting—] For *fear of* blunting, &c.

[c] — captain *jewels in the* carcanet.] The *superior* jewels in the *necklace*, or *collar*.

[d] — counterfeit—] *Picture*.

[e] — foison—] "Foison" is *abundance*, and *Autumn*, as the season of plenty, is named so here.

[f] — by *verse distils your truth*.] Malone reads, plausibly enough, "— my *verse*," &c.; but we are not quite satisfied that the change is needed.

[g] Or *call it winter*,—] The old copy reads, "*As* call it," &c. For the emendation we are indebted to Tyrwhitt.

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But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do[a] what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done![b]
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whêr better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise!

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious[c] is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy[d] night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,[e]
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

[a] Do *what you will*,—] So Malone, and we think correctly, though Mr. Dyce reads with the old copy,—

"—— may privilege your time
To what you will;" &c.

[b] Since mind at first in character was done!] That is, we suppose,—Since thought was first expressed in writing.

[c] — gracious—] *Beautiful.* So in "King John," Act III. Sc. 4,—

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

[d] — steepy *night*;] Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales," has "eyen *sleep*," which his editors interpret, "eyes *deep*." We believe in both cases the word is a synonym for *black* or *dark*.

[e] When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, &c.]

Compare with this fine passage a parallel one in "Henry IV." Part II. Act III. Sc. 1,—

"O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips;"

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When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of[a] beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:—
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing[b] of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,[c]
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,[d]
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine[e] outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve[f] is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy[g] worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

[a] *Or who his spoil of beauty*—] The quarto has wrongly, "his spoil *or* beauty," &c.

[b] — *dead* seeing—] We would read with Farmer, "— dead *seeming*," &c.

[c] Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away, &c.]
See note (2), p. 430, Vol. I. on the passage,—
"So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."

[d] — *give thee that* due,—] So Tyrwhitt, the quarto reading, "— that *end*"

[e] Thine *outward*—] The old text has, "*Their* outward," &c.

[f] *The* solve *is this*,—] A conjecture of Malone. The quarto reading, "The solye," &c.

[g] Thy *worth*—] The old text is, "*Their* worth," &c.

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Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me that you should love,
After my death, dear love, forget me quite;
For you in me can nothing worthy prove
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd[a] choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere
 long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:[b]
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,[c]
That every word doth almost tell[d] my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks,[e] and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.

[a] *Bare* ruin'd *choirs,*—] So the edition of 1640; the quarto reads, "Bare *ru'ned quiers,*" &c.

[b] *My spirit is thine, the* better part *of me:*] See note (2), p. 521, of the present volume.

[c] — in a noted weed,—] "That is, in a dress by which it is always *known*, as those persons are who always wear the same colours."—STEEVENS.

[d] — *almost* tell *my name,*—] The quarto has, "*fel* my name."

[e] *Commit to these waste* blanks,—] The old copy has, "— waste *blacks.*" From this line, and the expression a few lines before, "*vacant* leaves," &c. it has been conjectured that this Sonnet was inscribed in a book with blank leaves.

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Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,[a]
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
 You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true-plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern[b] quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew?
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise,[c] which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve[d] their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'T is so, 't is true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

[a] Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,—] This "better spirit" some editors have thought was Spenser: others have conjectured Daniel or Drayton was meant, but not a particle of evidence has yet been discovered to individualize the allusion.

[b] — modern—] *Trite, ordinary.* So, in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 7,—

"Full of wise saws and modern instances;"

That is, wise *sayings* and *common-place examples.*

[c] *Being fond* on *praise,*—] "On" here, as was common, is printed for *of*.

[d] Reserve *their character*—] "Reserve" for preserve, as in Sonnet XXXII.—

"*Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhyme.'

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LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail[a] of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.[b]
He, nor that affable-familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence,
But when your countenance fil'd[c] up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,[d]
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle,[e] and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward[f] of a conquer'd woe!
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;[g]
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

a — proud full sail—] See note a, p. 70, Vol. II.

b — astonished.] See note b, p. 753, of the present volume.

c — fil'd *up his line*,—] So in Jonson's commendatory verses on Shakespeare, prefixed to the first folio,—

"In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines."

d Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,—] See note g, p. 765, of the present volume.

e *I will acquaintance* strangle,—] I will *smother* or *stifle* familiarity. So in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II. Sc. 6, "— you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very *strangler* of their amity."

f *Come in the* rearward *of a conquer'd woe!*] *Rearward* is literally, *rearguard*. Shakespeare uses the word again in "Henry VI." Part I. Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Now in the *rearward* comes the duke and his—"

And, in "Henry IV." Part II. Act III. Sc. 2, "— he came ever in the *rearward* of the fashion," &c.

g — horse;] That is, *horses*.

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XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;[a]
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.[b]

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name![c]
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill-report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,[d]
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some, wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:[e]
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.[f]

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd[g] was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,[h]
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April,[i] dress'd in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

a In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns, &c.]

The "gracious Duncan" asserts the contrary,—

"There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face."
Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 4.

b Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.] This line is found also in the play of "King Edward III." 1596. It was, perhaps, a proverbial saying.

c Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!] So in "King John," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"(I must withdraw and weep
Upon the *spot* of this enforced cause.)"

d O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,—]

Compare, "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't."

e —more and less:] *Great* and *small*. As in "Henry IV." Part I. Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"The *more and less* came in with cap and knee."

f But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.]

Sonnet XXXVI. concludes with the same couplet.

g —*this time* remov'd—] This time when I was *remote*, or *apart* from thee.

h *The teeming autumn, big with rich* increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,—]

"Increase" is *produce*; and the "prime" means the spring. Compare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"The spring, the summer,
The *childing* autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their *increase*, now knows not which is which."

i *When* proud-pied *April, dress'd in all his trim*,—] *Pied* means *many-coloured*. The line recalls a charming passage in "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When *well-apparell'd* April on the heel
Of limping winter treads."

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XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,[a]
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One[b] blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty[c] Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire[d] to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O, truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.[e]
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front[f] doth sing,
And stops her[g] pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.[h]
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?[i]
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in your verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

[a] *The lily I condemned for thy hand,—*] That is, *for stealing the whiteness* of thy hand.

[b] *One blushing shame,* &c.] The quarto reads, evidently by mistake, "*Our* blushing," &c.

[c] *Rise, resty Muse,—*] "Resty" here means *idle, torpid,* &c. So in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 6,—

"—— weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when *resty* sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

Though some have thought that, in the latter example, "resty" signifies *uneasy, restive.*

[d] —a satire—] A *satirist.* So in Ben Jonson's Masque called "Time Vindicated," &c.—

"*Fame.* Who's this?
Ears. 'T is Chronomastix, the brave satyr.
Nose. The gentleman-like satyr, cares for nobody."

[e] That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.]

Compare, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"—— my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

[f] —*summer's* front—] Summer's *beginning.* So, in the "Winter's Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"—— no shepherdess; but Flora
Peering in April's *front.*"

[g] —*her pipe*—] The old copy has, "*His* pipe;" but see in the subsequent lines, "—*her* mournful hymns," and "Therefore like *her*," &c.

[h] But that wild music burdens every bough, &c.] So, in the "Merchant of Venice," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren."

[i] —— striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?]

As in "King Lear," Act I. Sc. 4,—

"Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well."

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Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd![a]
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,[b]
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill[c] enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,[d]
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What 's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new[e] to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;[f]
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley[g] to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have[h] what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most-most loving breast.

[a] "—— like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd!]

So in Sonnet LXXVII.—

"Thou by thy dial's shady *stealth* mayst know
Time's *thievish* progress to eternity."

[b] Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,—]

So in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold *blazon*."

[c] —skill *enough*—] An emendation due to Tyrwhitt, the old copy having, "*still* enough."

[d] —*and Death to me* subscribes,—] That is, *succumbs*. So in Troilus and Cressida," Act IV. Sc. 5,—

"For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, *subscribes*
To tender objects."

[e] *What's new to speak, what* new *to register*,—] So Malone, and perhaps rightly though some editors still follow the quarto in reading, "— what *now* to register."

[f] That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;]

Compare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd."

[g] *And made myself a* motley—] As a *motley* dress was the usual garb of a jester, *motley* became in time the synonym for a *fool*.

[h] *Now all is done*, have *what shall have no end*:] Malone, adopting a suggestion of Tyrwhitt, prints, "—*save* what shall have no end," to the manifest improvement of the sense; but as the old reading is intelligible, we are hardly warranted in making any change.

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CXI.

O, for my sake do you with [a] Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel,[b] 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense[c] or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense'
To critic[d] and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are[e] dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function,[f] and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:[g]
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.[h]

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie;
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
'Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,[i]
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;[k]
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

[a] — *do you with Fortune chide,*—] The quarto corruptly reads, "*wish*," for "with." To *chide with* is to *quarrel with* So, in "Cymbeline," Act V. Sc. 4,—

"With Mars fall out, *with* Juno *chide*," &c.

Again, in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"The business of the state does him offence,
And he does *chide with* you."

[b] — eisel,—] "Eisel" is vinegar, which, as Malone remarks, was esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of infectious distempers.

[c] None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense' or changes right or wrong.]

Steevens explains this,—"You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong."

[d] — critic—] *Cynic.*

[e] — *methinks* are *dead.*] In the old copy, "Methinks *y'are* dead."

[f] Doth part his function,—] Performs part of his office.

[g] — *which it doth* latch;] To *latch* is to seize, or catch. The quarto in error reads, "doth *lack*."

[h] My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.] "I once suspected that Shakespeare wrote,—

'My most true mind thus makes mine *eye* untrue.'

Or,—

'*Thy* most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.'

But the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. "The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth," *i.e.* of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So in "Measure for Measure,"—

'Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*.'"

MALONE.

[i] Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,—]

Compare, "King Lear," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"*Love's not love*
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from th' entire point."

[k] —— it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;]

So in "Coriolanus," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"—— and stick i' the wars
Like a great *sea-mark, standing every flaw*,
And saving those that eye thee!"

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Love's not Time's fool,[a] though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,[b]
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager[c] compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank[d] of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,[e]
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O, benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill[f] thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd[g]
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile-esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?[h]
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;[i]
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.

[a] Love 's not Time's fool,—] So, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act V. Sc. 4,—

"But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool."

See note *ad l.* p. 559, Vol. I.

[b] *Bring me within the* level *of your frown.*—] The "level" meant the range; thus, in "The Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"—— for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And *level* of my brain."

[c] — eager—] "Eager," Fr. *aigre*, is *tart, sour, poignant*. So, in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"—— it doth posset
And curd, like *eager* droppings into milk,"

[d] — rank of *goodness*,—] That is, *flush* or *brimful* of goodness. So, in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"—— their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet."

[e] *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been* fitted,—] "Fitted" here means *started*, as by paroxysms. Compare, "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"Make thy two eyes, like stars, *start from their spheres*;"

and also, "Pericles," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"If it be a day *fits* you, scratch out of the calendar," &c.

[f] *And gain by* ill—] Old copy, "by *ills*."

[g] — remember'd—] *Reminded*. So in "Richard III." Act II. Sc. 4,—

"—— if I had been *remember'd*," &c.

[h] *Give* salutation to my sportive blood?] See note [b], p. 668, Vol. II.

[i] — bevel;] *Crooked*.

That poor retention could not so much hold,[a]
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change!
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy,[b] who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle-hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus[c] is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,[d]
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes[e] are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks,[f] that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy[g] fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

[a] That poor retention could not so much hold,—] "*That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of *containing*, so much as the *tablet of the brain*."—MALONE.

[b] O thou, my lovely boy,—] "This sonnet differs from all the others in the present collection, not being written in alternate rhymes."—MALONE.

[c] — quietus—] *Discharge, acquittance, release.* So in Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your *quietus*."

[d] In the old age black was not counted fair,—] This and all the remaining Sonnets are addressed to a woman.

[e] *Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,*
Her eyes so suited;]

Here we suspect the repetition of "*eyes*" to have been a slip of the compositor, and that the poet wrote,—

"—— my mistress' *brows* are raven black," &c.

or,—

"—— my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her *brows* so suited," &c.

Compare, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"O, if in black my lady's *brows* be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair."

[f] — *those* jacks,—] The keys of a spinnet or virginal were termed "jacks."

[g] — thy *fingers*—] In this, as in the last line, the old copy misprints *their* for "thy."

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CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a [a] very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses, damask'd red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare!

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear-doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments [b] me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps [c] me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute [d] of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,[e]
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

a — *and* prov'd, a *very woe*:] An ingenious amendment by Malone; the quarto reading,—

" —— and *proud and* very woe."

b *Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,*
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, &c.]

In the quarto we have,—" *torment* me," &c. which many modern editors have adopted, although the self-evident correction was made a century and a half ago.

c *Who e'er* keeps *me, let my heart be his guard*;] *To keep*, means *to guard, defend*.

d *The* statute *of thy beauty*—] "*Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money."—MALONE.

e — thou hast thy *Will*,—] The play upon the name of "Will" in this and the two next Sonnets obviously points to the poet's own Christian name: but it perhaps indicates also the prenomen of "the only begetter of these Sonnets," "Mr. W. H."

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The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And, in abundance, addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:[a]
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?[b]
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth[c]
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies!
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits[d] nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;

[a] In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:]

Compare, "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none."

[b] *Why should my heart think that a several plot,*
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?]

"*Severals*, or *several lands*," Mr. Hunter tells us, "are portions of common assigned for a term to a particular proprietor, the other commoners waiving for the time their right of common over them."

[c] When my love swears that she is made of truth—] This Sonnet with some variations appears to have been first printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599.

[d] But my five wits—] The five wits were common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.

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Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,[a]
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;[b]
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,[c]
Which like two spirits do suggest[d] me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,[e]
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate," she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
"I hate," from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,[f]
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I, desperate now, approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures[g] falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no;[h]
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O, cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

a — their scarlet ornaments,—] So in "King Edward III." 1590,—

"—— when she grew pale,
His cheeks put on *their scarlet ornaments*."

b *And* seal'd false bonds of love *as oft as mine;*] Compare, "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 6,—

"O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To *seal love's bonds* new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!"

c Two loves I have of comfort and despair,—] This Sonnet was printed "with a difference" in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599.

d — suggest *me*—] *Tempt* me.

e — *from my* side,—] The quarto has, "from my *sight*;" the genuine word, however, is found in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

f Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Pool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,—]

In the old copy the transcriber or compositor has mistakenly repeated the last three words of the preceding line, and given us,—

"My *sinful earth* these rebell powres that thee array."

The emendation, "*Pool'd* by," is Malone's.

g — censures—] *Estimates, measures.*

h Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no;] We believe with Mr. W. N. Lettsom, that a quibble was intended, and that the poet wrote,—

"Love's eye [I = ay] is not so true as all men's no."

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?[a]
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?[b]
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,[c]
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater,[d] urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,[e]
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless-lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.[f]

CLIV.

The little Love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.[g]

[a] — *with thee* partake?] That is, *take part*.

[b] And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?] Compare, "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5,—

"I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye."

[c] Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,—] Whence hast thou this power of *adorning* or *setting off*, &c.

[d] *Then, gentle* cheater,—] "Cheater" here signifies *escheator*, an official who appears to have been regarded by the common people in Shakespeare's day much the same as they now look upon an informer. See note [b], p. 646, Vol. I.

[e] — more perjur'd I,—] The quarto by a palpable mistake prints,—"More periurde *eye*," &c.

[f] — *my mistress' eyes*.] The old copy has, "my mistres *eye*."

[g] — water cools not love.] On these two last Sonnets Malone observes that "They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world."

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.[a]

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering[b] vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world[c] with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin[d] to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,[e]
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size', both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund[f] she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded[g] jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some,[h] but where excess begs all.

[a] "This beautiful poem was first printed in 1609, with our author's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his Sonnets. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. The figures, however, of the lady and the old man should be standing, not sitting, by the river side; Shakspeare reclining on a hill."—Malone.

[b] — *a* sistering *vale*,—] A *proximate* or *contiguous* vale, we apprehend, but the word is peculiar.

[c] — world—] *Microcosm.* Compare, "King Lear," Act III. Sc. 1.—

"Strives in his *little world* of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

[d] — napkin—] *Handkerchief.*

[e] — conceited characters,—] *Fanciful figures.*

[f] — *a* maund—] A *hand-basket.*

[g] — beaded—] The quarto reads, "*bedded.*"

[h] — cries some,—] That is, as Mr. Dyce correctly explains it, *cries for some.*

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Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.[a]

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gan[b] to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grax'd his cattle nigh,—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,[c]
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy[d] assuage,
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of[e] one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;[f]
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.[g]

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix[h] down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm[i]
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authóriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!'
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became[k] his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came[l] for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:[m]

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted

a *With* sleided *silk* feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.]
"*Sleided* silk" is *untwisted* silk; what we now term *floss* silk. "Feat" means *cleverly, nicely*. "To be convinced of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the 'Royal Letters,' &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a narrow ribbon were placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely."—STEEVENS.

b — *and often* gan *to tear;*] A conjectural reading of Malone, the old copy having,—
"—— and often *gave* to teare," &c.

c — *his* grained bat,—] His *rough staff*, or *club*.

d — ecstasy—] *Distraction*.

e Of *one*—] The quarto reads, "*O* one," &c.

f — *her* place;] Her *seat*, her *mansion*.

g — sawn.] *Sown;* or, as some explain it, *sewn*. We think the former is the true meaning.

h — phœnix *down*—] Is this corrupt? Malone supposes by "phœnix" she means *matchless, rare;* but if so, the allusion is very far-fetched.

i Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm, &c.] Compare, "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. Sc. 2,—
"—— his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder."

k — became—] *Adorned, graced*.

l Came *for*—] So Malone; the quarto having, "*Can* for," &c.

m Catching all passions in his craft of will:] "These lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription, than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey."—STEEVENS.

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To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple,[a] (not in part)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further[b] I could say, 'This man 's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers[c] to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been called unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

"'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with acture[d] they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,[e]
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And, lo, behold these talents[f] of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd[g] properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend[h]
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"'Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

[a] And was my own fee-simple,—] "Had an absolute power over myself; as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate."—MALONE.

[b] *For* further *I could say,*—] We ought probably to read,—

"*For, father,* I could say," &c.

[c] — brokers—] *Panders.* Compare, "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers,*
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of *unholy suits.*"

[d] — acture—] This word is suspicious. Malone conjectures it to be synonymous with *action.*

[e] — teen,—] *Trouble, suffering.*

[f] — talents of their hair,—] "Talents" appears to be used here for *riches,* as in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 6,—

"—— in himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account his,—beyond all *talents.*"

[g] — invis'd—] *Invisible.*

[h] — blend—] "*Blend*" for *blended.*

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"'O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"'Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or[a] sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;[b]
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,[c]
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"'But, O, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,—
Paling[d] the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"'O, pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,[e]
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.[f]

"'How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,[g]
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted[h] in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O, most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace,[i] 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O[k] cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank,[l] to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;

a Or *sister sanctified*,—] "The poet, I suspect, wrote, 'A sister sanctified,' &c."—MALONE. We suspect so too.

b Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;] "Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her."—MALONE.

c — *richest* coat,—] "Coat," for *coat* of arms.

d Paling *the place*—] This is the reading of Malone, for "*Playing* the place," &c. of the old copy. We should prefer, "*Filling* the place," &c. The word *Playing* was evidently caught by the transcriber or compositor from the following line, and in mistakes of this description the *ductus literarum* is of little moment. In support of *Filling*, compare, Sonnet CXII.:—

"Your love and pity doth th' impression *fill*
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;" &c.

e — immur'd,—] The quarto has, "*enur'd*."

f — procur'd.] A correction from the edition of 1640, the quarto reading, "*procure*."

g — *a sacred* nun,—] The quarto reads, "a sacred *Sunne*," &c., a manifest error, though adopted by Malone.

h Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,—] The old copy has,—

"Who disciplin'd *I died* in grace."

i *Love's arms are* peace,—] A palpable corruption, for which Malone proposed, "Love's arms are *proof*," &c. Steevens, "Love *aims* at peace," &c.; and Mr. Dyce conjectures, "*Love* arms *our* peace," &c.

k O cleft effect!] So Malone; the quarto reading, "*Or* cleft effect," &c.; from which, unless "effect" stands for *effectually*, it is not easy to extract any sense.

l — rank,—] *Gross*.

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When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,[a]
He preach'd pure maid,[b] and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,[c]
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

[a] — luxury,—] *Lasciviousness.*

[b] He preached pure maid,—] This construction was not uncommon. Compare, "King John," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;"

and "Henry V." Act V. Sc. 2,—

"I speak to thee plain soldier," &c.

[c] — *that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,*—] *Owed* means *possessed;* that assumed desire apparently so real.



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THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE ensuing collection of irrelative poems, some probably from Shakespeare's hand, but some certainly belonging to other writers, was first published by William Jaggard, in small octavo, with the title,—"The Passionate Pilgrime. By W. Shakespeare. At London. Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard, 1599." In 1612 another edition was printed bearing the title of, "The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespere. The third Edition. Where-unto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answere backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard, 1612."* The "Love Epistles" which Jaggard had the audacity to particularise in his title-page, and insert in this reprint as the works of Shakespeare, were two of Ovid's Epistles, that had been translated by Thomas Heywood, and printed with his name in his "Troja Brittannica," &c. 1609. It was not likely that Heywood would patiently submit to this flagrant injustice, and accordingly at the close of a work entitled, "The Apology for Actors," &c. which was published by him in 1612, he appended the following letter to his bookseller, Nicholas Okes:—

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes.

"The infinite faults escaped in my booke of *Britaines Troy*, by the negligence of the Printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of sillables, misplacing halfe lines, coining of strange and never heard of words. These being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the *Errata*, the Printer answered me, hee would not publishe his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the necke of the Author: and being fearfull that others of his quality, had beene of the same nature, and condition, and finding you on the contrary, so carefull and industrious, so serious and laborious, to doe the author all the rights of the presse; I could not choose but gratulate your honest endeavours with this short remembrance. Here likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two Epistles of *Paris* to *Helen*, and *Helen* to *Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him; and hee, to do himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the Author I know much offended with *M. Jaggard* that (altogether unknowne to him)

* Although this edition purports to be the *third*, no intermediate impression between it and the first copy is now known.

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presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to be cleare of; and I could wish but to bee the happy author of so worthie a worke as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship.

"Yours ever, THOMAS HEYWOOD."

This exposure, aided probably by the indignant remonstrance of Shakespeare, compelled Jaggard to cancel the original title-page of the 1612 edition, and substitute another, which bore no author's name. Such at least is presumed to have been the case, from the fact that Malone's copy of this edition, by the "fortunate negligence" of the old binder, contains two title-pages, one with and the other without an author's name.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,[a]
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely-fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,—
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;[b]
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity;—
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen and toward;
He rose and ran away,—ah, fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?[c]
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue!

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

[a] Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,—] This Sonnet, and two others (Nos. III. and XV.), will be found, with slight variations, in "Love's Labour's Lost." In "The Passionate Pilgrim," it is preceded by two of the Sonnets already given, No. CXXXVIII., beginning,—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth," &c.

and No. CXLIV.: "Two loves I have," &c.

[b] — *to delight his* ear;] The old text has, "ears."

[c] If love make me forsworn,—] See "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 2.

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She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,[a]
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * * * *[b]
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore:"
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why[c] thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,—
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her[d]
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.[e]
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd me,"[f]
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy[g] thee:—
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour!

[a] If music and sweet poetry agree,—] This poem, according to Mr. Collier, was published in the first edition of R. Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 1598, but was omitted by the author in his edition of 1605. From which circumstance, Mr. Collier infers that it was written by Shakespeare.

[b] A line has here been lost.

[c] For why—] *Because.*

[d] Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her—] This Sonnet, with some variations, occurs in a collection of Poems by B. Griffin, called *Fidessa more Chaste then Kinde*, 1596; and there the opening line is given as in our text. "The Passionate Pilgrim" reads,—

"Venus with Adonis sitting by her," &c.

[e] *And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.*] In "The Passionate Pilgrim" this line is imperfect, "so" being omitted. The word is supplied from Griffin's *Fidessa*.

[f] "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd me,"—] In the latter part of this Sonnet the version in *Fidessa* differs considerably from the one before us. There, it runs as follows:—

"'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the *wanton* god embrac'd me;'
And thus she *clasp'd* Adonis in her arms:
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlac'd me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms:
But he, a wayward boy, refus'd her offer,
And ran away, the beauteous queen neglecting;
Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardice detecting;
Oh, that I had my *mistress* at *that* bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away."

[g] —defy *thee*:—] *Renounce* or *contemn* thee. So, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"I do *defy* thy conjurations," &c.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,—
 So beauty blemish'd once for ever 's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

"Good night, good rest." Ah, neither be my share!
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 "Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow;"
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
 "Wander!" a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
 For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;[a]
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter,
The fairest one of three,[b]
That liked of her[c] master
As well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman,
The fair'st that eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful
That love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless,
Or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either,
Alas, it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused;
More mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used
To turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight
Was wounded with disdain:
 Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art, with arms contending,
Was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning
Did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay;
 For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!),[d]
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

a — *each minute seems* a moon;] A correction proposed by Steevens, the old copy reading, "*an hour*," &c.

b It was a lording's daughter,
 The fairest one of three,—]

" This and the five following Sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to musick. Mr. Oldys, in one of his MSS. says they were set by John and Thomas Morley."—MALONE.

c *That liked of* her *master*—] The late Mr. S. Walker, in his valuable work, "A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare," &c. which has been published while these pages were in preparation for the press, suggests that we should read, "*of a master*;" that is, a scholar by profession, a master of arts.

d *On a day (alack the day!),*—] This, as we have before remarked, is one of the three Sonnets found in "Love's Labour 's Lost." It was printed also, with Shakespeare's name attached, in a collection of poems entitled, "England's Helicon," 1600, where it is entitled, *The Passionate Sheepheard's Song*.

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"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas, my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn!
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.[a]
Thou for whom Jove would swear[b]
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

XVI.

My flocks feed not,[c]
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
 All is amiss:
Love 's denying,[d]
Faith 's defying,
Heart 's renying,[e]
 Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
 O, frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,—
O cruel speeding!—
 Fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My [f] sighs so deep,
Procure to weep,
 In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye:[g]
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,[h]
Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:[i]
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial might:[k]
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed[l] talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set thy person forth to sell.[m]

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear[n] ere night;

[a] Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.] In "Love's Labour's Lost," we have here two lines which were omitted both in the present version and in "England's Helicon:"—

"Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee."

[b] *Thou for whom Jove would swear*—] In this line, unless some epithet to "Jove" has been lost, "swear" is employed as a dissyllable.

[c] My flocks feed not, &c.] These verses, under the title of *The Unknown Shepheard's Complaint*, and subscribed *Ignoto*, are printed in "England's Helicon." They are found also, with music, in Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1599. That Shakespeare had any hand either in them or in the poor effusion beginning, "It was a lording's daughter," &c. is inconceivable.

[d] Love's denying,
* * * *
Heart's renying, &c.]

"*The Passionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's book have, 'Love is dying,' and 'Heart's *denying*.' The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has, 'Love *is*,' and 'Faith *is*.'"—MALONE.

[e] —renying,—] *Forswearing.*

[f] My *sighs*—] So Weelkes's *Madrigals*. The other copies read, "*With* sighes," &c.

[g] Green plants bring not
Forth their dye:]

Weelkes's copy has,—

"Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully."

[h] —*sweet* lass,—] We follow Weelkes's *Madrigals*. The other copies read, "sweet *love*," &c.

[i] —*the cause of all my* moan:] So Weelkes's *Madrigals*, and "England's Helicon." "The Passionate Pilgrim" has, "my *woe*," &c.

[k] *As well as fancy partial* might:] This is very probably corrupt, but the change proposed by Steevens, "partial *like*," is unendurable; and we have no faith in the reading said to be derived from a MS. of this poem in the possession of Mr. Collier,—

"As well as partial fancy like," &c.

Query,—

"As well as fancy *martial* might"?

Compare, "Lucrece,"—

"A *martial* man to be soft *fancy's* slave!"

[l] —filed talk,—] *Polished* diction.

[m] *And set* thy *person forth to* sell.] A reading supplied by a manuscript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakespeare, which Malone used. "The Passionate Pilgrim" has,—

"—— *her* person forth to *sale*."

[n] —*will* clear—] So the MS. just referred to. "The Passionate Pilgrim" reads, "will *calm*," &c.

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And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
 "Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew:
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin when age does them attaint.[a]
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But soft! enough,—too much I fear;
For if[b] my mistress hear my song;
She will not stick to ring[c] mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long;
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

Live with me, and be my love,[d]
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then, live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,[e]
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XIX.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry,
"Tereu, tereu!" by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts[f] they will not cheer thee,
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.[g]

XX.

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd:

[a] Begin when age does them attaint.] This is the lection of the MS. followed by Malone; it is poor stuff, but it has the advantage of being intelligible, which cannot be said of the corresponding stanza in "The Passionate Pilgrim,"—

"Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint;
There is no heaven by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint."

[b] For if—] So the MS. "The Passionate Pilgrim" reads,—"*Lest that*," &c.

[c] *She will not stick to* ring mine *ear*,—] The reading of the MS. used by Malone. That of "The Passionate Pilgrim" is,—

"—— to *round me on th'* ear," &c.

[d] Live with me, and be my love,—] This beautiful song, which is imperfectly given here, will be found complete at p. 687, Vol. I. It is generally supposed to have been written by Marlowe.

[e] If that the world and love were young,—] The present version of the "Answer" is also defective. Compare the copy in "England's Helicon," where it bears the signature, often adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh, of *Ignoto*. See also Percy's "Reliques," Vol. I. p. 237, edit. 1812.

[f] —beasts, &c.] From the abridged version of this poem in "England's Helicon." "The Passionate Pilgrim" has "*bears*," &c.

[g] Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.]

This couplet, which terminates the poem in "England's Helicon," is omitted in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

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Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pity but he were a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

(FROM THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.)

Let the bird of loudest lay,[a]
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shricking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,[b]
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,[c]
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But[d] in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property[e] was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same
Single nature's[f] double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

[a] Let the bird of loudest lay,—] "In 1601 a book was published, entitled 'Loves Martyr, or Rosaline Complaint, Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies; being the first Essay of a new British Poet: collected out of diverse authentical Records.

"'To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Workes; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.'

"Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our poet's name. The second title prefixed to these verses, is yet more full. 'Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essaies on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Workes. *Never before extant.*

"'And now first consecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble knight, Sir John Salisburie.'

"The principal writers associated with Shakespeare in this collection are Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. The above very particular account of these verses leaves us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineness of this little poem."—MALONE.

[b] Augur of the fever's end,—] Compare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 2,—

> "Now the wasted brands do glow,
> Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
> In remembrance of a shroud."

[c] *That defunctive music* can,—] That *funereal* music *knows*.

[d] But *in them*—] *Except* in them.

[e] Property *was thus appall'd*,—] "Property" means here *propriety*. The sense of fitness was appall'd.

[f] Single nature's double name—] This may be right, though we have sometimes thought the genuine reading was,—

"Single natures, double name," &c.

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Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne[a]
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

[a] — threne—] A funeral song.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty, brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.



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GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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Albany, *an ancient name for Scotland*, iii. 57.
Alder-liefest, *all-dearest, dearest of all*, ii. 242.
Ales, *rustic festivities*, i. 43.
All at once, *a trite phrase*, ii. 65, 440.
Allons! *let us go*, i. 81, 84.
Allow, *to approve*, iii. 80, 757.
Allowed, *licensed*, i. 92.
Allowing, *allowed, lawful*, iii. 202.
All-thing, *every way*, iii. 420.
Alms-drink, *a portion of liquor drunk to relieve a companion*, iii. 542.
Althea's dream, i. 586.
Amazing, *confounding, appalling*, i. 459, 685.
Ames-ace, *both aces*, ii. 22.
Amiss, *a fault*, iii. 765, 783.
Amort, *dejected*, i. 262.
Anchor, *an anchorite*, iii. 363.
Ancient, *ensign, an ensign-bearer*, i. 542, 599, iii. 643.
Andrew, *a name for a ship*, i. 294.
Angerly, *angrily*, i. 7.
Anthropophagi, *Scythian savages, cannibals*, iii. 702.
Ape-bearer, *an instructor and exhibitor of apes*, iii. 254.
Appaid, *pleased, satisfied*, iii, 747.
Apparent, *nearest*, iii. 202.
Apparent, *manifest*, iii. 426.
Apparitor, *an officer of the spiritual court*, i. 67.
Apperil, *danger, peril*, ii. 467.
Apple-John, i. 688.
Apply, *to ply*, i. 232.
Apprehension, *conceit, sarcasm*, ii. 301.
Approbation, *proof*, ii. 67, 716.
Approve, *to justify, to confirm*, i. 417, iii. 330.
Araise, *to raise, to upraise*, ii. 17.
Argosy, *a large vessel*, i. 247, 394.
Argument, *conversation*, i. 714.
Aroint! *begone! avaunt!* iii. 474.
A-row, *one after another, successively*, i. 143.
Arras, *chamber-hangings*, iii. 402.
Arrive, *to arrive at*, iii. 415.
Arthur's Show, Sir Dagonet in, i. 698.
Articulate, *to enter into articles*, iii. 140.
Artificial, *ingenious*, i. 364.
Artist, *a scholar*, iii. 270.
Aspersion, *sprinkling*, iii. 35.
Assinego, *an ass*, iii. 278.
Assured, *affianced*, i. 131, 293.
Astonished, *thunderstruck*, iii, 755, 773.
Astringer, *a falconer*, ii. 56.
At friend, *on terms of friendship*, iii. 244.
Atone, *to reconcile*, i. 460, ii. 716.
Attasked, *taxed, charged*, iii. 71.
Attorney, *advocate, pleader*, iii. 725.
Aunts, *wenches*, iii. 297.
Awful, *authorised, lawful*, i. 604.
Awful men, *men of worth and authority*, i. 98.
Awkward, *distorted, contrary*, ii. 80, 367.

Baccare, *stand back*, i. 242.
Baffled, *treated with ignominy*, i. 450.
Bale, *injury*, iii. 139.
Balked, *ridged, heaped up*, i. 510.
Balk logic, *to dispute, to wrangle*, i. 233.
Ballow, *a pole or staff*, iii. 104.
Ban, *to curse*, iii. 725.
Banbury cheese, *a thin cheese*, i. 641.
Band, *a bond*, i. 136, iii. 553.
Bankes's horse, i. 100.
Banquet, *a dessert*, i. 270.
Barbason, *a fiend*, i. 658, ii. 74.
Barbed, *caparisoned*, iii. 514.
Barbers' forfeits, ii. 638.
Bare the beard, *to shave the beard*, ii. 638.
Barm, *yeast*, i. 349.

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Barnacle, *a shell-fish*, iii. 50.
Barns, *bairns*, i. 720.
Base, *a rustic game*, i. 42.
Base-court, *lower court*, i. 474.
Bases, *an embroidered mantle, hanging from the waist to the knee, worn by knights on horseback*, also *the housings of a horse*, also *the hose*, iii. 11, 193.
Basilisco, i. 329.
Basilisks, *huge pieces of ordnance*, i. 525.
Basta, *enough*, i. 235.
Bastard, *a sweet wine*, i. 529.
Bat, *staff or club*, iii. 785.
Bate, *to flap the wings like a hawk*, i. 218.
Batlet, *a bat to beat linen with*, ii. 141.
Batten, *to feed*, iii. 370.
Battle, *an army*, ii. 92, 574, iii. 648.
Bavin, *a faggot of brushwood*, i. 549.
Bawcock, *bean coq, fine fellow*, ii. 261, iii. 200.
Bay-window, *bow-window*, ii. 268.
Bead's-man, *one whose duty is to offer up prayers for another*, i. 3, ii. 342.
Bear a brain, *to remember well*, i. 166.
Bear-garden, Parish, ii. 703.
Bear hard, *to rein in from mistrust or fear*, ii. 418, 426, 435.
Bearing cloth, *an infant's mantle in which a child is carried to the font*, iii. 232.
Bear in hand, *to encourage, to buoy up*, i. 268, 576, 727, iii. 491.
Beaver, *the lower part of a helmet, sometimes used for the helmet itself*, i. 548.
Beck, *a bow*, ii. 470.
Become, *to adapt, to render fit, to adorn*, i. 31, ii. 151, 321, 786, 856.
Becoming, *self-restrained*, iii. 220.
Bed-fellow, *intimate friend*, ii. 76.
Bedlam-beggars, *mad beggars*, iii. 118.
Beetles, *overhangs*, iii. 342.
Beg a fool, *to ask in wardship*, i. 104, 120.
Begetter, *one who gets or procures*, iii. 758.
Beggar and the King, a ballad, i. 101.
Beguiled, *masked, disguised*, iii. 754.
Behave, *to control*, ii. 482.
Belike, *to favour, to approve*, iii. 506.
Be-mete, *to beat with a yard measure*, i. 264.
Bemoiled, *bedraggled*, i. 255.
Be naught a while, *a mischief on you!* ii. 129.
Bench-hole, *forum*, iii. 570.
Benefit, *a beneficiary*, ii. 320.
Benumbed, *stiff, inflexible*, iii. 281.
Bergomask, *a dance*, i. 378.
Bermoothes, the Bermudas, iii. 11, 48.
Beshrew, *to curse, to imprecate sorrow or evil on a person*, i. 85, 499.
Besmirch, *to soil, to befoul*, ii. 101, iii. 388.
Bessy, o'er the bourn, iii. 90.
Best, *best one, an epithet of endearment*, iii. 535.
Bestowed, *secreted, stowed*, i. 118.
Bestraught, *distracted*, i. 280.
Beteem, *to allow, to suffer*, i. 343, iii. 336.
Better part, *the spiritual part*, iii. 521, 771.
Better penny, *a proverbial phrase*, i. 640.
Bevel, *crooked*, iii. 778.
Bevis, Sir, ii. 692.
Bewray, *to betray, to discover*, ii. 315, 404.
Bezonian, *a term of contempt*, i. 621.
Bias, *a swelling out*, iii. 303.
Bid, *to invite*, i. 406, ii. 165, 166, iii. 603.
Bid forth, *invited out*, i. 406.
Bid the base, *to challenge in the game of "base,"* i. 42, iii. 724.
Biggin, *a coif*, i. 612.
Bilberry, *the whortleberry*, i. 632.
Bilbo, i. 642, 671.
Bilboes, *instruments of torture, fetters*, iii. 331.
Bills, to set up, *to post bills, to advertise*, i. 741.
Bills, *halberds, battle-axes*, i. 720, iii. 102.
Bird-bolt, *a description of archery*, i. 741.
Bisson, *blind*, iii. 355.
Biting the thumb, *a contemptuous action*, i. 160.
Blacks, *mourning habiliments*, iii. 200.
Blank, *a mark in gunnery*, iii. 211.
Blench, *to flinch, to start off*, ii. 628, iii. 204, 265.
Blend, *blended*, iii. 780.
Bless the bridal-bed, i. 386.
Bless the mark, i. 83, 401, iii. 648.
Block, *a hat mould*, i. 696.
Blood in, *with the blood up*, i. 71.
Blood-boltered, *clotted with blood*, iii. 502.
Blow, *to swell*, iii. 370.
Blue caps, *the Scotch*, i. 538.
Blunt, *dull, insensible*, ii. 442.
Board, *to accost*, i. 705, ii. 289.
Bob, *to rap, to hit*, i. 349, ii. 143, 574.
Bobbed, *tricked*, iii. 629.
Bodged, *bungled*, ii. 407.
Bodkin, *a stiletto, a dagger*, iii. 359.
Bodykins, God's, an oath, iii. 355.
Bolds, *emboldens*, iii. 100.
Bolted, *sifted*, iii. 215.
Boltered, *clotted*, iii. 502.
Bolters, *sieves*, i. 543.
Bolting-hutch, *the bin into which meal is bolted*, i. 534.
Bombard, or bumbard, *a barrel, a capacious vessel, sometimes of leather, for holding drink*, i. 534, ii. 696.
Bombast, *a sort of wadding used to fill out dresses*, i. 97.
Bona-roba, *women of pleasure*, i. 597.
Bone-ache, the Neapolitan, iii. 283, 308.
Boot, *help, advantage*, i. 440, ii. 319.
Boots, to give, *to sell a bargain*, i. 41.
Bordered, *restrained*, iii. 97.
Borne in hand, *encouraged by delusive promises*, iii. 491.
Borrowed, *assumed*, iii. 788.
Bosky, *woody*, i. 553.
Bots, *worms in the stomach of a horse*, i. 250, 520.
Bottled, *bloated*, ii. 523.
Bottom, *to wind round, or upon*, i. 25.
Bought and sold, *entrapped, betrayed, made a victim*, ii. 313 iii. 278.
Bourn, *boundary*, iii. 101, 359.
Bow, *yoke*, ii. 175.
Bowed, *bent*, ii. 604.
Brach, *a hound bitch*, i. 226.
Braid, *false, deceitful*, ii. 89.
Braved, *bedizened, ornamented*, i. 264, ii. 144.
Bravery, *finery, ostentation*, ii. 144, 396, iii. 452.
Braving, *blustering, hectoring*, iii. 606.
Brawl, *a dance*, i. 102.
Break a day, *to make a breach of contract*, i. 438.
Break up, *to carve*, i. 69, 406.
Break with him, *to open the subject to him*, i. 8, iii. 425.
Breast, *voice*, ii. 246.
Breath, *a breathing, a combat for exercise*, iii. 305.
Breathe in watering, *to take breath while drinking*, i. 537.
Breeched, *sheathed, mired*, iii. 188.
Breed-bate, *an exciter of quarrels*, i. 647.
Brentford, Gillian of, i. 689.
Brewer's horse, i. 542.
Brew good ale, a proverb, i. 24.
Bribe-buck, i. 681.
Brize, *the gad, or horse-fly*, iii. 272, 560.
Brock, *a badger*, ii. 252.
Broken music, *the music of stringed instruments*, ii. 120, 132, iii. 287.
Broker, *a pander, a procuress, a cheat*, i. 6, 298, ii. 32, iii. 786.
Broached, *adorned, decorated*, iii. 576.
Brooded, *watchful*, i. 305.
Broom-groves, iii. 30.
Brown-bastard, *a sweet wine*, i. 529.
Brown-bill, *a battle-axe*, iii. 102.
Brownist, *a follower of Brown, a sectary*, ii. 257, 279.
Bruit, *report*, ii. 299, 430, iii. 318, 335, 514.

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Buckle, *to bend*, i. 574.
Buff, *the dress of a serjeant*, i. 136.
Bug, *a bugbear, a goblin*, ii. 444, 755, iii. 392.
Bulk, *the breast*, iii. 347.
Bully-rook, *a jolly dog*, i. 644.
Bung, *a cutpurse*, i. 590.
Burden, *the base, fool, or under-song*, i. 42.
Burgonet, *a helmet*, iii. 537.
Burst, *broken*, i. 255, 601.
Busky, *bosky, woody*, i. 553.
But, *unless, except*, i. 175, 300, 681, iii. 561, 573, 795.
But, *only*, iii. 353, 421.
Butcher of a silk button, i. 216.
Buttery bar, ii 277.
Buxom, *lusty, sprightly, buoyant*, ii. 88.
Buz, buz! *an interjection of impatience*, iii. 354.
Buzzard, *a beetle*, i. 244.
By and by, *immediately*, i. 672, ii. 355, iii. 32.
By day and night, *at all times*, ii. 272, 342.
By these ten bones, *a common adjuration*, ii. 348.
By'rlakin, *by our ladykin, or little lady*, i. 357, iii. 32.
Caddis, *worsted galloon*, i. 528, iii. 239.
Cade, *a barrel*, ii. 376.
Cadent, *falling*, iii. 70.
Cain-coloured, *yellowish red*, i. 686.
Cake is dough, *hopes are frustrated*, i. 234, 270.
Caliver, *a hand-gun*, i. 601.
Call, *a bird-call*, i. 308.
Callet, *a strumpet*, ii. 347, iii. 213, 693.
Callino, castore me, ii. 101.
Calm, *a mispronunciation of qualm*, i. 589.
Camelot, iii. 116.
Can, *knows*, iii. 795.
Canary, *a dance with castanets*, i. 64, ii. 17.
Candle-wasters, *Bacchanals, revellers*, i. 730.
Canker, *the dog-rose*, i. 701, iii. 768.
Canstick, *a candlestick*, i. 538.
Cantle, *a slice, a corner*, i. 537, iii. 559.
Cantons, *cantos*, ii. 243.
Canvas, *to toss*, ii. 292.
Can you hit it? a song, or dance, i. 70.
Capable, *impressible, susceptible*, i. 297, 300, 574, ii. 156, iii. 14, 72.
Capitulate, *to confederate*, i. 541.
Capocchio, *a simpleton*, iii. 299.
Capricious, *goatish*, ii. 153.
Captain-jewels, *superior jewels*, iii. 768.
Captious, *captious*, ii. 13.
Carbonado, *a collop cooked on the coals*, i. 558.
Carbuncle, *a gem supposed to emit native light*, iii. 639.
Carcanet, *a necklace*, i. 126, iii. 768.
Card, by the, *according to the book of manners*, iii. 389.
Carded, i. 540.
Cardinus Benedictus, *the blessed thistle*, i. 743.
Career, a term of the *menage*.
Careful, *painful, anxious*, i. 145.
Carkanet, *a necklace*, i. 126, iii. 768.
Carlot, *a churl*, ii. 157.
Caroused, *a bumper, a drinking bout*, iii. 398.
Carpet knights, ii. 280.
Carpets, *coverings for the table*, i. 255.
Carping, *taunting*, i. 540.
Carrack, *a ship of great burden*, iii 661.
Carry coals, *to submit to indignities*, i. 150, ii. 84.
Carry out a side, a card-table phrase, iii. 109.
Carrying dead bodies off the stage, iii. 402.
Cart, *a car, or chariot*, iii. 363.
Carve, *to give an amorous sign*, i. 104, 645.
Case, *a brace, a pair*, ii. 83.
Case, *a skin*, ii. 273.
Caskets, in Merchant of Venice, story of the, i. 433.
Casque, *a helmet*, ii. 63.
Cassock, *a horseman's coat*, ii. 41.
Cast, *dismissed*, iii. 667.
Castiliano vulgo, ii 288.
Castle, *a helmet*, iii. 616.
Cat, the agent and favourite of witches, iii. 519.
Cataian, *a term of reproach*, i. 662.
Cates, *cakes, dainties*, i. 127, 244.
Catling, *a lute string*, i. 205.
Cautel, *crafty circumspection*, iii. 338.
Cautelous, *treacherous, insidious*, iii. 166.
Caviare, *a delicacy prepared from sturgeon's roe*, iii. 400.
Censer, *a fire-pan for perfumes*, i. 264.
Censure, *to pass judgment*, i. 6, ii. 598, 647, iii. 339, 782.
Ceremony, pronounced as a trisyllable, ii. 23.
Certes, iii. 33, 647.
Cess, *measure*, i. 529.
Chamber wall furnishings in old castles, 495.
Chambers, *small pieces of ordnance*, ii. 655.
Chances, *crosses, casualties*, iii. 648.
Changeling, *a child changed by fairies or gipsies*, i. 349, 351 iii. 222.
Channel *kennel*, ii. 417.
Character, *handwriting, ciphers*, iii. 73, 221, 346, 423, 709, 784
Chares, *drudgery*, iii. 577.
Charge, of Watchmen, i. 743.
Charles's-wain, *the constellation called the bear*, i. 520.
Charm for tooth-ache, i. 743.
Charm, *to conjure*, iii. 427.
Charm the tongue, *to restrain or put a spell upon the tongue*, ii. 446, iii. 704.
Charmer, *an enchantress, one who works by spells*, iii. 684.
Charming, *magical, fascinating*, ii. 714, iii. 606.
Charneco, *a sort of wine*, ii. 358.
Charters, blank, i. 497.
Chases, *a term of tennis*, ii. 69.
Chaudron, *entrails*, iii. 501.
'Cheater, *an Escheater*, i. 646, iii. 783.
Cheater, *a gamester, a coiner*, i. 590.
Check, *to fly from, or sky at*, iii. 384.
Cheer, *fare*, iii. 363.
Cheer, *visage, aspect*, i. 363, 420, iii. 740.
Cherry-pit, a game, ii. 261.
Cheveril, *a soft leather*, i. 160, ii. 255, 664.
Chewet, *a noisy chattering bird*, i. 554.
Chide, *to rebuke, to re-sound*, ii. 80.
Chide with, *to quarrel with*, ii. 757, iii. 695, 777.
Child, *a female infant*, iii. 221.
Childing, *teeming*, i. 351.
Children that have no names, *illegitimate children*, iii. 531.
Chopines, *clogs having very thick soles*, iii. 400.
Chop-logic, *a nickname*, also, *to exchange logic*, i. 197, 489.
Chrisom, *a white cloth used in the baptism of infants*, ii. 117.
Chuck, *chicken, term of endearment*, i. 84, ii. 261, iii. 684.
'Cide, *to decide*, iii. 767.
Cinque-pace, a dance, i. 104, 704.
Circle, *diadem*, iii. 562.
Circumstance, *conduct, circumstantial deduction*, i. 4, iii. 294
Circumstance, *circumlocution*, i. 395.
'Cital, *recital*, i. 556.
'Cite, *to incite*, i. 14, ii. 411.
Cittern, *a musical instrument*, i. 94.
Civil, *sour, bitter*, i. 707, ii. 259.
Clack-dish, *a beggar's dish*, ii. 616.
Clamour, *to refrain or silence*, iii. 233.
Claw, *to flatter*, i. 701.
Clean, *utterly, completely*, i. 468.
Clean kam, *rigmarole*, iii. 159.
Clear-stories, *upper rows of windows in a church*, ii. 241.
Cleave the pin, *to split the wooden pin in a target*, i. 39, 71.
Clement's Inn, i. 627.
Clepe, *to call, to designate*, iii. 340, 492, 732.
Clerkly, *scholarly*, i. 11, 678.
Cling, *to shrivel, to shrink*, iii. 513.
Clip, *to embrace*, iii. 246.
Close, *by stealth, secretly*, i. 229, 311.
Close, *to wheedle, to fawn, to flatter*, ii. 633.
Close, *wanton*, ii. 420.
Cloth-of-gold of tissue, *cloth of gold on a ground of tissue*, iii. 543.
Cloud in the face, *a dark spot in the forehead of a horse*, iii. 554.
Clout, *the white mark in a target*, i 71.
Clouted brogues, *nailed shoes*, ii. 748.
Clown, *merryman*, ii. 277.

Clowns or Jesters, the practice of retaining, ii. 54.
Coast, *to advance*, iii. 730.
Coat, *coat of arms*, iii. 787.
Coats in heraldry, i. 384.
Cock-a-hoop, i. 170.
Cock and pye, *a popular adjuration*, i. 631.
Cockatrice, *a fabulous monster*, i. 189, ii. 262, iii. 742.
Cockle-hat, *a pilgrim's hat*, iii 379.
Cockney, *a spooney, a cook*, iii. 79.
Cock-shut, *twilight*, ii. 569.
Coffin, *the crust of a raised pie*, i. 264, iii. 635.
Cog, *to load dice, to cheat, to defraud*, i. 89.
Cognizance, *a badge*, ii. 301.
Coil, *trouble, turmoil*, i. 7, 82, 366, iii 359.
Colbrand the giant, i. 289.
Cold to bed, *to thy cold bed*, i. 227.
Collied, *smutted, blackened, obscured*, i. 343, iii. 669.
Collop, iii. 200.
Colme-kill, iii. 518.
Coloquintida, *a plant bearing a bitter fruit*, iii. 710.
Colours, *artifices*, ii. 289.
Colours on sculpture, iii. 257.
Colt, *to gull*, i. 523.
Combinate, *contracted*, ii. 614.
Combination, *contract*, ii. 276.
Come away, come away, a song, iii. 519.
Come off, *to pay*, i. 676.
Comforting, *encouraging, abetting*, iii. 213.
Commend, *to commit, to submit, to resign*, ii 48, iii. 214, 571.
Commission, *warrant, authority*, iii 201.
Commit, *to fornicate*, iii. 88.
Commodity, *advantage, self-interest*, i. 298.
Common, *public*, i. 63.
Common liar, *rumour*, iii. 530.
Common players, *strolling players*, iii. 353.
Compact, *made up, compounded*, i. 129, iii. 723.
Companion, *a low fellow*, i. 138, ii 725, iii. 179, 694.
Company, *companion*, ii. 40, 65.
Comparative, *ready in comparisons, or similes*, i. 513, 540.
Compassed, *arched*, iii. 724.
Competitor, *coadjutor, confederate, auxiliary*, i. 17, ii. 267.
Complements, *point-de-vice manners*, i. 53, 178, ii. 77.
Comply, *to fraternise, to play the courtier*, iii. 354, 394.
Compose, *accord, agree*, iii. 540.
Composure, composture, *composition*, ii. 404, iii 284, 536.
Compt in, *in trust, to be accounted for*, iii. 480.
Comptible, *susceptible, sensitive*, ii. 232.
Con, *to know, to allow, to award*, ii. 41, iii. 795
Conceit, *imagination*, i. 184, 463.
Conceited, *conceptive, apprehensive*, iii. 752.
Concent, *agreement in music*, ii. 116.
Conclusions, *experiments*, ii. 717, iii. 873.
Concolinel, i. 64, 101.
Concupy, *concupiscence*, iii. 332.
Condition, *profession or art*, ii. 462.
Condition, *nature, disposition*, i. 397, ii. 41, 135, iii. 426, 542, 665.
Conduct, *a conductor, a guide*, i. 187, 210, ii. 263, 360, iii. 741.
Coney-catch, *to cheat*, i. 269.
Coney-catcher, *a sharper, a trickster*, i. 641.
Confess and be hanged, a cant phrase, iii. 687.
Conger and fennel, i. 598.
Conjurations, *entreaties*, i. 210.
Consent, *agreement, unison*, i. 617, ii. 116.
Consigned, *sealed*, iii. 201.
Consort, *fellowship, fraternity*, i. 29, 116, 136.
Consort, *a band of musicians*, i. 26.
Conspectuity, *vision, perception*, iii. 143.
Constancy, *consistency*, i. 375, iii. 434.
Contain, *to hold, to retain*, i. 435.
Contemptible, *mocking, contemptuous*, i. 713.
Content, *acquiescence*, iii. 722.
Content, *continent, self-restrained*, iii. 445.
Continence, *temperance*, iii. 508.
Continent, *capacious*, iii 378.
Continuate, *uninterrupted*, iii. 685.
Contraction, *marriage-contract*, iii. 370.
Contrive, *to scheme, to plot*, i. 429, ii. 95, iii. 431.
Convent, *to agree, to be convenient*, ii. 276.
Convent, *to summon, to cite*, ii. 631, 689.
Convert, *to turn*, ii. 486.
Convertite, *a penitent, a convert*, iii. 745.
Convey, *to filch, to manage by stealth*, i. 482, 706, ii. 291, 710 iii. 506, 561.
Convicted, *vanquished*, i. 306.
Convince, *to conquer*, i. 96, ii. 716 iii. 481, 506.
Convive, *to feast together*, iii. 307.
Cooling-card, ii. 326.
Copatain-hat, *a high-crowned hat*, i. 269.
Cope, *to encounter*, i. 430.
Copy, *theme*, i. 142.
Coranto, *a dance*, ii. 20, 117.
Corinth, a cant name for a *bordello*, ii. 473.
Corinthian, *a wencher*, i. 527.
Cornuto, *a cuckold*, i. 677.
Corollary, *an overplus*, iii. 36.
Corporal of the field, *an aide-de-camp*, i. 67.
Costard, *the head*, i. 65.
Coted, *came alongside*, iii. 353.
Cot-quean, *a molly-coddle*, i. 202.
Cotsale, or Cotswold Hills, i. 686.
Couching, *crouching*, iii. 434.
Counsel, in counsel, *secret, in secret*, i. 17, 640, ii. 95, iii. 182.
Countenance, *to receive, to entertain*, i. 255, ii. 127, iii. 184.
Counter, to run, *to track the scent backward*, i. 150.
Counter-caster, *a disparaging term for merchant*, iii. 448.
Counterfeit, *a portrait*, i. 418, iii. 768.
Counterfeit, *a false piece of money*, iii. 283.
Counterpoints, *counterpanes*, i. 246.
Countervail, *to make equal or equivalent*, i. 188.
County, *an earl, a peer*, i. 196, 331.
Couplement, i. 93, iii. 763.
Courage, *mettle, spirit*, ii. 415.
Course, *carrière of a horse*, i. 206.
Courser's-hair, a vulgar superstition concerning, iii. 434
Court-cupboard, *a cabinet*, i. 169.
Court holy-water, *glozing speeches*, iii. 84.
Court of wards, i. 150.
Courts, *a term in tennis*, ii. 69.
Cousin, *a kinsman*, i. 169.
Covent, *a convent*, ii. 626.
Cover, *to prepare the table*, ii. 142.
Cower, *to bend or sink*, ii. 212.
Cowl-staff, *a pole used to carry a bucket*, i. 666.
Coystril, *a mean groom, or peasant*, ii. 317, 238.
Cozenage, *sorcery, witchcraft*, i. 149.
Cozier, *a botcher of clothes or shoes*, ii. 247.
Crack, *a manikin*, iii. 134.
Cracked coin, iii. 400.
Crants, *crowns, garlands*, iii. 390.
Crare, *a small vessel of burden*, ii. 746.
Credent, *credible, plausible*, ii. 627, iii. 201.
Credit, *information*, ii. 269.
Crescive, *increasing, growing*, ii. 65.
Crewel, *worsted*, iii. 77.
Crispian, feast of, ii. 119.
Critic, *a cynic*, iii. 311, 777.
Critical, *cynical, censorious*, iii. 663.
Crooked, *bowed or crouched*, iii. 434.
Cross, *a coin stamped with a cross*, i. 56, ii. 141, 468.
Cross, *to pass across the path of a spectre*, iii. 332.
Crow-keeper, *a scarecrow, or a rustic employed to frighten crows*, iii. 120.
Crush a cup of wine, *an invitation to a carouse*, i. 164.
Cruzado, crusado, *a gold coin so called*, iii. 712.
Cry, *a pack, a troop or company*, iii. 164, 366.
Cry aim, *to encourage*, i. 39, 293, 662.
Cry Havoc! *a signal for indiscriminate slaughter*, i. 295, iii. 158, 437.
Cry in the top of question, *to crow over or challenge*, iii. 389.
Cry on, *to announce, to assert*, ii. 272, 573, iii. 700.
Cue, *a stage term for the last words of a speech*, i. 258.
Cuisses, *armour for the thighs*, i. 548.
Cullion, *a paltry fellow*, i. 258, ii. 83.
Cunning, *knowing, skilful*, i. 233, ii. 204, 503, 623.
Curb, *to bow or truckle*, iii. 372.

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Curiosity, *finical refinement*, ii. 422.
Curious, *scrupulous, over punctilious*, i. 265, iii. 553, 751.
Curious-good, *fastidiously precise*, iii. 751.
Curious-knotted, *abounding in intricate figures*, i. 55, 475.
Curled, *an epithet of gentility*, iii. 653, 748.
Cursed, *under the influence of a malediction*, iii. 314.
Curst, *cross-grained, sour, intractable, malicious*, i. 69, 365, ii. 257, iii. 73, 223, 730.
Curtail-dog, *a halting dog*, i. 652.
Curtle-ax, *a cutlass*, ii. 99, 136.
Custard, leaping into at civic feasts, ii. 56.
Customer, *a loose woman*, ii. 52, iii. 689.
Cut and long tail, *good and bad*, i. 668.
Cyprus, or Cypress, *a stuff like crape*, ii. 256.
Daff, or doff, *to put off*, i. 174, 731.
Dagonet, Sir, in Arthur's Show, i. 628.
Damn, *to condemn*, iii. 444, 530.
Damnable, *damnably*, iii. 219.
Dancing Horse, Bankes's, i. 100.
Dancing sword, ii. 55.
Danger, *power*, i. 426, iii. 798.
Dangerous, *biting, mischievous*, i. 53, iii. 211, 423.
Dank, *wet, rotten*, i. 176, 355, 520.
Danskers, *Danes*, iii. 346.
Dare larks, to, ii. 678.
Darius's casket, ii. 383.
Darkling, *in the dark*, i. 355.
Darraign, *boldly prepared*, ii. 415.
Daubery, *juggling*, i. 675.
Day-woman, *dairy-woman*, i. 58.
Dealt on lieutenantry, *fought by proxy*, iii. 560.
Dear, *choice, rare, momentous, extreme*, i. 59, 449, ii. 135, iii. 203, 398, 618, 655, 658, 755.
Death at the ebb of tide, a popular opinion, ii. 117.
Death rock me asleep, beginning of a ballad, i. 627.
Death's fool, ii. 637.
Death's-man, *executioner*, iii. 748.
Death tokens, *plague-spots forewarning death*, iii. 320, 559.
Debitor-and-creditor, *the title of some old treatises on book-keeping*, iii. 648.
Deceptious, *deceiving*, iii. 311.
Decked, *sprinkled*, iii. 9.
Deck of cards, *a pack of cards*, ii. 443.
Defeat, *to disfigure the countenance*, iii. 659.
Defeatures, *ill-looks, defacement*, i. 121, 145.
Defence, *knowledge of sword-play*, i. 210, iii. 384.
Defend, *to forbid*, i. 550, 704, 729, iii. 658.
Deftly, *smartly, featly*, iii. 501.
Defunctive, *mortuary*, iii. 795.
Defy, *to contemn or spurn*, iii. 291.
Defy, *to renounce*, i. 518.
Delighted, *delighting*, iii. 650.
Demerits, *good or ill deserts*, iii. 132, 651.
Demit, *to depress or cast down*, ii. 488.
Demi-wolves, *a species of dog*, iii. 492.
Denay, *to deny*, ii. 347.
Denier, *a French coin*, ii. 519.
Denunciation, *announciation*, ii. 595.
Depart, *to part with*, i. 62, 298.
Depart, *to separate*, ii. 466.
Deprive, *to disinherit, to depose*, iii. 62, 342, 756.
Deracinate, *to root up*, ii. 112, iii. 272.
Derne, *earnest, eager*, ii. 301.
Descant, *variation in music*, i. 7, iii. 749.
Design, *to point out, to designate*, i. 450.
Desire you of, *desire of you*, i. 361, ii. 168.
Despatched, *bereft*, iii. 344.
Destructions, *detachments*, iii. 559.
Detect, *to exhibit, to display*, ii. 417.
Determine, *to end, to melt away*, i. 614, iii. 565.
Devil, roaring, ii. 119.
Devils, aerial, i. 331.
Dewberry, a sort of *blackberry*, i. 360.
Dich, *do it*, ii. 467.
Diet, to take, *to be under regimen*, i. 10.
Difference, *distinction*, i. 696.
Diffuse, *to disguise*, iii. 66.
Diffused, *wild, irregular*, i. 677.
Dilations, *delations, accusations, distillations*, iii. 677.
Dildos and fadings, *obscene burdens of old ballads*, iii. 232.
Direct, *explicitly, without ambiguity*, iii. 413.
Disability, *disparagement*, i. 15.
Disabled, *disparaged, impugned*, ii. 168, 326.
Disappointed, *unappointed*, iii. 344.
Discandying, *liquefying*, iii. 595, 672.
Disclose, *disclosure*, iii. 361.
Dishabited, *dislodged*, i. 294.
Dislike, *to express disapprobation*, ii. 168.
Dislimn, *to render indistinct, to obliterate*, iii. 573.
Dismes, *tenths*, iii. 279.
Dismount thy tuck, *draw thy rapier*, ii. 262.
Dispark, *to destroy the enclosures of a park*, i. 468.
Dispute, *to reason*, i. 101, iii. 225.
Dispute on, *to debate a cause*, iii. 708.
Disseat, *depose*, iii. 511.
Distain, *to cloud, to cast into the shade*, ii. 218.
Distempered, *disordered*, iii. 366, 642.
Distinctly, *separately*, iii. 10.
Distractions, *detachments*, iii. 559.
Distraught, *distracted*, i. 202, ii. 546.
Division, *variation in music*, i. 104.
Do, do, *an expression of contempt*, iii. 278.
Doff, *to do off, to put off*, i. 174, 731.
Dole, *distribution*, i. 574.
Do me right, *accept my challenge*, i. 733.
Do me right, *pledge me in a bumper*, i. 621.
Don, *to put on*, iii. 279.
Done, *destroyed*, iii. 729.
Double-cracks, *double-thunder-claps*, iii. 472.
Double-dealer, *one unfaithful in love or wedlock*, i. 740, ii. 272.
Double pictures, *pictures that showed two faces by turning*, iii. 647.
Double set, *twice round*, iii. 668.
Dout, *to extinguish*, ii. 98.
Dower, *gift*, iii. 688.
Dowle, *a feather, down*, iii. 33.
Down-gyved, *hanging down loose*, iii. 347.
Downabel, i. 135.
Drachma, *a Greek coin*, iii. 442, 446.
Draught-house, *forica, drain, sewer*, &c., ii. 605, iii. 209.
Draw dry foot, *to track by the scent of the foot*, i. 160.
Drawer, *a waiter*, i. 527, 587, 656.
Drawn fox, i. 544.
Dreams, John-a-, *a sleepy, muddle-headed fellow*, iii. 356
Dress, *to address, to prepare*, ii. 93, iii. 273.
Drinking habits of Englishmen, iii. 710.
Drinking in the morning fasting, i. 667.
Drive, *to rush pell-mell*, iii. 609.
Drollery, *a puppet-show*, iii. 33.
Drugs, *drudges*, ii. 491.
Drum, John, his entertainment, ii. 56.
Ducats of Venice, i. 439.
Dudgeon, *the wooden handle of a dagger*, iii. 483.
Due, *to endue*, ii. 317.
Dullard, *a dull observer*, ii. 762.
Dumbed, *silenced, rendered mute*, iii. 537.
Dumps, *heavy, mournful tunes*, i. 204, iii. 749.
Dun out of the mire, i. 215.
Dun's the mouse, a proverbial saying, i. 215.
Dupp, *to lift up, to open*, iii. 379.
Durance, *a buff leather garment usually worn by sergeants*, i. 150.
Durance, robe of, *cant term for imprisonment*, i. 150.
Dwell, *to abide, to continue*, i. 399.
Dyeing the hair, custom of, i. 742.
Eager, *aigre, sour*, iii. 344, 778.
Eagles' power of gazing on the sun, ii. 452.
Ear, *to plough*, i. 471, ii. 12, iii. 532, 636, 720.
Ecstasy, *aberration of mind*, i. 136, iii. 372, 785.
Eftest, *quickest, readiest*, i. 729.
Egal, *equal*, iii. 627.
Eggs for money, will you take, a proverbial phrase, iii. 208
Egyptian thief at point of death, ii. 281.
Eisel, *wormwood, vinegar*, iii. 391, 777.
Eld, *old, old age*, iii. 281.
Elements of the body, *principles of life*, iii. 552.

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Else, *in other words*, iii. 291.
Emanuel, a prefix to letters, ii. 394.
Emballing, *the bestowal of royal dignity by the emblem of the ball*, ii. 664.
Embarquements, *impediments*, iii. 141.
Embossed, *a term of the chase, signifying exhausted and outrun*, i. 228, ii. 34, iii. 573.
Emmew, *a term in falconry, to paralyse*, ii. 612.
Empery, *empire, sovereignty*, ii. 69, 549, 720.
Engaged, *detained as a hostage*, i. 551.
Engross, *to fatten*, ii. 548.
Ensconce, *to hide, to shelter*, i. 122, 654, 665, ii. 20, iii. 753.
Ensear, *to make sterile*, ii. 490.
Ensign, *a standard-bearer*, iii. 464.
Entertainment, *re-instatement*, iii. 679.
Entitled, *ennobled*, iii. 765.
Entrance, *trance, reverie*, ii. 197.
Entreat, *to entertain*, iii. 307.
Envy, *hatred, malice*, i. 424, ii. 316, 659, iii. 425.
Ephesian, a slang term, i. 586, 678.
Epitaphs upon tombs, i. 744.
Equinoctial of Queubus, ii. 246.
Erring, *erratic*, iii. 332.
Escoted, *paid*, iii. 852.
Esperance, *hope*, iii. 311.
Espousals, modes of, ii. 281.
Essay, *to assay*, iii. 64.
Estate, *affairs*, iii. 235.
Esteem, *the sum of what is held estimable*, ii. 49.
Estimation, *supposition, conjecture*, i. 519.
Estridges, i. 548, iii. 565.
Eterne, *eternal*, iii. 493.
Even, *to strike a balance with, to equate*, ii. 11, 19, iii. 425.
Even Christian, *fellow-christian*, iii. 386.
Ever among so merrily, the burden of a ballad, i. 620.
Evident, *inevitable*, iii. 181.
Evil mixture, *malignant conjuncture*, iii. 319.
Evils, *furies*, ii. 695.
Exactly, *duly*, i. 442.
Except, *to stay*, i. 448.
Excrement, *hair, the beard*, i. 417, iii. 239.
Executors, *executioners*, ii. 69.
Exempt, *separated, parted*, i. 124.
Exhale, ii. 74.
Exhibition, *pension, allowance*, i. 9, ii. 720, iii. 63
Exigent, *end, exigency*, i. 301, iii 452, 574.
Expect, *to anticipate*, i. 266.
Expedience, *expedition*, iii. 534.
Expedient, *expeditious*, i. 291, 457, ii. 146, 510.
Expiate, *to terminate*, iii. 763.
Exsufflicate, *exsufflate, puffed out, exaggerated*, iii. 678.
Extended, *seized*, iii. 582.
Extern, *external*, iii. 648.
Extraught, *extracted*, ii. 417.
Extravagant, *wandering*, iii. 332, 660.
Eyases, *nestlings, unfledged hawks*, iii. 253.
Eyas musket, *a young male sparrow-hawk*, i. 663.
Eyry, *an aiery, a nest or brood of hawks*, iii. 353.
Face, *to bully, to brave*, i. 276, iii. 452.
Faced, *turned over with facings*, i. 264.
Facinorous, *wicked*, ii 20.
Fact, *crime, deed*, iii. 218, 741.
Fadge, *to fit, to suit, to agree with*, i. 84.
Fair, *beauty*, i. 69, 121, 344, ii. 149, iii. 733, 741, 762, 768.
Fairy, *an enchantress*, iii. 570.
Faitor, *a rascal, a traitor*, i. 521.
Falcon, *the female hawk*, iii. 290.
False hair, fashion of wearing, i. 439.
Familiar, *a demon*, i. 58, ii. 381.
Fancies, *lyrical pieces*, i. 601.
Fancies, the humour of forty, i. 250.
Fancy, *affection, love*, i. 348, 371, iii. 236, 740.
Fangled world, ii. 758.
Fantastical, *visionary*, iii. 474.
Fantasticoes, *affected persons*, i. 179.
Fap, *cant term for drunk*, i. 642.
Farced, *stuffed, tumid*, ii. 96.
Fardel, *a pack, a burden*, iii 239, 350.
Farewell dear heart, ii. 278.
Fashions, *a disease in horses*, i. 250.
Fast and loose, a game, i. 58, iii. 573.
Fat, *overcloying, sickening*, ii. 272.
Fault, *misfortune*, i. 640, 667, ii. 212.
Favour, *countenance, features, good graces*, i. 344, 479, 541, ii. 249, iii. 760.
Fear, *to frighten*, i. 270, ii. 430, 444, iii. 426, 452, 548, 733.
Fearful, *causing fear*, i. 302.
Feat, *neat, dexterous, nicely*, ii. 760, iii. 22, 785.
Feated, *moulded, fashioned*, ii. 710.
Feature, *comeliness of person*, i. 14.
Fecks, i', *in faith*, iii. 200.
Feeders, *nickname for servants*, iii. 564.
Fee grief, *peculiar sorrow*, iii. 503.
Fell, *skin, coat of an animal*, ii. 148, iii. 111.
Fell of hair, *any part covered with hair*, iii. 512.
Fellow, *a companion*, iii. 29.
Fennel, for flattery and lust, iii. 403.
Feodary, *a vassal, a federate*, ii. 608, 732, iii. 208.
Fere, feer, or phere, *companion, husband or wife*, iii. 621.
Fern-seed, its imaginary property of conferring invisibility, &c. i. 564.
Fet, *fetched*, ii. 82, 352
Fettle, *to prepare*, i. 197.
Few, in, *in brief*, i. 237, 574, iii. 9.
Fico, *a term of contempt*, i. 645, ii. 88.
Fifteen, *an impost*, ii 380, 454.
Fights, *waste-cloths round a ship in a fight*, i. 656.
Figo for thy friendship, *a fig for*, &c. ii. 88.
Filed, *defiled*, iii. 491.
Filed, *marched in equal pace*, ii. 676.
Filed, *polished*, i. 82, iii. 773, 783.
Fills, thills, *the shafts of a waggon*, iii. 289.
Find, *t detect*, iii. 361.
Fine, *to embellish, to refine*, ii. 67.
Fine, *the conclusion*, i. 602, ii. 45, iii. 747.
Fineless, *endless, unnumbered*, iii. 678.
Fire, a dissyllable, i. 6.
Fire-drake, *a meteor, or fire-work*, ii. 695.
Fire-new, *brand-new, freshly coined*, i. 53.
Fit, *a song, division of a song, strain of harmony*, iii. 287.
Fit, *to start*, ii. 192, iii. 778.
Fitchew, *a polecat*, iii. 689.
Fives, *a disease in horses called the vives*, i. 250.
Flamen, *a priest*, ii. 490, iii. 146.
Flap-dragon, *a drinking sport*, i. 627.
Flap-jack, *a pancake*, ii. 192.
Flask, *a soldier's powder-horn*, i. 94.
Flaw, *a gust of wind*, ii. 265, iii. 736.
Flecked, *spotted, dappled, flaked*, i. 176.
Fleet, *float*, iii. 566.
Fleshed, *eager from the taste of flesh*, i. 574, ii. 85, 567.
Fleshed, *made to taste flesh, initiated*, i. 560, ii. 79, 267.
Fleshment, *eagerness gained by successful initiation*, iii. 75.
Flewed, *having large, hanging chaps*, i. 371, 385.
Flibbertigibbet, *a fiend*, iii. 89, 120.
Flirt-gills, *wild, flirting, romping wench*, i. 181.
Florentius' Love, i. 237.
Flying at the brook, *hawking at water-fowl*, ii. 352, 392.
Foin, *to pass, or thrust in fencing*, i. 659, iii. 104.
Foison, *abundance, Autumn*, ii. 598, iii. 20, 768.
Folly, *wantonness*, iii. 703, 743.
Fond, *foolish*, i. 421, ii. 298, iii. 64, 166.
Fools, the begging of, i. 104, 120.
Foot-cloth, *housing for horses*, ii. 374, 380, 546.
For, *because*, ii. 600, 738.
For, *for fear of*, i. 8, iii. 768.
For, *'fore*, ii. 87, iii. 550, 568, 572.
For all waters, *plays any character*, ii. 268.
For and, *and eke*, iii. 387.
For the Heavens, *by Heaven!* i. 401, 704.
For the Lord's sake, *a form of supplication*, ii. 638.
For why, *because, for this reason*, i. 130, 252, iii. 617, 791, 792.
Forage, *to range abroad*, i. 321.
Forbid, *forespoken, bewitched* iii. 474.
Force, *to care, to regard to, value*, i. 91, iii. 748.
Force, *physical vigour*, iii. 297.

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Force, *to strengthen*, iii. 512.
Forced, *stuffed*, iii. 309.
Fordo, *to destroy*, iii 115, 116, 380.
Foreslow, *to delay, to loiter*, ii. 418.
Forespoke, *prejudiced, forbidden*, iii. 558.
Forfeits, *mulcts imposed by barbers*, ii. 631, 668.
Forfend, *to forbid*, ii. 329, 366, 762, iii. 701, 704.
Forgetive, *inventive*, i. 668.
Forked, *horned*, iii. 202, 679.
Forlorn, *fore-lost*, ii. 289.
Form, *the place where a hare sits*, iii. 728.
Formal, *reasonable, sober-minded*, i. 142, iii. 545.
Former, *fore, foremost*, iii. 453.
Forth, *out*, i. 395, ii. 632, iii. 442.
Forthright, *a straight path*, iii. 294.
Fortune my Foe, i. 688.
Forty, *a word expressing an indefinite number*, i. 140. ii. 293, 677.
Foul, *plain, homely*, ii. 154.
Four, *colloquialism for some*, iii. 350.
Fox, *a cant term for a sword*, ii. 101.
Frame, *order, limit*, i. 725.
Frampold, *cantankerous*, i. 656.
Frank, *a sty*, i. 586. ii. 524.
Fraughting, *constituting the freight or freight*, iii. 7.
Frayed, *alarmed, frightened*, iii. 289.
French brawl, *a dance*, i. 102.
Fret, *a key, and also a stop-point, of a stringed musical instrument*, i. 243, iii. 367.
Friend, *a lover*, i. 704, iii. 431.
Frippery, *a shop for second-hand apparel*, iii. 40.
From the teeth, *in pretence*, iii. 556.
Front, *beginning*, iii. 775.
Frontier, *the forehead*, i. 515.
Frontlet, *a forehead cloth worn by ladies at night*, iii. 117.
Froth and lime, *a cant phrase for a tapster*, i. 644.
Frush, *to bruise, to break*, iii. 316.
Fulfilled, *filled to repletion*, iii. 751
Fullam, *false dice*, i. 646.
Funeral entertainments, iii. 308.
Fustian riddles, ii. 279.
Ganderdine, *a large loose cloak*, i. 438, iii. 24.
Gad, *a sharp-pointed instrument*, iii. 622.
Gadshill infested by robbers, i. 562.
Gain-giving, *misgiving*, iii. 324.
Gait, *step, progress*, i. 648, iii. 36, 334.
Galliard, *a dance*, i. 104, ii. 69.
Gallias, *a huge galley*, i. 247.
Gallimanfry, *a medley*, iii. 284.
Gallow, *to affright*, iii. 85.
Gallowglasses, *Irish foot soldiers*, ii. 395, iii. 472.
Gambling in Shakespear's time, i. 109.
Gap, *a parenthesis*, iii. 232.
Gape, *to yell, to roar*, ii. 695, iii. 338.
Gaping pigs, i. 440.
Garagantua the giant, ii. 173, 278.
Garboils, *turmoils, commotions*, iii. 595.
Garden of Belmont, i. 441.
Garish, *gaudy, blazing*, i. 188, ii. 550.
Gascoigne, Chief Justice, i. 625.
Gasted, *dismayed*, iii. 78.
Gaudy, *festival*, iii. 565.
Gaunt, *fierce, eager*, iii. 537.
Geck, *a person derided*, ii. 276, 757.
General, *the generality, the multitude*, ii. 607, iii. 400, 423.
Generous, *noble, nobly born*, ii. 628, iii. 131.
Gentle, *gentle-one, an epithet of endearment*, iii. 220.
Gentry, *courtesy*, iii. 343.
German, *akin*, iii. 393.
German clocks, their introduction into England, i. 102.
Germens, *seeds*, iii. 84, 501.
Gest, *scroll containing the route of a progress, &c.* iii. 128.
Gests, *exploits*, iii. 570.
Ghostly, *spiritual*, i. 176.
Gib, *a cat, contraction of Gilbert*, i. 512, iii. 373.
Giddy, *inconstant*, i. 740.
Giglot, *a wanton*, ii. 321.
Gillian of Brentford, i. 689.
Gillivors, *gillyflowers*, iii. 231.
Gimmal-bit, *a bit in two parts*, ii. 99
Ging, *a gang*, i. 674.
Gird, *a sarcasm, a taunt*, i. 271.
Gis, by, *by Jesus*, iii. 379.
Give aim, *to direct*, i. 39.
Give out, *to surrender, to relinquish*, ii. 382.
Give the boots, *to sell a bargain*, i. 41.
Give the bucklers, *to yield oneself vanquished*, i. 744.
Give the nod, *to ridicule by gesture*, iii. 269.
Gleek, *to flout or scorn, to jest*, i. 204, 359.
Glib, *to geld*, iii. 209.
Glorious, *ambitious, ostentatious*, ii. 718.
Gloves in the cap, custom of wearing, iii. 119.
Gloze, *to wheedle*, i. 458, iii. 627.
God bless the mark, i. 401, iii. 648.
God buy you, *God be with you*, ii. 99.
God, dig you den, *God, give you good even*, i. 69, 127.
God, 'ild you, *God reward you*, ii. 169.
God save the mark, i. 516.
God warn us, ii. 159.
Gondola, description of the, i. 439.
Gongarian, i. 644.
Good cheap, *a bon marché*, i. 543.
Good even and twenty, *a popular salutation*, i. 653.
Good goose bite not, *a proverbial saying*, i. 180.
Good leave, i. 289.
Good life, ii. 246.
Good man, *a man of substance*, i. 397, iii. 128.
Good manners, book of, ii. 173.
Good wine needs no bush, ii. 174.
Gorbellied, *pot-bellied, swag-bellied*, i. 524.
Go to the world, *a matrimonial saying*, i. 707, ii. 11, 166.
Gourds, *false dice*, i. 646.
Gouts, *drops*, iii. 483.
Government, *moderation, forbearance, self-control*, ii. 402 iii. 752.
Gracious, *loving, comely, gentle*, i. 307, 417, 724, iii. 760.
Grange, *a solitary farm or lone house*, iii. 650.
Grave, *pernicious*, fatal, iii. 573.
Graves, *armour for the legs*, i. 603.
Greenly, *immaturely unwisely*, iii. 379
Green Sleeves, a tune, i. 651, 657.
Griefs, *grievances*, i. 551, iii. 445.
Grise, a step, ii. 257.
Gross, *palpable*, ii. 13.
Groundlings, iii. 361.
Growing, *accruing*, i. 133.
Grow to a point, *come to business*, i. 346.
Grudges, *murmurs of discontent*, iii. 599.
Grype, *the gryphon, or griffin, a vulture*, iii. 743.
Guard, *to ornament with a border*, i. 311, 404.
Guidon, *a standard*, ii. 99.
Gules, in heraldry, *red*, ii. 489, iii. 255.
Gulf, *the throat, the swallow*, iii. 501.
Gull, *a young unfeathered bird*, i. 564.
Gun-stones, *black roundles, stone-shot for cannon*, ii. 116.
Gust, *taste*, ii. 238, iii. 202.
Guts, *a lack-brain, a shallow pate*, iii. 402.
Gyve, *a shackle, a fetter*, iii. 664.
Hackney, Marian of Wincot, i. 229.
Haggard, *a wild unreclaimed hawk*, i. 714, iii. 679.
Halcyon, a bird, iii. 75.
Half-faces, *meagre visages*, i. 229.
Halidom, by my, *an old oath*, i. 31.
Hall, a hall! *make room*, i. 169.
Hallowmas Beggars, i. 42.
Hand, to bear in, *to encourage, to buoy up*, i. 258, 727, iii. 491.
Handfast, *mainprise, at large on security*, iii. 241.
Handsaw, *corruption of hernshaw, or heron*, iii. 354.
Hang by the walls, *to be hung up as useless*, ii. 768.
Hangings for theatres, ii. 382.
Hangings of walls in chambers of old castles, i. 495.
Hangman, *rogue, rascal, a name given to Cupid*, i. 715.
Happy, *accomplished*, ii. 737.
Happy man be his dole, *a trite phrase*, i. 234, 524, 668.
Happy the son whose father goes to the devil, a proverb ii. 452.

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Hard, to bear, *to mistrust, to doubt, to fear,* iii. 418, 426, 435.
Hariocks, *wild mustard,* iii. 92.
Hariotry, *a term of reproach,* i. 201, 539, iii. 696.
Harlots, *base companions, villains,* i. 144.
Harmony of the soul, i. 441.
Harness, *armour,* iii. 571.
Harrow, *to subdue, to overcome,* iii. 330.
Harry, *to harass,* iii. 556.
Has the mends in his own hands, *must make the best of it,* iii. 265.
Hat at meals, wearing the, i. 432.
Haughty, *high,* ii. 302.
Haunt, *company,* iii. 375.
Have an eye of, *to see through,* iii. 353.
Having, *fortune, revenue, possession,* i. 662, iii. 787.
Havoc, cry, *a signal for indiscriminate slaughter,* i. 295, iii. 158, 437.
Hay, *a dance,* i. 84.
Hay, the, *a fencing term,* i. 217.
Hazard, *a term in tennis,* ii. 69.
Headborough, *a constable,* i. 228.
Heaven to earth, *an asseveration,* i. 557.
Heavy night, *a thick, cloudy night,* iii. 699.
Hefts, *hearings,* iii. 208.
Hell, *a vile dungeon in a prison,* i. 150.
Helpless, *giving no help,* i. 120, iii. 728.
Hem, boys, hem! the burden of an old song, i. 637.
Hence, *henceforward,* i. 623.
Henchman, *a page,* i. 251.
Henry the Fifth's early life, i. 502.
Hent, *to take,* iii. 228.
Hent, *a purpose,* iii. 368.
Herb-grace, *rue,* iii. 382.
Hercules and his load, iii. 399.
Here be with me, *mocking me with opprobrious gestures,* iii. 202.
Hereby, *as it may happen,* i. 58.
Hermits, *beadsmen,* iii. 480.
Herne's oak, i. 690.
Hero and Leander, ii. 173.
Herod, *a tyrant of the Miracle-plays,* iii. 401.
Hest, *command,* iii. 13, 29, 36.
Hey non nonny, *old ballad burden,* iii. 381.
Hey Robin, jolly Robin, a song, i. 281.
Hide fox and all after, *the game of hide and seek,* iii. 376.
High-men, *false dice,* i. 646.
Hight, *called, named,* i. 53, 55, 376, ii. 208.
High-tides, *high-days,* i. 300.
Hild, *held,* iii. 751.
Hilding, *degenerate,* i. 578.
Hillo, ho, boy! *Falconers' encouragement to hawks,* iii. 344
Hiren, i. 591.
His, *used for the impersonal its,* i. 480, ii. 10, iii. 75, 562, 596, 651, 725.
Hit it, can you, *a song or dance,* i. 70, iii. 607, 663.
Ho! *stop!* iii. 395.
Ho! ho! ho! *a fiendish or supernatural laugh,* i. 368, 384.
Hoar, *to make white with leprosy,* ii. 490.
Hobby-horse, *a pasteboard horse in May games,* i. 102.
Hobby-horse, *a by-word for an abandoned woman,* i. 65, iii. 203, 689.
Hob nob, *hit or miss,* ii. 268.
Hold or cut bow-strings, *a term in archery,* i. 382.
Holla! *a term of the manège,* ii. 151.
Holland, price of in Shakespeare's time, i. 666.
Honesty, *chastity, liberality,* ii. 32, 131, 477, iii. 213, 360.
Hood, *in falconry, to cover the hawk's eyes with a hood,* i. 218 ii. 91.
Hoodman, Hoodman blind, *Blind man's buff,* ii. 56.
Hope, *to expect,* iii. 540, 662.
Horologe, *a clock,* iii. 668.
Hot-house, *a house of ill fame,* ii. 600.
Houses in fencing, i. 216.
Houses in heraldry, i. 217.
Housewife, *a hussy or harlot,* iii. 577.
However, *anyway,* i. 4.
Hox, *to hough, to hamstring,* iii. 203.
Hugger-mugger, *secretly, by stealth,* iii. 379.
Hull, *to toss to and fro like a ship,* ii. 668.

Humorous, *perverse, capricious,* ii. 135.
Humorous-man, *the actor who personated fantastic characters,* iii. 353.
Humour of forty fancies, i. 250.
Humour of mispunctuation, i. 385.
Humphrey Hour, ii. 581.
Hundred merry Tales, i. 705, 742.
Hunt counter, *to track the scent backward,* i. 159, 576, iii. 280.
Hunt's-up, *a term employed by hunters for morning music, a song,* i. 219.
Hurly-burly, *uproar, tumult,* iii. 471.
Hurtling, *justling,* ii. 162.
Husbandry, *thrift,* iii. 482.
Hyen, *a hyæna,* ii. 160.
Hysterica passio, *the disease called the mother,* iii. 78, 119.
I, *the old form of ay,* i. 5, iii. 782.
I cannot tell, i. 577.
Iceland, or Iland dogs, ii. 117.
Ides, *the Roman name for particular days,* iii. 415.
Idle, *crazy, wild, mad-brained,* ii. 27, 36, 488, iii. 302.
Idle, *infertile,* iii. 656.
Idle bed, *bed of idleness,* iii. 425.
I' fecks, *in faith,* iii. 200.
Ignomy, *ignominy,* i. 550.
'Ild you, *yield you, reward you,* ii. 166.
Ill, *badly,* iii. 739.
Ill-erected, *erected for evil,* i. 483.
Ill-inhabited, *ill-lodged,* ii. 153.
Ill-sorted, *ill accompanied,* i. 591.
Imbared, *to lay bare,* ii. 67.
Immanity, *cruelty, ferocity,* ii. 322.
Imp, *son,* ii. 94.
Imp, *to amend a hawk's wing,* i. 462.
Impair, *unsuitable, unbecoming,* iii. 305.
Impartial, *neutral.* ii. 631.
Impeachment, *hindrance,* ii. 89.
Impleached, *interwoven, intertwined,* iii. 786.
Imperious, *imperial,* iii. 389.
Imperseverant, *imperceptive,* ii. 743.
Importance, *significance,* iii. 245.
Important, *importunate,* i. 143, 290, 704, ii. 26, 276, iii. 190.
Impose, *bidding, requirement,* i. 31.
Impossible, *incredible,* i. 705, ii. 19.
Impress, *a device, a motto,* i. 469.
In few, *in short, in brief,* i. 237, 574, iii. 9.
In blood, *with the blood up,* i. 71.
In by the week, a saying, i. 85.
In compt, *in trust,* iii. 480.
In deed, *in fact, in form,* iii. 345.
Imputation, *reputation,* iii. 275.
In print, *precisely, to the letter,* i. 12.
In youth when I did love, a ballad, iii. 404.
Inapposite similitudes, i. 568.
Incapable, *insusceptible, unintelligent,* ii. 581, iii. 385.
Incarnadine, *encrimson,* iii. 487.
Incensed, *prompted,* ii. 689.
Inch, *island,* iii. 473.
Inclip, *to embrace,* iii. 550.
Incony, *delicate, fine, pretty,* i. 67.
Increase, *produce,* iii. 774.
Indent, *contract,* i. 516.
Indian, dead, in exhibitions, iii. 49.
Indifferent, *impartial, passable, moderate,* i. 253, 466, ii. 665, iii. 352.
Indirectly, *wrongfully,* i. 291.
Induction, *beginning, entrance,* i. 536.
Indurance, *confinement,* ii. 690.
Informal, *deranged,* ii. 632.
Ingaged, *disengaged,* ii. 50.
Ingenier, or Ingener, *an ingenious person, an artist,* iii. 662.
Ingeniously, *ingeniously,* ii. 475.
Inhabitable, *not habitable,* i. 448.
Inherit, *to obtain possession, to possess,* i. 20, 448.
Inhibit, *to prohibit,* ii. 8.
Iniquity, a Morality character, ii. 601.
Inkhorn, *a bookman, a pedant,* ii. 306.
Inkle, *a kind of tape,* iii. 232.
Inland, *opposed to upland, urbanely-bred,* ii. 144, 152.

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Inn, *mansion, abode*, i. 483.
Innocent, *a natural, a fool*, ii. 42, iii. 20.
Innocent, *foolish*, i. 736.
Inquisitive, *inquisitor*, i. 116.
Inset, *to set*, i. 575.
Instance, *object, purpose*, ii. 39.
Instance, *indication, proof*, iii. 758.
Intend, *pretend*, i. 258, ii. 475, 548, iii. 739.
Intenible, *incapable of holding*, ii. 13.
Intention *intensity*, iii. 201.
Intergatories, *interrogatories*, i. 436, ii. 42.
Interments following close upon death, i. 218.
Interments of the body in ordinary robes, i. 219.
Intrinse, *intricate*, iii. 75.
Intrinsicate, *intricate*, iii. 584.
Invention, *imagination*, ii. 607.
Inwardness, *confidence, intimacy*, i. 727.
In years, *in wrinkles*, i. 92.
Irremoveable, *irremoveably*, iii. 237.
It, *its*, i. 330, ii. 500, iii. 69, 203, 214, 218, 337, 390.
It is not so, nor 't was not so, i. 741.
Italian story of The Bag of Gold, i. 440.
I wis, *certainly, truly*, i. 275, 413.
JACK-A-LENT, *a puppet to be thrown at in Lent*, i. 663.
Jack, boy! ho, boy! the commencement of an old round in three parts, i. 255.
Jack Guardiant, *Jack in office*, iii. 172.
Jack, or Mistress, in bowling, ii. 722, iii. 321.
Jack shall have Jill, *a proverbial saying*, i. 388.
Jacks, *keys of virginals*, iii. 779.
Jacks and gills, *drinking vessels*, i. 255.
Jar, or tick, of clocks or watches, i. 490, iii. 123
Jauncing, *hard riding*, i. 491.
Jay, *a prostitute*, ii. 735.
Jealous, *suspicious*, i. 269.
Jepthah and his daughter, *a popular ballad*, iii. 354, 392.
Jerk, *a twitch, a sudden movement*, i. 78.
Jesses, *short thongs attached to the foot of a hawk*, iii. 679.
Jest, *to take part in a mask or revel*, i. 464.
Jet, *to strut*, ii. 188, 252, 733.
Jew, incony, i. 87.
Jig, *a dance*, i. 104, 704.
Jig, an extempore performance of the clown after a play, iii. 355.
Jog on, jog on, a song, iii. 255.
John-a-dreams, *a sleepy, muddle-headed fellow*, iii. 356.
John Drum's entertainment, ii. 56.
John of Gaunt, i. 494.
Joint-ring, *a divided ring used as a love token*, iii. 666
Joint-stool, a, *an old proverbial saying*, i. 244.
Jourdain, Margery, the witch, ii. 392.
Jovial, *like Jove*, ii. 750, 758.
Judas and his red beard, ii. 155.
Jude and Jud-as, i. 105.
Judicious, *judicial*, iii. 158.
Jump, *to agree*, i. 412.
Jump, *just*, iii. 330.
Justice, a Morality character, ii. 801.
Justicer, *a Justice*, ii. 762, iii. 90, 91, 97.
Jutty, *to project, to jut out*, ii. 82.
KAM, clean, *rigmarole*, iii. 159.
Keech, ox *or cow fat*, i. 530, ii. 647.
Keel, *to cool or skim*, i. 99.
Keep, *to guard*, iii. 260, 780.
Keep, *to live or reside*, i. 421, iii. 428, 729.
Keep the weather, *keep the windward, hold the supremacy*, iii. 312.
Kendal-green, i. 530.
Kerns, *rude foot soldiery of Ireland*, i. 461, ii. 395.
Key-cold, *cold as iron*, ii. 515, iii. 750.
Kibes, *chilblains*, i. 645.
Kicky-wicky, *term of endearment for a wife or mistress*, ii. 24.
Kind, *nature, natural*, iii. 607, 751, 752.
Kindle, *to instigate*, ii. 130.
Kindless, *unnatural*, iii. 356.
Kindly, *pertinently, opportunely, appropriately*, i. 180, 228, ii. 307.
Kindly, *according to nature*, iii. 71, 420, 424.
King and the Beggar, *a ballad*, i. 101.
King's Chamber, *London*, ii. 578.
King's-evil, *the scrofula*, iii 507.
Knap, *to break or crack*, i. 414.
Knave, *a servitor*, iii. 648.
Knights, mode of arming, ii. 118.
Knot-grass, *a plant supposed to possess the property of stunting animal growth*, i. 366.
Knots, garden figures, i. 56, 475.
LABEL, *a seal*, i. 209.
Labras, *the lips*, i. 642.
Laced mutton, *a cant term for a courtezan*, i. 41.
Lady-bird, *a female of loose manners*, i. 165.
Lady, lady, lady, *the burden of an old ballad*, i. 217.
Lady of my earth, *fille de terre, lady of my corporal part*, i. 163.
Laid on with a trowel, *laid on thickly*, ii. 132.
Lakin, *ladykin or little lady*, i. 257, iii. 32.
Land-carack, *a dissolute expression*, iii. 651.
Lantern, *a turret full of windows*, i. 210.
Lapwing, allusions to the, i. 135, 714, ii. 596, iii. 304.
Larks, to dare, ii. 678.
Lash, *to fasten with a cord*, i. 119.
Lass-lorn, *forsaken by a mistress*, iii. 36.
Latch, *to catch*, iii. 508, 777.
Latched, *letched, licked over*, i. 362.
Late, *recently*, ii. 540, iii 756.
'Lated, *belated, benighted*, iii. 494, 560.
Latten-bilbo, *a sword wanting both edge and temper*, i. 643
Lattice, red, *denotement of an ale-house*, i. 626, 654, ii. 22.
Laund, *a lawn*, ii. 422, iii. 730.
Laundry, *a laundress*, i. 644.
Lavolta, *a dance*, ii. 117.
Lead apes in hell, *employment of a bear-ward*, i. 242.
Leaguer, *a camp*, ii. 34.
Learn, *to teach* iii. 610.
Leasing, *lying*, ii. 241.
Leather-coats, *a kind of apple*, i. 621.
Leave, *licence*, iii. 737.
Leave, *to cease, to part with*, i. 17, 33, 434.
Leer, *countenance, favour*, ii. 159, iii. 623.
Leese, *old form of lose*, iii. 761.
Leet, the court-leet, i. 230.
Leg, to make a, *to make obeisance*, ii. 470, 520.
Leman, *paramour, mistress, sweetheart*, i. 675, ii. 246.
Lenten, *meagre*, iii. 353.
L'envoy, *a postscript or epilogue in old writings*, i. 65
Let, *to forbear*, iii. 737.
Let, *stop, bar, hindrance*, i. 21, iii. 198, 342, 741.
Let the world slide, *a proverbial saying*, i. 227.
Letter, *syllable*, ii. 761.
Level, *range in gunnery*, iii. 211, 218, 778.
Lewd, *wicked, base, malicious*, i. 449, 735, ii. 358.
Libbard, *leopard*, i. 93.
Liberal, *licentious*, i. 404, 724, iii. 663.
Lick his fingers, *an old saw*, i. 201.
Lie, *to reside*, i. 53.
Liefest, *dearest*, ii. 363.
Lieger, *a resident ambassador*, ii. 611, 718.
Lie in the throat its signification, i. 626, ii. 262, iii. 356.
Lieu, *guerdon*, iii. 2.
Lift, *lifted*, ii. 287.
Lifter, *a thief*, iii. 268.
Lightly, *commonly usually*, ii. 540.
Light o' love, ballad of, i. 42, 745.
Likes, *pleases*, i. 30.
Liking, *condition of body*, i. 542, 651.
Lily's Accidence, i. 688.
Limbeck, *an alembic, a vessel used in distilling*, iii. 441.
Limbo, *a prison*, ii. 696, iii. 616.
Limbs of Limehouse, *the long-shore rabble*, ii. 698.
Lime, *bird-lime*, iii 40.
Limited, *appointed*, iii. 486.
Lincolnshire bagpipes, i. 562.
Line, *to strengthen*, i. 527.
Line, *lineage*, ii. 80.
Line of life, *a term in palmistry*, i. 488.
Linstock, *a match used by gunners*, ii. 61.

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Lip, *to kiss*, iii. 667.
Lipsbury Pinfold, iii. 74.
Lists, *enclosures*, i. 495.
Lither, *lazy, idle*, ii. 320.
Little, *miniature*, ii. 149, iii. 354.
Lively, *living* iii. 615.
Liver, the seat of love, i. 652, 726.
Livery, to sue, i. 497.
Living, *riches, possessions, resources*, i. 436.
Lob, *clown, fool*, i. 342.
Lockram, coarse linen, iii. 145.
Locks, love-locks, the fashion of wearing, i. 743.
Locusts, *insects, or the fruit of the locust tree* iii. 719.
Lode-star, *leading or guiding star*, i. 381.
Lodge in a warren, i. 742.
Lodged, *layed*, i. 473.
Loggats, *a game like skittles*, iii. 387.
London, the King's Chamber, ii. 578.
'Long of, *because of*, i. 61, 366, ii. 317, 438, 762, iii. 182.
Loofed, *a sea-term, signifying to bring a ship nearer the wind*, iii 560.
Loose, *to discharge*, iii. 70.
Loose bodied gown, *dress supposed to be indicative of a loose woman*, i. 264.
Lop, *faggot wood of a tree*, ii. 652.
Lordship, *dominion*, i. 342.
Love in idleness, *a flower*, i. 234.
Lover, *a friend*, iii. 431, 438, 765.
Loves, of all, *for love's sake*, i. 350, 656, iii. 673.
Low-crouched, *low-crooked*, iii. 434.
Low-men, *false dice*, i. 646.
Lower messes, *inferior persons*, iii. 203.
Lozel, a worthless fellow, iii. 213.
Luce, a *pike*, i. 639.
Lullaby, *a burden of songs and ballads*, iii. 639.
Lunes, *lunacy, mad freaks*, i. 673, iii. 211, 284.
Lupercalia, feast of, iii. 450.
Lurch, *to gain an easy victory at cards*, iii. 148.
Lush, *succulent*, iii. 19.
Lustique, *lusty*, ii. 20.
Luxury, *concupiscence*, ii. 635.
Lym, *a bloodhound*, iii. 92.
Maculate, *stained, spotted*, i. 57.
Made up, *finished, accomplished*, ii. 498.
Magic verses to cause death, ii. 337.
Magot-pies, *magpies*, iii. 498.
Mahomet's dove, ii. 333.
Mahu, *a fiend*, iii. 89, 96, 120.
Mailed up, *wrapped up*, ii. 359.
Main, *main land*, iii. 83.
Main of light, *flood of light*, iii. 769.
Make, *a mate*, iii. 761.
Make a leg, *to make obeisance*, ii. 470, 590.
Make all split, a nautical expression, i. 346.
Make a shaft or a bolt, *here goes, hit or miss*, i. 667.
Make, Make the door, *to do, to bar the door*, i. 128, 653, ii. 128, 160, iii. 336.
Makeless, *mateless*, iii. 761.
Malkin, *a homely wench*, ii. 213, iii. 145.
Mall, Mistress, her picture, ii. 240, 277.
Mallecho, *malefaction*, iii. 368.
Malt-worms, *drunkards*, i. 521, 593.
Mammering, *hesitating*, iii. 676.
Mammet, *a puppet, a doll*, i. 198.
Mammock, *to rend, to tear*, iii. 134.
Man in the moon, legend of the, i. 886.
Manage, *to govern*, i. 286, 474.
Mandragora, *a powerful opiate*, iii. 567, 680, 711.
Mandrake, fabulously endowed with life, i. 220, ii. 370.
Mankind-woman, *a termagant, a virago*, iii. 167, 213.
Manner, *mainour, a thing stolen*, i. 54.
Manner, with the, *in the fact*, i. 54.
Manningtree ox roasted, i. 534.
Manqueller, *manslayer*, i. 582.
Many-many, *numberless*, iii. 369.
Map, *a picture*, iii. 618.
Marches, *borders, boundaries*, ii. 68, 418.
Marchpane, *a confection*, i. 160.
Margent, *margin*, i. 101.
Marian, Maid, Robin Hood's mistress, i. 544.
Marigold, *the sunflower*, iii. 231.
Masks for ladies' faces when riding, i. 44.
Masques and triumphs, i. 44.
Match, to set a, *to plan a robbery*, i. 513.
Mate, *to confound, to bewilder, to destroy*, i. 139, ii. 364.
Material, *full of matter*, ii. 154.
Maugre, *in spite of, notwithstanding*, ii. 257, iii. 112, 623.
Maund, *a basket*, iii. 784.
Meacock, *a chicken-hearted fellow*, i. 246.
Meated, *mingled*, ii. 622.
Mean, *a term in music*, i. 7.
Measure, *a dance*, i. 103, 704, iii. 733.
Medecin, *a physician*, iii. 511.
Meeds, *deserts, merits*, ii. 411, 440, 466, iii. 393.
Mef, *to mix, to meddle*, ii. 42.
Meiny, *retinue*, iii 77.
Melancholy of Moor-ditch, i. 562.
Memory, *memorial*, ii. 139, iii. 170.
Men of hair, *satyrs*, iii. 256.
Mends in his own hands, *must make the best of it*, iii. 265.
Mephostophilus, *a cant word for a gaunt-faced fellow*, i. 641.
Mercatanté, *a merchant*, i. 260.
Mere, *quite*, ii. 39.
Mere, *sole, absolute, certain*, ii. 631, 678, iii. 666.
Mered, *entire, sole*, iii. 563.
Merely, *entirely, absolutely*, i. 712, ii. 40, 153, iii. 415.
Merit, *guerdon, reward*, i. 454.
Mermaid, *a siren*, iii. 736.
Merry-greek, *a wag or humourist*, iii. 268.
Metaphysical, *supernatural*, iii. 478.
Mete-yard, *a measuring yard*, i. 264.
Methoughts, *methought*, iii. 201.
Mewed, a term of falconry, i. 194.
Micher, *a vagabond*, i. 633.
Miching, *skulking*, iii. 363.
Milch, *moist*, iii. 353.
Mile-end, the musters at, i. 628.
Mill-sixpences, i. 642.
Mince, *to walk affectedly, to affect coyness*, i. 680, iii. 109.
Mineral, *a metallic vein in a mine*, iii. 376.
Minikin, *a darling*, iii. 90.
Minute-jack, *a little figure that struck the quarters of the clock*, ii. 485.
Mirable, *admirable*, iii. 395.
Miscreate, *spurious*, ii. 66.
Miser, *miserable caitiff*, ii. 397.
Misprised, *mistaken*, i. 363.
Misprising, *undervaluing, despising*, i. 714, ii. 29.
Mispriston, *mistake, misunderstanding*, i. 363, 515, 725.
Mispunctuation, humour of, i. 385.
'Miss, *amiss*, iii. 722.
Miss, *to dispense with*, iii. 13.
Missives *messages*, iii. 477.
Mistaken, *misapprehended*, ii. 649.
Mistful, *ready to weep*, i. 103.
Mistress, *a bowl used in bowling*, iii. 321.
Mistress Mall's picture, ii. 277.
Mobled, *muffled*, iii. 355.
Mock, *to scoff, to gibe*, iii. 676.
Model, *a mould*, i. 471.
Modern, *ordinary, common*, i. 190, 306, iii. 507, 582, 772.
Modo, *a fiend*, iii. 89, 96, 120.
Module, *model*, i. 327, ii. 41.
Moe, *to make mouths*, iii. 22.
Moiety, *a portion, also the half*, i. 537, iii. 735.
Moist star, *the moon*, iii. 392.
Mold-warp, *the mole*, i. 538.
Mome, *a blockhead, a dolt*, i. 127.
Moment, *import*, iii. 360.
Monarcho, *a crazy Italian so called*, i. 103.
Money-lenders' brown paper, ii. 638.
Monopoly privileges, iii. 117.
Monstrous, *unnatural, ominously prophetic*, iii. 420.
Montanto, *a term of fence*, i. 606.
Month's mind, i. 42.
Moon-calf, *a false conception*, iii. 26.

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Moonish, *variable, inconstant*, ii. 153.
Moralize, *to interpret*, iii. 739.
More, *greater, further*, i. 309, ii. 76, iii. 741.
More and less, *great and small*, i. 575, iii. 774.
More sacks to the mill, a game, i. 77.
Morris, *Moriseo dance*, ii. 55, 393.
Morris-pike, *Moorish pike*, i. 150.
Mortal, *deadly*, iii. 728.
Mort o' the deer, a strain on the horn, iii. 192.
Mortified, *ascetic*, iii. 510.
Most an end, *constantly, perpetually*, i. 33.
Mot, *motto or word*, iii. 746.
Motion, *puppet-show or puppet*, i. 11, iii. 258.
Motion, *the impulse of desire*, iii. 370.
Motley, *a fool*, iii. 376.
Mought, *might*, ii. 444.
Mouse, *a term of endearment*, i. 84, ii. 241.
Mouse-hunt, *an animal of the weasel tribe*, i. 202.
Mousing, *gorging, devouring*, i. 295
Mowes, *mouths, ludicrous antics*, iii. 36, 354.
Much, *an expression of contempt*, i. 580, ii. 161, 468.
Muffler, *a covering to conceal a portion of the face*, i. 688.
Mule, Bajazet's, ii. 38.
Muleters, *muleteers*, iii. 558.
Mum-budget, *a pass-word*, i. 685.
Murdered persons bleeding on the approach of the murderer, ii. 576.
Murdering-piece, *a piece of artillery with several barrels*, iii. 380.
Muscadel, *a wine used in church at marriage ceremonies*, i. 276.
Musit, or Muset, *a gap in a hedge*, iii. 728.
Muss, *a scramble*, iii. 564.
Mutines, *mutineers*, i. 330.
Mutton, laced, a cant term for a courtezan, i. 41.
My cake is dough, *a proverbial saying*, i. 234, 270.
My heart is full of woe, a tune, i. 304.
Narkins, *handkerchiefs*, iii. 440, 784.
Naught a while, be, *a mischief on you!* ii. 128.
Naughty, *wicked, base*, i. 421, iii. 93.
Nay-word, a watch-word, i. 680, ii. 248.
Neapolitan bone-ache, iii. 283, 308.
Near, *in close confidence*, i. 705.
Near be, ne'er the near, a proverbial phrase, i. 434.
Neat slave, *a base cow-herd*, iii. 74.
Neekl, *needle*, ii. 208, iii. 741.
Neglection, *neglect*, ii. 206, 316, iii. 272.
Neif, *fist*, i. 370, 591.
Nether-stocks, *short stockings*, i. 529, iii. 77.
Next way, *the nearest way*, i. 540, ii. 12, iii. 228.
Nice, *trivial, effeminate, dainty*, i. 187, 209, 400, 574.
Nicely, *scrupulously*, ii. 209.
Nicholas' clerks, St., *cut-purses*, i. 521.
Nick, *to mark like a fool*, i. 143.
Nick, out of all, *beyond all reckoning*, i. 30.
Nicked, *emasculated*, iii. 563.
Night-rule, *a night revel*, i. 361.
Nill, *will not*, ii. 201.
Nine men's morris, *a rustic sport*, i. 383.
Nine Worthies, pageant of, i. 104.
Noble, a coin, i. 582.
Nobody, the picture of, iii. 32, 49.
Noddy, *a game at cards*, also *a noodle, a simpleton*, i. 5.
No had, an archaic expression, i. 315.
Noise, *a band of musicians*, i. 582.
Nonce, *for the occasion*, i. 514.
Nook-shotten, *spawned in a corner*, ii. 87.
No poynt, *non point*, i. 62, 89.
Nott-pated, *round-headed*, i. 528.
Novum, *a game played with dice*, i. 93.
Nurture, *breeding*, ii. 144.
Nut-hook, *a beadle or catchpoll*, i. 622, 642.
O, *orb, circlet or round*, iii. 581.
Oaken garlands, iii. 187.
Oath of fidelity by attendants of the nobility, ii. 767.
Oaths taken on the sword, i. 497, iii. 345.
Ob, *obolum, a halfpenny*, i. 535.
Oberon, of fairy legends, i. 383.
Obidicut, *a fiend*, iii. 26.
Objected, *proposed, projected*, ii. 209.
Obsequious, *funereal*, ii. 419, 515, iii. 334.
Obsequious, *obedient, submissive*, iii. 648.
Observation, *rites or observances*, i. 371.
Observed, *respectfully treated*, i. 609, 613.
Obstacle, *corruption of obstinate*, ii. 327.
Occupation, *handicraft*, iii. 418.
Oddly, *unequally*, iii. 275.
Odds, *quarrel*, iii. 669.
Od's pittikins, *God me pity*, ii. 750.
Œillads, *ogles*, i. 646, iii. 100.
O'erparted, *not equal to a part or character*, i. 93.
O'erraught, *over-reached, over-took*, i. 118, iii. 347.
O'erstrawed, *o'erstrewed*, iii. 733.
Oes, *circular bosses of shining metal*, i. 264.
Oes, *small-pox marks*, i. 85.
Of, *for*, iii. 219, 542.
Of all loves, *for love's sake*, i. 356, 656, iii. 673.
Offices, *the apartments in great establishments where refreshments were prepared or distributed*, iii. 666.
Old, old utis, *rare, rare fun*, i. 589, 647, 736.
On, *of*, iii. 415, 772.
On, pronounced *own*, i. 10.
Once, *for the nonce, sometimes*, i. 128, 149, 666, 700, iii. 149, 580.
One good woman in ten, ii. 54.
Oneyers, *owners*, i. 631, 564.
Oosel-cock, *the blackbird*, i. 350.
Opinion, *reputation*, i. 558.
Opposite, *adversary*, i. 603, ii. 258.
Or e'er, *before, sooner than*, i. 318, ii. 732, iii. 7, 43.
Or, ore, *gold*, iii. 375, 738.
Orts, *field fairy-rings*, i. 348.
Order, to take, *to adapt measures*, i. 238, iii. 436.
Orgulous, *proud, haught*, iii. 263.
Orient, *pellucid, lustrous*, iii. 537.
Orthography, *orthographer*, i. 702.
Orts, *scraps*, ii. 404, iii. 445.
Ospray, *a large hawk, the sea-eagle*, iii. 175.
Ostent, *appearance, parade*, i. 404.
Otherwhere, *otherplace*, i. 120, iii. 62.
Ounce, *the lynx*, i. 354.
Ouphes, *elves, goblins*, i. 677.
Out, *past*, iii. 8.
Out of all cess, *out of all measure*, i. 520.
Out of all nick, *beyond all reckoning*, i. 30.
Out of thy star, iii. 350.
Outvied, *defeated*, i. 246
Overflown, *flooded, drowned*, i. 370.
Overlook, *to overbear, to overcome, to bewitch*, i. 325, 416, 683.
Overscutched, i. 601.
Oversee, *to execute, or superintend the execution of a will*, iii. 750.
Overwrested, *overwound*, iii. 272.
Owches, *bosses of gold set in diamonds*, i. 589.
Owe, *to own, to possess*, i. 127, 330, 365, 479, ii. 97, 508, iii. 763.
Owen Glendower, i. 565.
Owl, the, a baker's daughter, iii. 403.
Pack, *to scheme, to complot*, iii. 624.
Packed, *confederate*, i. 734.
Packing, *plotting, chicaning*, i. 270, ii. 736, iii. 84.
Paddock, *a toad*, iii. 373, 472.
Pageant of the Nine Worthies, i. 104.
Pageants and masques, i. 44, 104.
Paid, *punished*, i. 530, ii. 748.
Painted-cloth, *hangings for rooms*, i. 93, 626, ii. 151, iii. 740.
Pajock, *peacock*, iii. 366.
Palabras, *few words*, i. 721.
Pale, *to impale*, ii. 402.
Palled, *decayed, waned*, iii. 550.
Palliament, *a robe*, iii. 601.
Pansies for thoughts, iii. 403.
Pantaloon, the Italian, i. 249, 275.
Parcel, parcel-gilt, *part, parti-gilt*, i. 582, 642.
Paris Garden for bear-baiting, ii. 703.
Parish-top for the public amusement, ii. 238, 277.
Paritor, *an apparitor*, i. 97.
Parle, *speech*, i. 5, 294, ii. 85.

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Parling, *speaking*, iii. 738.
Parlous, *perilous*, i. 357.
Partake, *to impart, to participate*, ii. 185, iii. 251.
Partake, *to take the part of*, iii. 783.
Partaker, *a partner, a factionary*, ii. 301.
Parted, *endowed, imparted*, iii. 293.
Partially, *by partiality*, iii. 659.
Partisan, *a weapon, half pike and half-halberd*, iii. 549.
Partlet, Dame, *a name for the hen*, i. 543, iii. 213.
Pash, *head or brow*, iii. 200.
Pass, *to surpass belief or expression*, i. 644, 674, ii. 444, iii. 234.
Passado, *a term in fencing*, i. 217.
Passage, *passengers*, iii. 689.
Passionate, *perturbed, agitated*, i. 293.
Passionate Shepherd, i. 687.
Passioning, *displaying emotion*, i. 35, iii. 732.
Pass not, *regard not*, ii. 357.
Pass on, pass upon, *to sentence*, ii. 600, iii. 43.
Passy-measure's pavin, *a dance*, ii. 274.
Pastry, *the room where paste was made*, i. 202.
Patch, *fool or jester*, i. 127, 372, 407, iii. 30, 511.
Patchery, *roguery, villany*, iii. 253.
Patience perforce, an adage, i. 170, ii. 615.
Patient, *to make patient*, iii. 569.
Patine, the cover of the chalice anciently used to hold particles of the host ; a plate, a round, bright object, i. 433.
Pauca, pauca verba, paucus pallabris, *few words*, i. 75, 227, 641, ii. 74.
Paul's walk, i. 575.
Pavin, *a dance*, ii. 274.
Pax, *a small metal plate which was kissed at mass*, ii. 118.
Pay, *to beat, to punish*, i. 678, ii. 748, 758.
Peak, *to mope, to pule*, iii. 356.
Peat, *a pet*, i. 233.
Pedant, *a schoolmaster*, i. 248, 249, 269.
Pedascule, *a pedant*, i. 249.
Peeled, *shaven*, ii. 202.
Peevish, *childish, simple, headstrong*, ii. 327, 719, iii. 453, 669.
Peg-a-Ramsey, a tune, ii. 276.
Peise, *to weigh down*, ii. 569.
Peised, *balanced, weighted*, i. 293, 417.
Pelleted, *formed into pellets, or little balls*, iii. 565, 754.
Pelting, *paltry, despicable*, i. 351, 459, iii. 77.
Pen-and-inkhorn, carried by professional persons, ii 305.
Penitent, *doing penance*, i. 117.
Penny, *metaphor for money, or means generally*, i. 102.
Pensioners *a band of gentlemen in immediate attendance on the sovereign*, i. 348, 656.
Perch, *a common measure*, ii. 201.
Perdurable, *enduring*, ii. 103, iii. 659.
Perdy, *corruption of par dieu*, i. 138.
Perfect, *confident, well-assured*, iii. 220.
Periapts, *amulets*, ii. 324.
Periwigs, worn by ladies, i. 44.
Perjure, *a perjurer*, i. 75.
Perplexed, *distracted, frenzied*, ii. 735, iii. 707, 745.
Person, *old form of parson*, i. 73.
Perspectives, to be viewed obliquely, i. 498, ii. 274.
Pert, *quick, lively, subtle*, i. 380.
Peruse, *to examine*, i. 116, iii. 385.
Pervert, *to avert*, ii. 720.
Pestered, *impeded, encumbered*, i. 313, iii. 309, 511.
Pew-fellow, *companion, sharer*, ii. 559.
Pheere, *companion, husband or wife*, iii. 621.
Pheeze, *to tickle*, i. 227, iii. 285.
Philip, *a name for the sparrow*, i. 282.
Phill-horse, *the shaft-horse*, i. 402.
Phisnomy, *physiognomy*, ii. 45.
Physical, *medicinal*, iii. 426.
Pick, *to pitch*, ii. 696, iii. 131.
Picked, *scrupulously nice*, i. 82, iii. 285.
Pick-thanks, *parasites*, i. 540.
Pickt-hatch, the manor of, i. 654.
Picture of Nobody, iii 32, 42.
Picture of we three, ii. 278.
Pied, *party-coloured*, i. 98, iii. 774.
Pied ninny, *a jester, a fool*, iii. 80.
Pight, *fixed*, iii. 78, 318.
Pigrogromitus and the Napians, ii. 278.
Pilcher, *pilch, an outer garment of leather*, i. 156.
Pilled, *robbed, pillaged*, i. 462, ii. 522.
Pin, to cleave the, *to split the wooden pin in a target*, i. 99, 71.
Pin and web, *the cataract in the eye*, iii. 89, 203.
Pinched, *restrained, nipped*, iii. 209.
Pinfold, *a pound*, i. 5, iii. 74.
Pink eyne, *small eyes*, iii. 551.
Pioners, or pioneers, *degraded soldiers*, iii. 681.
Pip, *a spot on a card*, i. 237.
Pitch, or pith, *eminence*, iii. 360.
Pitch and pay, *pay on delivery*, ii. 78.
Pittikins, 'ods, *God me pity*, ii. 750.
Place, *abiding-place*, ii. 139.
Place, *seat of authority*, i. 426, iii. 563.
Places, *dignities, honours*, iii. 206, 563.
Placket, *a petticoat*, i. 67, iii. 88, 233, 238, 283.
Plagued, *punished*, ii. 522.
Planched, *planked, made of boards*, ii. 620.
Plantage, *the moon's influence on plants*, iii. 291.
Plantain, its medicinal use, i. 65, 164.
Plants, *the soles of the feet*, iii. 540.
Plates, *silver coin*, iii. 581.
Platforms, *plans, schemes*, ii. 207.
Plausibly, *with expressions of applause*, iii. 757.
Plausive manners, *gracious, popular, winning manners*, iii. 340.
Pleached, *intertwined*, i. 701.
Please one, and please all, a ballad, ii. 280.
Plighting troth, mode of, i. 43.
Plurisy, *repletion*, iii, 385.
Point-device, *precise, with great nicety*. i. 82, ii. 153, 254.
Point of war, *a strain of military music*, i. 603.
Points, *long tagged laces to fasten dresses*, i. 250, ii. 241, iii. 282.
Poize, *weight*, iii. 676.
Poking-sticks, *irons for setting ruffs*, iii. 256.
Polacks, *Polanders*, iii. 330.
Politician, *a schemer for his own advantage*, iii. 357.
Polled, *cleared*, iii. 171.
Pomander, *a ball of perfume*, iii. 238.
Pomewater, *a kind of apple*, i. 71.
Poor John, *hake, a fish*, i. 160.
Popinjay, *a parrot, a trifling fop*, i. 515.
Porpentine, *porcupine*, i. 129, iii. 278.
Port, *a gate*, iii. 536.
Port, *show, state, appearance*, i. 235, 395.
Portable, *bearable, supportable*, iii. 93, 566.
Portage, *portholes*, ii. 62.
Portance, *carriage, mien, bearing*, iii. 658.
Possessed, *informed*, i. 306.
Posset, a, *curdled milk*, i. 690.
Posset, *to congulate*, i. 690.
Post, the sheriff's, ii. 277.
Potch, *to push, to thrust*, iii. 140.
Potents, *potentates*, i. 295.
Poulter, *a poulterer*, i. 534.
Pouncet-box, *scent-box*, i. 515.
Powder, *to salt*, i. 660.
Poynt no, *non point*, i. 62, 89.
Practice, *conspiracy, machination, collusion*, ii. 77, 631, iii. 78, 112, 736.
Practise on, *to plot or intrigue against*, iii. 541.
'Praise, *to appraise*, ii. 243.
Prank, *to adorn, to dress ostentatiously*, ii. 250, iii. 185, 239.
Praying at the end of performances, i. 632.
Precedent, *a sign, an indicator*, iii. 722.
Precepts, *warrants*, i. 616.
Prefer, *to advance, to promote*, i. 238, ii. 764.
Pregnancy, *ready wit*, i. 577.
Pregnant, *supple, ready*, iii. 362.
Prenominate, *forenamed*, iii. 307, 347.
Preposterous, *misplaced, inversely*, i. 248, 263, 658.
Prescription, medical, ii. 54.
Presence, *presence-chamber*, i. 210.
Presently, *immediately*, ii. 355, 555, iii. 748.
Pressed, *ready, bound, urged*, i. 305.
Pretence, *design, device*, i. 21, ii. 314, iii. 216.
Pretend, *to intend*, i. 17, iii. 744.

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Pretend, *to portend*, ii. 315.
Pretty, *petty, little*, iii. 750.
Prevent, to anticipate, i. 578, ii. 315, iii. 423, 434.
Pricket, *a deer so called*, i. 103.
Prick-song, *music pricked, or noted down*, i. 178.
Priest of the town, i. 687.
Prig, *a cheat, a thief*, iii. 238.
Prime, *the spring*, iii. 774.
Primero, *an old game at cards*, i. 679, ii. 688.
Prince of cats, i. 216.
Principality, *a celestial*, i. 15.
Principals, *the strongest rafters in a building*, ii. 203.
Princox, *a coxcomb*, i. 170.
Print, in, *precisely, to the letter*, i. 12.
Prison base, or **prison bars**, *a game*, i. 42.
Prize, *to rate*, ii. 464.
Prize, *privilege*, ii. 411.
Probal, *probable*, iii. 671.
Proceeding, *advancement*, iii. 439.
Process, *citation*, iii. 539.
Prodigious, *monstrous, portentous*, i. 300, iii. 420.
Proface, *welcome*, i. 620.
Profane use of the sacred names, act for preventing, i. 362.
Prognostication, *almanac*, iii. 241.
Project, *to shape*, iii. 581.
Projection, *forecast, preparation*, ii. 79.
Prolixious, *coy, delaying*, ii. 609.
Prompture, *suggestion*, ii. 609.
Prone, *ardent*, ii. 595, iii. 745.
Proof, *armour*, iii. 473.
Proper, *peculiar, personal*, iii. 140, 179.
Proper-false, *handsome-false*, ii. 246.
Propertied, *circumscribed, appropriated*, ii. 268, 462.
Properties, a theatrical term, i. 347, 677.
Proposing, *discoursing*, i. 713.
Prorogue, *to deaden or benumb*, iii. 540.
Provand, *provender*, iii. 146.
Provincial, *of the ecclesiastical province*, ii. 633.
Provincial, from Provins, celebrated for roses, iii. 366.
Prune, *to plume*, i. 511, ii. 758.
Pruning, *trimming up, adorning*, i. 78.
Pucelle, La, ii. 332, 344.
Pugging, *prigging*, iii. 227.
Puke-stocking, *puce-stocking*, i. 523.
Pun, *to pound*, iii. 278.
Punk, *a prostitute*, i. 656, ii. 19, 631, 636.
Punto reverso, *in fencing, a back-handed stroke*, i. 217, 650.
Purchase, *profit, advantage*, ii. 181.
Purchase, *booty, plunder*, i. 592, 615.
Push! *pish! pshaw!* i. 731, ii. 74.
Push-pin, *a game*, i. 78.
Put on, *to incite, to provoke*, iii. 508, 663, 672.
Putter on, *a contriver, an inciter*, ii. 650, iii. 153, 209, 503.
Putter out, *an adventurer of money*, iii. 33.
Puttock, *a buzzard*, ii. 713.
Puzzel, *a foul drab*, ii. 294.
Quail, *to slacken*, ii. 139.
Quaint, *dainty, clever, nimble*, i. 264.
Quaintly, *clever, adroit*, i. 12, 21.
Qualification, *temperament*, iii. 666.
Qualify, *to mitigate, to weaken*, iii. 667, 742.
Quality, *profession, calling*, i. 29, iii. 353, 659.
Quarrels, book of, ii. 173.
Quarry, *a pile of slaughtered game*, iii. 130.
Quart d'écu, or **cardecue**, *a coin, the fourth part of a French gold crown*, ii. 43, 49, 56.
Quat, *a pimple or scab*, iii. 698.
Queasy, *fastidious, squeamish*, i. 709.
Quell, *murder*, iii. 481.
Quern, *a hand-mill*, i. 349.
Quest, *inquisition, inquest, jury*, ii. 527, 630, 651, 767.
Question, *to converse*, iii. 739.
Question, *motive, reason*, iii. 438.
Queubus, equinoctial of, ii. 246.
Quick, *alive, quickening, quick-witted*, ii. 616, iii. 592, 682.
Quick recreation, *lively pastime*, i. 53.
Quiddit, *a subtilty*, iii. 287.
Quietus, *discharge, acquittance*, iii. 360, 779.
Quillets, *quodlibets, quibbles*, iii. 287.
Quilt, *a flock bed*, i. 550.
Quintain, *a military exercise, a pastime*, ii. 171.
Quips, *sudden, angry gibes, scoffs*, i. 29.
Quit, *to requite*, ii. 635, iii. 565.
Quittance, *requital, to make requital*, i. 574, ii. 296, 467.
Quiver, *smart, nimble*, i. 601.
Quote, *to look into, to scan*, iii. 347, 631, 746.
R, the dog's letter, i. 217.
Rabato, or **rebato**, *an ornament for the neck, a kind of ruff*, i. 720.
Rabbit-sucker, *a sucking rabbit*, i. 534.
Race, *nature*, iii. 14.
Rack, *to stretch, to extend*, i. 726.
Rack, *drifting vapour, or scud*, ii. 411, iii. 50, 766.
Racked, *harassed by exactions*, ii. 347.
Rag, *a term of contempt*, ii. 492.
Ragged, *rough, rugged, base*, i. 574, 616, ii. 142.
Ragged, *beggared*, iii. 747.
Rake up, *to cover up*, iii. 105.
Rampallian, *a low, creeping, mean wretch*, i. 582.
Rank, *chorus, rhyme*, ii. 142.
Rank, *brimming, full*, iii. 722, 778.
Rankness, *riotousness*, i. 325, iii. 485.
Raps, *transports*, ii. 712.
Rapture, *a fit*, iii. 145.
Rarely, *curiously*, ii. 728.
Rascal, *a lean deer*, ii. 155, 317, iii. 129.
Rates, *counts for, is equivalent to*, iii. 562.
Rather, *hasty, quick*, i. 65.
Rats rhymed to death by charms, ii. 173, 282.
Raught, *reft, reached, grasped*, ii. 357, 409.
Ravin, *to devour greedily*, ii. 595, iii. 489.
Ravined, *ravenous*, iii. 501.
Rayed, *chafed, excoriated*, i. 254.
Razed, *slashed, opened*, iii. 366.
Razes, *roots*, i. 521.
Read, *to tread*, i. 547, ii. 697.
Rearmice, *bats*, i. 354.
Rearward, *rearguard*, iii. 773.
Reason, *to discourse*, i. 411.
Reasonable swiftness, *speed of thought*, ii. 71.
Rebate, *to blunt*, i. 51, 593.
Rebato, *a kind of ruff, an ornament for the neck*, i. 720.
Rebeck, *a sort of fiddle*, i. 205.
Receipt, *receptacle*, iii. 481.
Recheat, *a note on the horn*, i. 602.
Reck, *to regard*, iii. 339.
Record, *to chant*, i. 37, ii. 208.
Recorder, *a musical instrument resembling a flute*, iii. 401.
Recover the wind of me, *a hunting expression*, iii. 367.
Recure, *to recover*, ii. 549.
Rede, *counsel, advice*, iii. 339.
Red-lattice, *the denotement of an ale-house*, i. 586, 626.
Red-lattice phrases, *ale-house phraseology*, i. 651.
Reduce, *to restore, to bring back to a former state*, ii. 578.
Reechy, *discoloured by smoke*, i. 719.
Refelled, *refuted*, ii. 631.
Regard, *reflection, observation*, iii. 741, 752.
Regiment, *directorship, rule*, iii. 558.
Reguerdon, *recompence*, ii. 307, 312.
Relume, *to relight*, iii. 701.
Remarkable, *profoundly striking*, iii. 577.
Remember thy courtesy, *discontinue ceremony*, i. 69.
Remembered, *reminded*, iii. 778.
Remembrance, *memorial*, iii. 680.
Remonstrance, *exhibition, manifestation*, ii. 634.*
Remorse, *pity, tenderness of feeling*, i. 31, 319, ii. 373, 631, iii. 681.
Remorseless, *relentless, pitiless*, iii. 743.
Remotion, *removal*, ii. 492, iii. 78.
Removed, *remote, private*, i. 293, 349, ii. 152, 595, iii. 247.
Removes, *stages, journeys*, ii. 51.
Render, *to describe, to represent*, ii. 162.
Reneges, *denies, renounces*, iii. 75, 530.

* In the text the suggestion of Malone to read demonstrance was too hastily adopted. The right word is unquestionably "remonstrance."

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Repeal, *to recall from exile, to bring back*, i. 23, 464, 472, ii. 20, 371, iii. 434.
Repetition, *recrimination*, ii. 49
Repine, *remotion, discontent*, iii. 726.
Reproof, *refutation, disproof*, i. 540.
Repugn, *to resist*, ii. 315.
Reputing, *boasting*, ii. 262.
Reserve, *preserve*, ii. 210, iii. 766, 772.
Resolve, *be assured*, ii. 290.
Respect, *self-command, prudence*, iii. 270, 740.
Respect, *regard, consideration*, i. 35, 187, 288, 433, iii. 61, 731.
Rest, *a term in music*, i. 178, iii. 749.
'Rest, *arrest*, i. 136.
Resty, *immobile, dull, uneasy*, ii. 741, iii. 775.
Retire, *to withdraw*, i. 464, iii. 741.
Retiring, *returning*, iii. 748.
Retort, *to refer back*, ii. 633.
Reverb, *to reverberate*, iii. 60.
Reverso, a term in fencing, i. 669.
Reword, *to echo*, iii. 784.
Rhodope's pyramid, ii. 833.
Rialto, the, i. 437.
Ribaudred nag, *filthy strumpet*, iii. 559
Rich coat, *a full charged escutcheon*, iii. 787.
Rich eyes, ii. 49, 159.
Rid, *to destroy*, ii. 417, iii. 14.
Riddles, fustian, ii. 279.
Rides the wild mare, *plays at see-saw*, i. 593.
Riggish, *wanton*, iii. 548.
Right, *direct, immediate*, i. 325.
Rigol, *a circle*, i. 612, iii. 756.
Rim, *a part of the intestines*, ii. 101.
Rivage, *the shore or bank*, ii. 81.
Rivality, *participation, copartnership*, iii. 556.
Rivals, *associates, partners*, iii. 329.
Rivo, a drinking exclamation, i. 529.
Road, *a roadstead, a haven*, i. 16.
Roaring Devil, ii. 119.
Robin, hey, jolly Robin, a song, i. 281.
Robin Goodfellow, i. 382.
Rolled, *coiled*, iii. 609.
Romage, *commotion, turmoil*, iii 332.
Rondure, *a round or belt*, iii. 763.
Ronyon, *a scurvy old woman, a witch*, i. 676, iii. 474.
Rood, *the cross, the image on the cross* i. 597.
Rook, *to squat down, to roost*, ii. 449.
Ropery, rope-tricks, *ribaldry*, i. 181, 239.
Rosemary for remembrance, iii. 403.
Rother, *red cattle*, ii. 488.
Rough-hew, *to plan, or fashion in the rough*, iii. 392.
Round, *plain spoken*, i. 120, iii. 361.
Round, roundel, roundelay, *a dance*, i. 104, 354.
Rounded, *insinuated*, i. 298.
Rounding, *whispering, insinuating*, iii. 202.
Roundure, *a circle*, i. 294.
Rouse, *a carouse, a deep draught*, iii. 398.
Royal, a coin so called, i. 532.
Royal merchants, i. 440.
Roynish, *scurvy*, ii. 138.
Ruddock, *the redbreast*, ii. 748.
Rudesby, *blusterer, swaggerer*, i. 250.
Rue, *herb-grace*, iii. 382.
Ruff, *the top of the boot turned over*, ii. 29.
Ruffian, *roisterer, smash-buckler*, iii. 650.
Ruin, *rubbish*, i. 412.
Run counter, *to follow on a false scent*, i. 150.
Rushes strewed on room floors, and on the stage, i. 168, 255, 539, ii. 728.
Sables, the wearing of, iii. 362.
Sack, sherris-sack, i. 629.
Sackerson, the name of a bear, i. 644, 686.
Sack-posset, i. 690.
Sacred, *devoted, dedicated*, iii. 425, 607.
Sacring-bell, *the bell rung on the elevation of the host*, ii. 678.
Sad, *grave, serious*, i. 8, 702, 713, iii. 234, 740.
Safe, *sound*, iii. 101.
Saffron, *the colour of Judas' hair, the dissembling colour*, ii. 45.
Sag, *to droop, to flag*, iii. 511.
Sagittary, *officers' residence at the arsenal of Venice*, iii. 708.
Said, *done*, i. 601, ii. 143, 349, iii. 220.
Sail, *pomp, swell*, ii. 70, iii. 773.
Saint George, an English war cry, ii. 681.
Saint Helen Meteor, iii. 48.
Saint Jaques le grand, shrine of at Compostella, ii. 56.
Saint Nicholas, patron saint of scholars and cutpurses, i. 43, 621.
Sallet, *a helmet*, ii 384.
Sallets, or salits, *Atticisms, piquancy*, iii. 355.
Salt, *salt-cellar*, i. 25.
Saltiers, corruption of *satyrs*, iii. 234.
Salute, *to move, to exhilarate*, ii. 665, iii. 778.
Samingo, *San Domingo, an old burden to drinking songs*, i. 621.
Sanded, *of a sandy colour*, i. 385.
Satire, *a satirist*, iii. 775.
Saucy, *prurient*, ii 44.
'Say, *assay, taste, evidence*, iii. 112.
'Sayed, *assayed*, ii. 183, iii. 112.
Scaled, *dispersed*, iii. 815.
Scamble, *to seize, to scramble, to rifle*, i. 319, ii. 64.
Scamels, or sea-mells, *sea-birds*, iii. 27.
Scapes, *lapses, slips*, iii. 291, 745.
Scarfed bark, *vessel decorated with flags*, i. 407.
Scathe, *to damage*, i. 170.
Scogan, Henry and John, i. 627.
Sconce, *a fortification*, ii. 88.
Sconce, *the head*, i. 118, 122, iii. 161, 387.
Scone stone, iii. 518.
Score, *to mark, to brand* i. 117, iii. 689.
Scorn it with the heels, *a manner of scornful rejection*, i. 401, 721.
Scotch, *to wound, to notch*, iii. 493.
Scrimers, *fencers*, iii. 384.
Scroyles, *scabby rogues*, i 296.
Scrubbed, *stunted*, i. 434.
Sculls, *shoals*, iii. 315.
'Scuse, *excuse*, i. 430, iii. 687.
Scut, *a tail*, i. 681.
Scylla and Charybdis, i. 440.
Seals on deeds, i. 485.
Sear, *to stigmatise, to close up*, ii. 712, iii. 206.
Season, *preservative*, iii. 498.
Secret, *separated, devoted*, iii. 425, 607.
Secure, *careless, to make over-confident*, i. 487, 653, 658, 662, ii. 296, iii. 96, 279, 344.
Secure, *to assure*, ii. 475.
Securely, *carelessly, over-confidently*, i. 462, iii. 304.
Security, *carelessness, over-confidence*, i. 469, iii. 431, 498.
See, to, *to the sight*, iii. 766.
Seel, in falconry, *to sew up the eyes*, iii. 494, 564.
Seen, versed, *practised, skilled*, i. 238.
Seldom comes the better, a proverbial saying, ii. 534.
Sense, to the, *to the quick*, iii. 698.
Septentrion, *the north*, ii. 409.
Sequester, *a separation*, iii. 683.
Sere, tickled o' the, *easily moved to mirth*, iii. 353.
Sergeant, *anciently one of the king's guard*, iii. 472.
Serpigo, *leprosy*, ii. 611.
Servant, *a follower, an admirer*, i. 43.
Sessa, *be quiet*, i. 237, iii. 92.
Set, a term in music, i. 7.
Set a match, *to plan a robbery*, i. 513.
Set up his rest, *to stake all*, i. 150, 203.
Setebos, a demon, iii. 48.
Seven ages of man, ii. 172.
Several, *private*, i. 63, iii. 781.
Several, *manifold*, ii. 10.
Shale, *a case, a shell*, ii. 99.
Shards, *broken fragments*, iii. 390.
Shards, *scaly wings of a beetle*, iii. 494, 553.
Shaven Hercules, the, i. 719.
Sheaf, iii. 339.
Sheen, *brightness, splendour*, i. 349, iii. 36°.
Sheep, pronounced *ship*, i. 4.
Sheer, *pure, unmixed*, i. 229, 458.
Shent, *undone, ruined, reproved*, i. 646, iii. 179, 283.

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Sheriffs'-posts, for proclamations, ii. 277.
Sherris, sherris-sack, i. 622.
Ship-tire, *a fanciful head-dress for ladies*, i. 664, 688.
Shive, *a slice*, iii. 607.
Shog, *to jog off*, ii. 74, 78.
Shotten, *spawned, projected*, i. 250, ii. 87.
Shoughs, *shaggy dogs*, iii. 493.
Shoulder-clapper, *a bailiff*, i. 135.
Shove-groat, *a game*, i. 626.
Shovel-boards, *broad shillings used in the game of shove-groat*, i. 642.
Shrewd, *shrewish, mischievous*, i. 84, 234, 237, 325, 342, 366, 657, 703, ii. 109, 602, iii. 571.
Shrift, *auricular confession*, i. 161, 178, 181, 183, 201, ii. 546, 623.
Shrive, *to bring to confession and absolve*, i. 125.
Shriving-time, *time of shrift or confession*, iii. 392.
Shut-up, *finished, concluded*, iii. 482.
Shylock, derivation of the name, i. 437.
Side, *long*, i. 720.
Siege, *a seat, place, state*, ii 622, iii. 384.
Sigh-clout, *a cloth to strain milk through*, iii. 711.
Sightless, *invisible*, iii. 479, 480.
Sightless, *unsightly*, i. 300.
Sights, *apertures for seeing through in a helmet*, i. 604.
Sign, *to give an omen*, iii. 567.
Silly, *simple, rustic*, ii. 756.
Silly cheat, *petty theft*, iii. 227.
Similitudes, inapposite, i. 563.
Simular, *counterfeit, deceitful*, ii. 761, iii. 85.
Single, *simple, feeble*, i 578, iii. 476.
Sink-a-pace, *cinque-pace, a dance*, i. 104, 704.
Sinkle, the actor, i. 220.
Sir, a title of certain churchmen, ii. 345.
Sir, applied to nobility and royalty, iii. 204, 245.
Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, ii. 699.
Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Show, i. 628.
Sir reverence, an apology for any unseemly saying, i. 130.
Sir, the, *the gallant, the courtier*, iii. 664.
Siren's song of allurement, i. 142.
Sirs, an old form of addressing women, iii. 577.
Sithence, *since*, ii. 12.
Sit out, *refuse to play*, a card-table phrase, i. 53.
Sit thee down, sorrow, i. 56.
Sizes, *allowances*, iii. 80.
Skainsmates, *reckless fellows*, i. 181.
Skill, *cunning, design, reason*, iii. 209, 231.
Skills not, *is of no importance*, ii. 364.
Skimble-skamble, *jumbled, deranged*, i. 588.
Skinker, *drawer of liquor*, i. 527.
Skirr, *to scour*, ii. 104, iii. 511.
Slander, *to abuse*, iii. 340.
Slanderous, *ignominious, branded*, iii. 748.
Slavish wipe, *the brand of slaves*, iii. 743.
Sleave, *unwrought silk*, iii. 484.
Sledded, *sledged*, iii. 330.
Sleeve, worn as a favour by tilters and warriors, iii. 823.
Sleided, *untwisted*, ii. 208, iii. 785.
Slipper, *slippery*, iii. 665.
Slips, *counterfeit pieces of money*, i. 179, iii. 283.
Sliver, *to slit or slice*, iii. 97, 385.
Slop, *loose knee-breeches*, i. 179.
Smirched, *sullied, soiled*, i. 719, 725, ii. 85, 136.
Smoke, *to discover*, ii. 34, 38.
Smoothed, *fawned on*, ii. 488.
Smug, *spruce, smart*, i. 415, 538, iii. 104.
Sneap, *a sarcasm, a set-down*, i. 583.
Sneap, *to nip or check*, iii. 198, 741.
Sneck-up, *go hang!* ii. 247.
Snipe, *a fool, a blockhead*, iii. 660.
Snuff, take it in, *to take it in dudgeon*, i. 84, 377.
Snuffs, *tiffs*, iii. 84.
So, *as*, ii. 41, 197, 465, 470, 473, iii. 535, 538.
So like you he is the worse, a proverb, iii. 213.
Softly, *slowly*, iii. 377.
Solemn, *grave, public, accustomed*, i. 251.
Solidares, *a coin*, ii. 477.
Something-nothing, *neither here nor there*, iii. 673.
Sometimes, *formerly*, i. 396, 491.
Sonnet, Sonnets or Sonneteer, i. 702.
Sonties, *corruption of sanctities*, i. 491.
Soon at, *about*, i. 116.
Sooth, *sweetness, softness, truth*, i. 473.
Sorrow, sit thee down, i. 56.
Sorry, *dismal, sorrowful*, i. 143.
Sort, *lot*, iii. 276.
Sort, *to suit, to fit*, iii. 266, 747.
Sort, *gang, crew, company*, i. 480, ii. 355.
Sort, *rank, degree, quality*, i. 696.
Sot, *a fool*, i. 125, ii. 761.
Sowle, *to lug, to drag*, iii. 171.
Speak by the card, *to speak precisely, or according to the book of manners*, iii. 388.
Speak to, *to aspire or lay claim to*, iii. 651.
Speculation, *view, espial*, iii. 293.
Speculative instruments, *organs of vision*.
Sped, *done, settled*, i. 186.
Speed, *fortune*, iii. 219.
Sperr, *to shut up*, iii. 263.
Spill, *to spoil, to come to harm*, iii. 710.
Spirits in magic or witchcraft, iii. 47.
Spleen, *flash*, i. 297, 343, 380.
Spot, *stain*, iii. 774.
Sprag, *quick, ready, sprightly*, i. 673.
Spring, *shoot, sprig*, iii. 728, 738, 747.
Spirited, *haunted*, ii. 726.
Squandered, *dispersed*, i. 398.
Square, *equitable*, ii. 503.
Square, *a quarrel, to quarrel*, i. 349, iii. 540, 563.
Square, *a stomacher*, iii. 232.
Squash, *an immature peascod*, i. 361, iii. 202.
Squire, *a rule*, i. 92, 522, iii. 234.
Staggers, *a kind of apoplexy in horses*, i. 250.
Staggers, *perplexities, incertitudes*, ii. 23, 762.
Stain, *tinct, mark, eclipse*, ii. 8, iii. 556.
Stale, *insipid, out of date*, i. 121.
Stalking-horse of fowlers, i. 742.
Stand on, stands me upon, *it is incumbent on me*, i. 178, 467, iii. 392, 540.
Stands, or Standings, in the sport of deer-shooting, i. 600.
Stannyel, *a kind of hawk*, ii. 253.
Star Chamber, court of, i. 686.
Stark, *rigid, stiff*, ii. 748.
Starve, *to perish*, ii. 716.
State, *a chair or throne*, i. 533, iii. 495.
Statuas, *statues*, ii. 548, iii. 430, 441.
Statue, *picture, image*, i. 35.
Statute, *security, or obligation*, iii. 780.
Statute-caps, *caps worn by citizens*, i. 104.
Stay, *a check or obstacle*, i. 207.
Steel, *to harden like steel*, iii. 725.
Stelled, *fixed*, iii. 753.
Stern, *rigid, unyielding*, ii. 39.
Sternage, *steerage, course*, ii 81.
Sticking-place, *abiding place*, iii. 481.
Stickler, *an arbitrator in combats*, iii. 318.
Stigmatical, *branded with deformity*, i. 135, ii. 389, 417.
Still, *always, ever*, i. 396, 545, 698, ii. 42, 91, 98, iii. 435.
Still an end, *constantly, perpetually*, i. 33.
Still music, *soft, subdued music*, i. 370, ii. 92, 168.
Stinted, *stopped*, i. 166.
Stith, *an anvil*, iii. 362.
Stithy, *the smith's work-shop*, iii. 362.
Stoccado, or stoccata, a term of fencing, i. 186, 659.
Stomach, *haughtiness*, ii. 688.
Stone-bow, *a cross-bow for propelling stones*, ii. 279.
Stone of destiny at Scone, iii. 518.
Stood upon, *plumed or presumed upon*, iii. 610.
Stops, *a technical term in music*, iii. 362, 367, 749.
Stout, *bold, proud*, i. 314.
Stover, *fodder*, iii. 86.
Strain, *lineage*, i. 706, ii. 79.
Strain, *turn, tendency*, i. 651, 666.
Strain courtesy, to, *to avoid the post of honour in a perilous undertaking*, iii. 730.
Strange, *wonderful, incredible*, iii. 704.

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Strange, coy i. 17.
Strange, *foreign*, ii. 219.
Strappado, *a kind of punishment*, i. 531.
Stray shaft, mode of discovering, i. 437.
Strict, *harsh*, ii. 482.
Strike, *to tap, to broach*, iii. 550.
Stroke, *rule*, ii. 632.
Strossers, *trousers*, i. 20.
Stuck, *a sword, a thrust*, iii. 385.
Stuck-in, *corruption of stoccata*, ii. 264.
Stuff, *luggage*, i. 140.
Stuffed, *furnished, endowed*, i. 197, 606.
Subject, *people, subjects*, iii. 198.
Subscribes, *succumbs*, iii. 305, 776.
Subsidy, *an impost*, ii. 454.
Success, *consequence, succession*, ii. 15, iii. 204, 456, 480, 556.
Sudden, *violent*, ii. 145, iii. 505.
Sue livery, to, i. 498.
Suffer, *to punish, to afflict*, iii. 563.
Suffered, *unrestrained, indulged*, ii. 888, iii. 795.
Suggesting, *enticing, tempting, seducing*, i. 17, 20, 53, 449, ii. 45, iii. 22, 476, 672, 738, 782.
Suitor, pronounced *shooter*, i. 70.
Sullen, *melancholy*, i. 286.
Sumpter, *a horse that carries provisions on a journey*, iii. 81.
Supposes, *impostors*, i. 270.
Surcease, *end*, iii. 480.
Surplice, puritan objections to the, ii. 54.
Surprise, *to capture, to seize unawares*, ii. 433, iii. 602.
Swarth, *the corn cut with one stroke of a scythe*, ii 249.
Swasher, *swaggerer*, ii. 83.
Swashing, *crushing, smashing*, i. 160.
Swear over, *to out-swear*, iii. 205.
Sweet and twenty, *a proverbial endearment*, ii. 247.
Sweet mouth, *liquorish tooth*, i. 24.
Sweltered, *weltered*, iii. 501.
Swift, *ready*, i. 714, ii. 168.
Swinge-buckler, *a bully*, i. 597.
Sword, swearing by the, i. 497, iii. 345.
Swords for dancing with, ii. 55.
Sworn brothers, *men bound to share each other's fortunes*, i. 484, ii. 73.
Sympathy, *equality*, i. 478.
TABLE, *a table-book*, i. 18.
Table, *a picture, board or canvas on which any object is painted*, i. 297, ii. 7.
Table, in palmistry, *the palm of the hand*, i. 404.
Tabor of the clown, ii. 270.
Tabourines, *drums*, iii. 307, 571.
Tag, *the rabble*, iii. 158, 418.
Tailor cries, i. 350.
Tainture, *defilement*, ii. 256.
Take, *to bewitch, to blast, to paralyse*, i. 677, iii. 80, 88, 315, 332.
Take a truce, *to make peace*, i. 300.
Take in, *to conquer, to overcome*, iii. 558.
Take it in snuff, *to take it in dudgeon*, i. 84, 377.
Take me with you, *let me understand you*, i. 197, 594.
Take out, *to copy*, iii. 680.
Take thought, *to abandon oneself to grief*, iii. 426, 662.
Take thy old cloak about thee, iii. 710.
Taking up, *dealing*, i. 575.
Tale, *telling, counting*, iii. 476.
Talent, *a talon*, i. 73.
Talents, *riches*, ii. 720.
Tall, *able, stout, robust*, i. 646, ii. 237, 267, iii. 247.
Tallow-keech, *a round lump of tallow for the chandler*, i. 580.
Tame-cheater, *a petty rogue*, i. 600.
Tame-snake, *a poltroon*, ii. 162.
Tang, *to twang*, ii. 254, iii. 24.
Tarre, *to incite*, i. 311, iii. 276.
Tartar, *Tartarus*, ii. 77, 254.
Tasked, *taxed, challenged*, i. 551, 555.
Tassel-gentle, *the male of the goshawk*, i. 216.
Taste, *to try, to test*, ii. 256, 263, 762.
Tawdry lace, *a neck ornament*, iii. 234.
Tawny-coated followers, ii. 392.
Taxation, *sarcasm, satire*, ii. 132.
Teen, *grief, sorrow*, i. 165, iii. 8, 730.
Tell, *to rate, to number, to account*, ii. 460, 474, iii. 476.
Temperance, *temperature*, iii. 19.
Tempered, *moulded, qualified*, ii. 77, iii. 447.
Ten, a card of, *a tenth card*, i. 276.
Tender, *an offer, a promise*, i. 194.
Tender hefted, iii. 80.
Tents, *hangings*, i. 246.
Tercel, *the male hawk*, iii. 290.
Termagant, *a hectoring tyrant of the Miracle plays*, iii. 401.
Testern, tester, or teston, *a coin so called, sixpence*, i. 41.
Tharborough, *a constable*, i. 54.
Theorick, *theory*, ii. 41, 65, iii. 648.
Thews, i. 600, iii. 398, 430.
Thick, *rapidly*, ii. 732, iii. 756.
Thick-skin, *thick head*, i. 677.
Thievery, exemplifications of, ii. 507.
Thills, *the shafts of a wagon*, iii. 282.
Thou, as a mark of insult, ii. 272.
Thou knave, a catch, ii. 278.
Though, *if, even if, since*, ii. 492, 525, iii. 564.
Thought, *melancholy*, iii. 570.
Thrasonical, *bragging, boastful*, i. 82, ii. 165.
Threape, *to dispute*, iii. 711.
Three-man beetle, *an implement for driving piles*, i. 578.
Three-men song-men, *singers of songs in three parts*, iii. 227.
Three merry men be we, the burden of a song, ii. 247, 278.
Three-pile, *three-piled velvet*, iii. 227.
Thronged, *oppressed, crushed, shrunk*, ii. 164, 192, iii. 752.
Thrummed, *made of coarse woollen*, i. 674.
Thunder-stone, *the imaginary produce of thunder*, iii. 420.
Tib, *a loose wench*, ii. 217.
Tibert, prince of cats, i. 216.
Tickle, *ticklish*, ii. 344.
Tickled o' the sere, *easily moved to mirth*, iii. 353.
Tidy, *plump*, i. 592.
Tightly, *briskly, promptly*, i. 646.
Tike, *clown, clodpole*, i. 678.
Tilly-vally, *a ludicrous interjection*, i. 590, ii. 247.
Time and the hour, iii. 476.
Timely, *in proper time*, ii. 369.
Time of life, *duration of life*, iii. 454.
Time's fool, i. 559.
Timon from the Palace of Pleasure, ii. 605.
Tire, *to peck like a bird, to tear*, ii. 405, 433, iii. 722.
Titania of fairy legends, i. 383.
To, an ellipsis for *equal to*, i. 15.
To, an ellipsis for *so as to*, i. 199.
To, to, *ploughmen's words of encouragement*, iii. 278.
To friend, *for friend, propitious*, ii. 716, iii. 435, 505.
Toasts and butter, term of contempt, i. 542.
Tokened pestilence, iii. 559.
Tokens, the Lord's, *plague spots*, i. 104, iii. 559.
Toll, ii. 51.
Tom o' Bedlams, *mad beggars*, iii. 120.
Tongs and bones music, i. 385.
Too fine, *too full of finesse*, ii. 52.
Too late, *too recently*, ii. 540, iii. 756.
Took it on his death, *an oath*, i. 287.
Too-too, *excessive, excessively*, i. 16, iii. 236.
Top, the parish, ii. 238.
Topless, *supreme*, iii. 273.
Torch-bearers to maskers, i. 215.
Tottered, *tottering*, i. 472.
Touch, *a pang, a wound, sympathy*, ii. 712.
Touch, *a touchstone*, ii. 494, 654.
Touched, *pricked*, iii. 627.
Touring, *circling*, iii. 468.
Touse, *to tug, to drag*, ii. 633.
Toward, *in preparation*, iii. 330.
Towards, *approaching, near at hand*, i. 170.
Toys, *idle rumours, tricks*, i. 289.
Tranect, *a ferry*, i. 422.
Transported, *translated, transformed*, i. 372.
Trash, *to clog, to impede*, iii. 8, 666.
Tray-trip, a game so called, ii. 264.
Treachers, *traitors*, iii. 65.
Trial by battle, i. 495, iii. 393.

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Tribulation of Tower-hill, ii. 695.
Tribunal plebs, *tribunis plebis*, iii. 626.
Trick, *peculiarity*, i. 286, ii. 7.
Tricked, *blazoned*, iii. 356.
Trifle, *a phantom*, iii. 43.
Trigon, i. 523.
Triplex, *triple time in music*, ii. 272.
Triumphs and Masques, i. 44.
Trol-my-dames, *a game*, iii. 254.
Tropically, *figuratively*, iii. 364.
Troth-plight, *betrothed*, ii. 73, iii. 261.
Troth-plight, or betrothing, ii. 281.
Trow, *to believe*, iii. 68.
True, *honest*, i. 523, ii. 495, iii. 729.
True-men, *honest men*, i. 523.
Trundle tail, *a species of dog*, iii. 92.
Tucket, *a flourish on a trumpet*, i. 484.
Tun-dish, *a funnel*, ii. 616.
Turk, to turn, *proverbially, to apostatize*, i. 721, iii. 366.
Turk Gregory, Pope Gregory the Seventh, i. 558.
Turlygood, *a name assumed by Bedlam beggars, the derivation uncertain*, iii. 112.
Turn him going, ii. 146, iii. 443.
Turn his girdle, i. 732.
Turquoise, its imaginary properties, i. 499.
Twiggen-bottle, *wicker bottle*, iii. 609.
Twire, *to twinkle or twitter*, iii. 764.
Type of sovereignty, *the crown*, ii. 402.
Tyring, *attiring*, i. 122.
Umbered, *shadowed*, ii. 92.
Unaneled, *without receiving extreme unction*, iii. 344.
Unavoided, *unavoidable*, ii. 318, 562.
Unbated, *unblunted*, iii. 365, 395.
Unbitted, *unbridled*, iii. 652.
Unbolt, *to explain*, ii. 462.
Unbolted, *coarse, unsifted*, iii. 75.
Unbookish, *ignorant*, iii. 688.
Unbraided, *unsoiled, unfaded*, iii. 282.
Uncape, *to unearth a fox*, i. 666.
Unclew, *to unwind, to undo*, ii. 464.
Uncouth, *unknown, strange*, iii. 612, 754.
Undergo, *to undertake*, ii. 482.
Underskinker, *an underdrawer or waiter*, i. 527.
Undertaker, *one who undertakes the quarrel of another*, ii. 284.
Uneared, *unploughed*, iii. 760.
Uneath, *hardly, painfully*, ii. 358.
Unexpressive, *inexpressible*, ii. 146.
Unfair, *to deprive of fairness or beauty*, iii. 761.
Unfathered heirs and loathly births, i. 630.
Unhappy, *waggish, mischievous*, ii. 46, 656.
Unhatched, *undisclosed*, iii. 685.
Unhouseled, *without receiving the eucharist*, iii. 344.
Unicorn striking its horn in trees, a fable, ii. 507.
Unimproved, *unreproved, ungovernable*, iii. 231.
Union, *an orient pearl*, iii. 326.
Unjust, *dishonest*, i. 542.
Unkind, *unnatural*, ii. 265, 316, iii. 62, 723.
Unless, *except*, iii. 177.
Unlived, *bereft of life*, iii. 756.
Unmanned, *not sufficiently trained*, a term of falconry, i. 218.
Unowed, *unowned*, i. 319.
Unpregnant, *inapt, unable*, ii. 627.
Unproper, *common*, iii. 687.
Unqualitied, *deprived of faculties or qualities*, iii. 560.
Unquestionable, *averse to discourse*, ii. 152.
Unready, *undressed*, ii. 227.
Unrecalling, *not to be recalled*, iii. 748.
Unrespected, *unregarded*, iii. 768.
Unrolled, *struck off the roll*, iii. 228.
Unsmirched, *unsullied, pure*, iii. 380.
Untempering, *unsoftening*, ii. 113.
Untented, *unsearchable*, iii. 70.
Untraded, *unused, uncommon*, iii. 306.
Untrimmed, *deprived of beauty or adornment*, iii. 769.
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Unvalued, *invaluable*, ii. 526.
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Up and down, *exactly*, i. 13, 705, iii. 634.
Upon, *by*, i. 353, 726.
Upon the hip, *at advantage*, i. 437.
Upspring-reel, *a boisterous dance*, iii. 293.
Uptrimmed, *adorned*, i. 302.
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Usances, *usury*, i. 399.
Use, *interest*, i. 706, ii. 502, 679, iii. 761.
Use, in, *in trust*, i. 441.
Use, in, *possession*, iii. 535.
Utis, old, *rare fun*, i. 559.
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Uttered, *expelled, or put away*, i. 737.
Uttered, *put forth*, i. 59.
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Vail your stomachs, *abase your pride*, i. 272, 574.
Valiant, *martial*, iii. 354.
Vantage, *opportunity*, ii. 714.
Vanthrace, *armour for the arm*, iii. 275.
Vapians passing the equinoctial, ii. 278.
Varlet, *a servant, a footman*, iii. 264.
Varlet, *a male harlot*, iii. 308.
Vast, *boundless expanse*, ii. 202, iii. 198, 337.
Vaunt, *the foregoing, the van*, iii. 263.
Velure, *velvet*, i. 250.
Venew, or Veney, *a touch or hit in fencing*, i. 103, 644.
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Very, *mere, true*, i. 25, ii. 63.
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Vice, *a character or buffoon of the Moralities*, i. 494, 628, ii. 269, 640, iii. 372.
Vie, *to challenge*, a card-table term, iii. 591.
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Villain, *bond-man, slave*, i. 116, iii. 752.
Vinewed, *decayed, mouldy*, iii. 277.
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Virginal jacks, *the keys of a virginal*, iii. 779.
Virginalling, *tapping or fingering, as in playing the virginal*, iii. 252.
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Virtuous, *healthy, beneficial*, i. 366, 614.
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Walks, *bounds*, iii. 416.
Wannion, *vengeance*, ii. 191.
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Ward, *guard*, i. 658, iii. 16.
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Wassail, *a drinking bout*, iii. 293.
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Watch, *to tame by deprivation of sleep*, i. 683, ii. 728, 730, iii. 289, 449, 675.
Watchman, ancient, i. 743.
Water-galls, *secondary rainbows*, iii. 754.
Water-rugs, *a species of dog*, iii. 492.
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Wax images, use of in witchcraft, i. 43, iii. 617.
Waxen, or Yexen, *to hiccough*, i. 350.

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Waxen, *soft, penetrable*, i. 452.
Way of life, periphrasis for *life*, iii. 511.
Wealth, *weal, advantage*, i. 435.
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Wearing the hat at meals, i. 439.
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Wee, *diminutive*, i. 647.
Weed, *robe or garment*, iii. 740, 771.
Week, in by the, a saying, i. 85.
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Weigh out, *outweigh*, ii. 671.
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Whipping-cheer, *flogging*, i. 622.
Whipstock, *the handle of a whip, or the whip itself*, ii. 195, 246.
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